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"The love of Christ constraineth us."

Robert Laws.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA

A NARRATIVE OF MISSIONARY ADVENTURE AND ACHIEVEMENT

BY

W. P. LIVINGSTONE

AUTHOR OF "MARY SLESSOR OF CALABAR," "THE WHITE QUEEN OF OKOYONG," "CHRISTINA FORSYTH OF FINGOLAND," ETC.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

It is not by the will of Dr. Laws that this sketch of his career is published before he has accomplished his life-work. No man dislikes publicity more or anything that savours of self-advertisement. His conception of a perfect biography is, "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." To all appeals from publishers and editors he has turned a deaf ear. The idea of this book was repugnant to him, and it was only the extra-personal considerations of the needs of Livingstonia and the foreign mission field generally that induced him to waive his objections.

In view of the approaching Jubilee of the Livingstonia Mission—it was founded in 1874—the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church believed that an account of the enterprise, written round the man associated with it from the beginning, would be useful in creating fresh interest in it amongst a generation which knows little or nothing about the early days or the remarkable results since achieved. Dr. Laws admitted the force of this point. "As a boy," he wrote, "the lives of Moffat, Livingstone, and others did much to develop my missionary aspirations, and it may be that in the providence of God this story of Livingstonia may help some girls and boys whom God is calling to His service in the future."

He made two stipulations: that the bare and unadorned truth should be written, and that all the glory and praise should be given to God. A faithful effort has been made to fulfil these conditions.

It was characteristic of him that having surrendered to a duty he surrendered completely: he placed at the disposal of the author all the available material in his possession. For half a century he has methodically filed every letter he has received and a copy of every one he has written, and since he entered Africa has kept every document bearing on the work of the Mission. As these forty-six years have been crowded with incident and administrative activity, the accumulation has assumed vast proportions. The author does not profess to have gone through it all. Nor was this

necessary for the purpose of the popular biography he was commissioned to write. His aim has been to give a straightforward narrative of the chief events in the Doctor's career, with the emphasis laid more upon the pioneer days as being less known, and touching lightly on the later years, which were largely occupied with the development of mission policy and the treatment of African social questions. As it is, he has read over 13,000 pages of letters, which is probably less than half the total quantity.

The book, therefore, is not to be regarded as a complete record of the Doctor's life and work, nor, naturally, is it so intimate a study as, in other circumstances, it might have been. Neither is it a history of the Livingstonia Mission, which is a much larger enterprise than is generally supposed. The area it covers in Northern Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia is so extensive that not one of the missionaries has been over the entire field, not even Dr. Laws himself—it would be easier for him to travel to Scotland than to reach the remoter stations. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gathered from the fact that one particular missionary has to cover a distance of 2000 miles in order to visit all his schools. The various stations are situated amongst different tribes speaking different languages, and they face different conditions and problems ; and the men who have started and developed the work at each have all had notable careers of their own.

Here we follow the central figure whose life-story supplies sufficient romance and adventure for one volume. Studying it in days when heroic effort and fortitude have become commonplace, one recovers the sense of wonder of what the human soul is capable of enduring. Few men in the missionary spheres of the world can have fought so long and gallant a fight against adverse conditions or achieved, single-handed, so much. Of him one might almost say in the words of John Ruskin, " He did this, nor will ever another do its like again."

It is necessary to add that Dr. Laws has read neither the MS. nor the proofs of the book and is unaware of what it contains ; the author alone is responsible for all that is written.

The work is the property of the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland, and the profits from the sale are to be devoted to the Livingstonia Mission.

To those who have kindly supplied photographs, the thanks of the Committee are cordially extended.

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WORKS BY ROBERT LAWS

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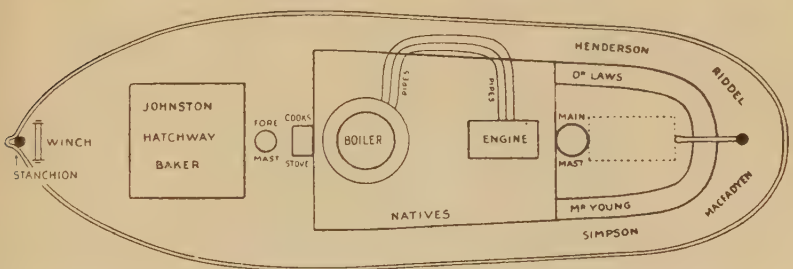
THE *ILALA* ON THE ZAMBEZI



PLAN OF THE *ILALA*, SHOWING WHERE THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION SLEPT

A HAUNT OF CROCODILES: ON THE LOWER SHIRÉ

WHERE THE SHIRÉ MEETS THE ZAMBEZI

"That," said Mr. Young, pointing to the opening on the left, "is the Zambezi, and that," indicating one on the right, "is the Shiré" (p. 56)

LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA

PROLOGUE

The Explorer's Dreams

Ever since its vast bulk rose above the ocean the continent of Africa has been associated with the mysterious and the weird. Entered and occupied when the human race was young what occurred in the heart of it then is the secret of the past : it is a land where there is no remembrance of former things. In the half-lights lying about the beginning of history we see some parts of it, in the north, settled and civilized—Egypt, in its day, was a world-power and a focus of science and culture. It is linked with the advent of Christianity—Jesus, as related in the Scripture story, being taken to it as an infant, and Simon of Cyrene carrying His cross when He was led to Calvary, whilst the Church founded in His name took hold and prospered along its Mediterranean border. But as a whole, although situated in the centre of the world's activities, it remained for long unpenetrated, the greatest of geographical problems and the theme of endless speculation and fable.

Civilization never ceased to nibble at its edges. Along its coast-line ships of successive periods crept, feeling their way round the headlands, exploring the deltas and creeks, establishing relations with the dark-skinned natives, and collecting ivory and gold-dust. Here and there mediæval pioneers planted a fort, a trading colony, or a mission station. To these came floating down from the interior tales of natural marvels, of great sheets of shining water and white mountains piercing the sky, which increased the spell cast over the land and challenged the curiosity and daring of the adventurous. Explorers at intervals pushed up the rivers or through the forests only to be baffled and return little wiser than when they set out, or not to return at all. Africa resisted all attempts to investigate and conquer it.

It was its physical character that defied the forces of civilization. Across the north stretched a desert of shifting sand-dunes,

stony plains, and rocky tablelands, rainless and pathless, over which no man dared to venture or did until camels were brought into service. In the south also were wide waste places, arid and sterile : the east and west were fringed with wildernesses of mangrove swamp, water-logged jungle, and sodden grass and forest. The habitable regions were thronged with naked and savage men and wild beasts. Worst of all were the invisible enemies against which no precaution could be taken. The air was foul with miasma, strange diseases waylaid the traveller, and death was swift. Those who settled for a time became affected by their environment, and even missionaries grew slack and corrupt. No power of evocation could conjure out of such conditions a land favourable for orderly exploitation, and the European imagination came to regard the entire country as unsuited to civilized man, and its inhabitants as sub-human and fit only for a life of servitude and toil.

Slavery of a domestic type was indigenous to Africa ; it originated in captures in tribal war, but at the touch of the outside world it developed into an international system of kidnapping for profit, the Arabs organizing it on a huge scale to supply the markets of the East, and Europeans, seeking labour to exploit their tropical colonies, extending its scope to the West, and so creating that situation which for sheer misery has never been paralleled in the story of human evolution. Africa became the slave-hunting ground of the world, and the African the unpaid servant of mankind.

In the south the line of the unknown was pressed back, but the vast region of the interior continued closed. Exploration went on fitfully with small success. Trading blacks and half-castes travelled far, and even crossed the continent, but they were too ignorant to be impressed by what they saw, or to record it, and the world learnt nothing from them. No intelligent eye saw beyond the waste plains and the dim outline of remote mountains : the silence and melancholy that seemed the heritage of the land remained unbroken. When missionaries, moving inland from the east, came back with verification of the old reports of snow mountains seamed with glaciers, and repeating the native statements of the existence of immense lakes and rivers, the world was interested but sceptical to disbelief.

So hopeless seemed the task of opening up the country, even towards the middle of the nineteenth century, that Robert Moffat, the missionary, himself no mean traveller, declared it would long remain the least explored portion of the earth. When in England on furlough he met David Livingstone, then waiting for an appoint-

ment to China. Livingstone listened attentively to his story, and became interested.

"Would I do for Africa?" he asked.

"I believe you would—if you would go to the unoccupied ground—to the vast plain to the north, where I have sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been."

"I will go," Livingstone said, and went.

And it was he who raised the veil of mystery and disclosed the land in all its beauty and terror. Stationed first in the hinterland of South Africa he found the conditions there unfavourable for a permanent settlement and moved northwards in search of a better site. It turned out to be a quest which ended only with his death. He succeeded in crossing the desert and penetrated to the centre of the continent, finding it a revelation of tropical splendour, a land of mountains and valleys, of forest and meadow, river and waterfall, teeming with game and populous with native tribes. For the most part the latter were friendly and kind, being hostile and rapacious only where they came into contact with the slave influences of the coast.

The master idea of the traveller was to discover situations that would be healthy for mission work, but as he walked through the vast spaces of the interior his ideas broadened under the impression of what he saw. Responsible natives were willing to trade, but their only commodity was the poorer members of the tribes or captives taken in war. There grew up, therefore, in Livingstone's mind the conviction that regular trade conditions must go hand in hand with mission work. The country must be opened up; pathways must be found to the sea.

To discover suitable trade routes became his passion, and he set out for the west coast. The journey was beset with difficulties, his way was hindered or barred at every turn, heavy tolls were extorted by chiefs—exactions that made him regard the tariffs of civilized nations as relics of savagery—and his life was often in peril. He found that in this direction no clear passage was possible, and he returned to the point of his departure and adventured to the east along the course of the river Zambezi. On the way he heard of a lake in the interior called Nyasa, which he resolved some day to find. By and by he emerged among the Portuguese on the Indian coast with convictions confirmed that the opening up of Africa was a larger task than could be accomplished by missionary enterprise alone. Missionaries, he realized, were only one of the

many agents being used to uplift the world, and Christianity and commerce, the two pioneers of civilization, were inseparable. Thenceforward we find his life and activity adjusted to this line of thought. Always as he wandered along the plains and plateaux of the interior his eye examined the unfolding landscape with the object of noting the most promising sites for white colonies and mission settlements. Instead of a resident missionary he became a missionary prospector, a pioneer for civilization, a seer dreaming spacious dreams of a Christianized and civilized Africa.

When the account of his journeys was published it took the world by surprise. In the matter-of-fact pages of the *Missionary Travels* people had visions of a new and wonderful land, gorgeous with colour, crowded with strange fauna and flora, and surcharged with material wealth and possibilities. But it was the wild human life which most interested Christendom—that black, uncounted host scattered amongst the hills and plains, dwelling in mud huts with grass roofs and low doors, debased and superstitious, living no idyllic existence but one harassed by intertribal strife, slaughter, and enslavement.

The need of following up Livingstone's discoveries in the interests of the natives impressed itself upon many minds. One who pondered the matter with a view to action was an Edinburgh theological student named James Stewart, but the first practical step was taken as the result of an impulse imparted by Livingstone's own voice. Visiting Cambridge to enlist the sympathy of the University with his scheme he gave two addresses which profoundly moved those who listened. " I go back," he said, " to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." His appeal was responded to, and when in Africa again, exploring the region of the Zambezi, he rejoiced to hear that committees had been formed to promote a Universities Mission.

Lake Nyasa, which he had long wished to discover, at last stretched before him, encircled by wooded highlands that seemed to be ideal for mission settlements. A second visit confirmed his impression. An almost unbroken series of villages lined the shore : the population was denser than he had seen anywhere else, and, on the whole, was friendly. One chief, Marenga, " a very fine fellow," he noted as a possible ally for missionaries. But the entire district was in the grip of the Arab slaver, and round the lake and across it the traffic went on without cessation, over twenty thousand men, women, and children being conveyed annually to the coast markets

or dying on the way. The more he considered the situation the more he became convinced that a small steamer cruising on the lake would better prevent the evil than a squadron of war-vessels patrolling the ocean : it would be a symbol of a power opposed to the murderous commerce and able to suppress it. His imagination kindled as he thought of the possibilities of the situation, and in vision he saw Christian colonies clustered on the shore and upon the heights and the tribes being led into habits of industry and ways of peace.

The report of the discovery of the lake brought young Stewart into the open with a scheme for a Scottish mission. He first sounded several fellow-students, and then approached the Foreign Mission authorities of the Free Church of Scotland, to which he belonged. "We are willing," he said, "to go out and begin a mission somewhere in the countries opened by Dr. Livingstone. We ask you to send us."

There was a strong missionary interest in the Free Church at that time. It supported work in several fields abroad, amongst the Jews, in the colonies, and on the Continent, but its great missions were those in India and South Africa. India with its romantic past and historic associations was the favourite sphere, while it furnished scope for the educational work peculiarly suited to the national genius. In Africa the missions were to the Kafirs, Fingoes, and Zulus ; but these people seemed dull and forbidding, and their land dark and repellent, and less interest was taken in the work amongst them.

Stewart's proposal was considered so fantastic that it was not entertained : it was not even placed before the Foreign Mission Committee. But his ardour and persistence accepted no rebuff : and in 1861 he succeeded in having the matter considered. The Committee were cool and critical. Apart from the information in Dr. Livingstone's book they had no data before them. No white man was living in the country : there was no means of communication with it—letters from Dr. Livingstone sometimes took a year or more on the way—they could not commit the Church to so uncertain an undertaking, nor could they devote the money provided for India and South Africa to such a purpose. A special fund would require to be raised, a separate Committee formed. Meanwhile they would write to Dr. Livingstone and obtain his views.

All this failed to damp the spirits of Stewart ; he was the more determined to proceed since intelligence came that the Universities Mission expedition had arrived on the Zambezi and had, on the

suggestion of Dr. Livingstone, gone to the Shiré Highlands, where a pleasant site at Magomero had been selected. Livingstone knew well the difficult task that lay before them, and was not sanguine of immediate results, but he had no doubt of ultimate success if caution and right method guided their action. Gathering together an influential Committee on which the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church were represented, Stewart secured funds and went off to Africa to meet Dr. Livingstone and investigate.

He found the explorer, in 1862, on the Zambezi. Livingstone's keen eye noted the stranger with approval. "I am glad you have come," he said, and recommended the Nyasa district as the best centre for a mission; "but," he added, "come up and see the country for yourself."

At Shupanga it was learnt that the leaders of the Universities party had died and that the mission was in difficulties. "A sad blow," said Livingstone, "but whatever effect it may have at home I will not swerve one hair's-breadth from my work." Stewart made his way up-country, explored the Zambezi and Shiré valleys, and reached a point fifty miles from the Lake. He discovered abundant evidence that slave-hunting, drought, and famine had ruined the country: it was, he said, a "lonely land of barbarism, of game and wild beasts, of timid and harried but not unkindly men." His barter money giving out, he was compelled to return without having seen the Lake, and reached the coast in rags, soaked with rain, half dead with fever, and penniless. "I was," he wrote, "very sick, very poor, very depressed."

When he arrived in Scotland after an absence of nearly two and a half years, he gave in a report to the Committee which was, on the whole, discouraging. The country was a good one, but the slave trade would make a settlement difficult. "I do not," he said, "regard the proposed work as impossible. It can be accomplished, but at a little greater expense and at the cost of a few lives during the first few years." Nevertheless the weight of his facts leant to the adverse side. It was singular that he should have struck so uncertain a note when he was by nature so courageous and resolute. It can only be attributed to the state of his health. Africa has always left a deep mark on its explorers. Stewart came back worn out by the hardships he had endured and suffering from the overmastering depression and lassitude which follow African fever, and his views were coloured by his condition. Great as he was, he failed to rise to the height of Livingstone, who said, "As for me, I am determined to open up Africa or perish."

The character of the report, combined with the intelligence that the Universities Mission had ended in disaster and was being withdrawn, so influenced the Committee that without summoning Stewart to their presence they resolved to drop the project. It was what Livingstone had feared. None knew better the stern and tragic realities of the situation, yet he was sorely disappointed : he thought that Scottish energy and perseverance might have dared all the difficulties. Stewart he had imagined to be a man whom nothing could daunt.

Stewart, however, never lost sight of his scheme. After completing his medical course he was sent by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church to Lovedale, South Africa, which he was to make famous, but it was on the understanding that if the way opened up he should be at liberty to return to Central Africa. With recovered health he saw he had been wrong in not putting the matter more encouragingly ; in the clearer light of later days he realized that he had been faithless ; there had been, he said, " too much reliance on human help and too little on God's help." Once again he approached the Foreign Mission Committee on the subject, but without result.

Livingstone continued to toil at his task of opening up the country. His third expedition was undertaken chiefly in the interests of geographical science, though his dominant idea was the removal of obstacles which blocked the entrance of missionary and commercial enterprise. To Scotland he still looked for the faith and courage that would respond to the needs of Africa. On the way out, at Bombay, he had many talks with Dr. Wilson, one of the most influential of Free Church missionaries, urging upon him the duty of his Church to start a mission on the Lake beyond the sphere of the Portuguese. " A mission to be effective," he wrote to the officials of the Church, " must have a steamer of its own, made capable of being unscrewed at the bottom of the cataracts and carried past them."

On his long last trek he travelled alone. When he arrived again at Lake Nyasa and saw its gleaming water backed by the high cool heights that reminded him of the Highlands of his homeland, his heart was filled with bitterness as he reflected on his shattered hopes. His dream of a Christian conquest of the country seemed further from realization than ever. But with a sure instinct he wrote, " All will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy or even see the commencement of better times." Then

he climbed slowly up the wooded gorges and disappeared in the vast tract of unknown country to the west where slave-catching was in full blast. What he saw haunted his mind like the disordered scenes of a nightmare, so that he had to force himself to forget them; but at night when he lay relaxed in sleep they came unbidden with such vividness as to make him start up in horror. Thus, burdened by the sins and sorrows of Africa, he wandered for seven years in the wilderness, and at last at Ilala, by the swamps of Bangweolo, worn out, he died.

When his body was brought to England in 1874 Dr. Stewart was at home on business of Lovedale. He had found to his surprise that the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church were contemplating a new field of activity which, strangely, was in Somaliland and not in Central Africa, and he had no mind to revive his former scheme. But standing beside the open grave of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey the old inspiration seized him again, and he resolved to take advantage of the fresh wave of interest in things African.

One evening in the country house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John Stephen, near Glasgow, he discussed the subject with some friends, eager spirits all, devoted to the Master and His missionary cause. The talk went on round the fire throughout the night, and it was only as dawn was breaking that a decision was reached. A movement was to be inaugurated with the object of establishing a mission in memory of the dead explorer, and to be called by his name. Stewart agreed to moot the scheme in May at the General Assembly of the Free Church, which he had been invited to address.

On the night when the Foreign Mission report was considered the hall was, as usual, crowded, but a long speech from Dr. Duff monopolized the time and wearied the audience, and the house was emptying when the turn of the missionaries came. Stewart was the third of these to speak, and it was after ten o'clock when he rose, and there were few left to listen. But every one was present who mattered. All kinds of projects, he said, were being proposed to commemorate the dead hero, but he suggested that the truest memorial would be the establishment of an Institution in Central Africa which might grow into a city and become a centre of commerce, civilization, and Christianity. "And this," he added, "I would call Livingstonia."

Among the knot of influential and trusted laymen who heard the speech was Mr. James Stevenson, a Glasgow merchant. On him Stewart called next morning and found him sympathetic. There

was, however, a difficulty. Stewart was strongly against the Mission using the Zambezi route on account of the Portuguese occupying the coast and blocking enterprise. Stevenson insisted on the advantage of Livingstone's highway, and only felt free to assist when his point was conceded. He then put down his name for a £1000 subscription and the movement was under way. But it took Stewart the best part of a year to bring together a small committee, chiefly of Glasgow business men, who met in that city and laid down the lines of procedure. The scheme was publicly launched in January 1875 at a meeting—presided over by Mr. James White of Overtoun—also held in Glasgow, which thus from the first became closely identified with the venture. Although managed by a separate committee the Mission was under the auspices of the Free Church. Other Churches had also the matter before them. The Church of Scotland decided to proceed independently, but requested permission to attach a pioneer agent to the expedition : the United Presbyterian Church, already fully occupied with mission work, having just extended its agencies in India and China and established new fields in Spain and Japan, was not prepared at the moment to undertake fresh responsibilities : the Reformed Presbyterian Church, however, joined, all the more readily from the fact that its union with the Free Church was on the point of being consummated.

No denominational barriers divided the interest taken in the scheme by the community at large. Here, it was felt, was a memorial worthy of Dr. Livingstone and worthy of Scotland. Once before Scots had taken part with patriotic pride and high hopes in a great overseas undertaking. The Darien Expedition was an attempt to set up a colonial empire which would pour the wealth of tropical America into Scotland, and the bitter ignominy and shame of its failure still haunted the national memory. But Livingstonia would be a more noble undertaking, and be more in line with the higher genius of the people ; it would be an effort, not to secure dividends, but to realize the life-aims of Livingstone, to open up dark Africa, to free a race subject to bondage, and to set up a spiritual kingdom which would exercise a beneficent influence throughout the interior of the continent. All Christian Scotland rallied to the enterprise : subscriptions came in from every class and quarter, from city merchant prince and Highland crofter, and the £10,000 required to begin the mission was over-subscribed.

But, as is not unusual when adventures in God's service are afoot, sceptical voices were heard. There were onlookers who

derided the scheme and sneered at the enthusiasm of its supporters; they regarded the project as impracticable, and spoke of Africa the mysterious and implacable, and drew sombre pictures of defeat and disaster, and of rotting bones on the banks of the Zambezi.

How these forebodings were falsified, how a band of missionaries entered the Nyasa district, how the wild tribes were subdued and the power of the slavers broken, how a great tract of tropical country was added to the Empire, and how with exceeding patience and courage there has been built up amongst the old savage conditions a Christian civilization—is told in the following pages.

It is the story of Dr. Livingstone's successor, the man who has realized his dreams.

PART ONE

THE YEARS OF PREPARATION

I. Childhood

In the year 1818 in Old Aberdeen, Scotland, a son was born to William Laws, a cartwright, and given the name of Robert. His mother dying while he was an infant, he was brought up by devout grandparents. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to a Sunday school two miles off, but the way never seemed long, for Thomas Henderson, the superintendent, a silversmith, was beloved by his scholars. With a wide outlook upon life he was keenly interested in missions, and kindled their imaginations with stories of daring and achievement, and created in them a desire to take part in so adventurous a service. He himself qualified for the work, and found a sphere in British Guiana as a lay missionary in connection with the London Missionary Society, and, being ordained, rendered long and useful service in the colony.

At the day school Laws came under less inspiring influence and arrived, before long, at the cross-roads. Young as he was, he weighed the advantages of good and evil, and decided that a life of sin was less irksome and fuller of zest and flavour than one governed by virtue. One misty morning he made a beginning. On the way to school he stood amongst the heather and whin and, pale with the courage of his effort, swore the most terrible oaths he had ever heard. They sounded strange in his ears, and he looked fearfully around. Then distinctly he heard a voice say, " If you take that course you will go to hell, and if you go to hell across your mother's prayers it will be a sad hell to you." No one had yet told him that his mother was a woman of prayer, but from that moment he knew, and he felt he was hedged round by invisible barriers, and that the broad road for him was closed.

Though he obtained little schooling he never lost his craving for knowledge. When working as an apprentice to his father from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. he would race home for supper, seize some hot potatoes, and make his way to a night school, eating as he went. For long he nursed the hope of becoming a missionary, but gradually

reached the conviction that it was not to be. He was not sufficiently educated, and there was no hope of making good his deficiencies. But he vowed that if ever he had a son he would dedicate him to service in the foreign field.

After completing his term of apprenticeship he set up in business on his own account at Mannofield on the western outskirts of Aberdeen. With simple faith he prayed that he might obtain a Christian helpmate out of a Christian home, however humble. His desire was granted. Christian Cruickshank, whom he married, was a daughter of Alexander Cruickshank, a crofter, or small farmer, at Kidshill, Buchan, a staunch Seceder and an elder in Stewartfield United Presbyterian Church. The girl had a calm and sunny temperament, sound judgment, and gentle ways. A year after the union Mr. Laws became an elder in St. Nicholas Lane United Presbyterian Church, which was noted for its missionary spirit: from it Dr. Alexander Robb had gone to Calabar as a missionary. Four years later, on 28th May 1851, a son was born and named Robert.

It was a month when the mind of the world was in a state of unusual elation. The first International Exhibition had just been opened within its palace of glass in London, and the belief was widespread that the event presaged the reign of peace and goodwill among the nations. Yet strife began shortly after, and there has been no rest from warfare since. The career of the child, born when the feeling was at its height, was to supply one more illustration that it is not by means of exhibitions human nature is changed, or social and racial conditions ameliorated, but rather by the moral influence and energy of individuals.

Young Robert showed in his earliest years that he had a will, and a strong one. His father once thought it necessary to chastise him for disobedience, but both suffered so much in the process that physical punishment was never resorted to again. It was in truth not required, for the child was loving and clinging by nature and could not bear to be at variance with his parents.

Mrs. Laws was consumptive, and when only twenty-four she sickened, and one Sunday evening lay dying. Asked if she had any wish regarding her boy, who was then but two years old, she whispered, "No, I leave him to you: he will be a companion to you." As she lay in her coffin, Mr. Laws took the child and raised him up that he might gaze upon her. The sight of the white, still face haunted his memory ever after; it was his earliest recollection of life.

He found a second home with his grandparents at Kidshill.

Here, by the ingle-nook, he obtained his first lessons in reading, the text-books being the Shorter Catechism and the metrical Psalms. One picture comes clear-cut out of the haze of those days—of his grandmother standing over the fire and stirring with one hand the strawberry jam, which simmered in the pot slung from the iron swivel, and with the other urging him on with his task of learning the 84th Psalm :

> "How lovely is thy dwelling-place,
> O Lord of hosts, to me!"

while all the time his thoughts and eyes were occupied longingly with the sweet-smelling preserve. Another child, Alexander Cruickshank, his cousin, was his constant companion in these days, and was often rocked in the same cradle, which the rightful owner sometimes resented, and once endeavoured to put an end to with a hot poker.

No longer caring for the scene associated with the death of his wife, Mr. Laws give up his business and moved farther into Aberdeen, where he specialized in cabinetmaking. As years passed it became evident that it was his duty to seek another helpmate to assist in caring for the boy. Again he prayed for a Christian, and again he was favoured. In 1856 he married Isabella Cormack of Aberdeen, and young Robert was brought back from Kidshill to their home in Summer Street. He was sent first to a dame's school taught by a Miss Robertson, and then to the Free East Church School, in which Mr. Stevenson was master. Mr. Stevenson was fastidious in his personal appearance, always wearing a frock coat and a tall silk hat. A capable teacher, he was in some things ahead of his time, giving his scholars lessons in physiology and physiography, as well as grounding them well in the Bible. Not a few distinguished men passed through his hands. Laws, who was then small and fragile, showed no promise as a scholar : his contemporaries remember him as a quiet, shy, simple boy, whose reserve it was not easy to pierce. His subsequent career came as a surprise to them, and was a source of much gratification to Mr. Stevenson, who never tired of holding him up as an example. He used to tell his classes a story to illustrate the conscientiousness of his old pupil. Laws, he said, was late in rising one morning and, being concerned to reach the school in time, hurried through his duties and set off. While still halfway he suddenly remembered that he had omitted to say his prayers, and there and then in the street he knelt down and said them.

Out of school the boy worked in the home, helping his father

and stepmother and running messages for the neighbours, the pennies he received for this service paying his school fees. He also attended the Sunday school in St. Nicholas Lane, his class being taught by Miss Melville, one of the old type of Scotswoman, shrewd, racy in speech, kind-hearted, and a humble Christian. More discerning than others she, from the first, singled out "her dwining laddie," as she called him, as a boy of parts. The boys sat on one side, the girls on the other: amongst the former was a James Shepherd, some years older than Laws, who became his principal, almost his only, companion: amongst the latter was a Margaret Gray, by whom he was specially attracted.

II. The Poor Apprentice

Living in an atmosphere charged with missionary enthusiasm there was never a time when young Laws was not interested in the work of the Church abroad. With wise reticence his father did not make known his wish that he should be a missionary, but by prayer and in quiet and indirect ways sought to lead his thoughts towards that goal. He told him stories of the pioneers, of Williams and Moffat and Livingstone, of the romance of Calabar, and all the thrilling incidents connected with the unveiling of Africa the mysterious. The words "Livingstone's Makololo" were like music to the boy's ears, and his nightly prayer was, "O God, send me to the Makololo." The *Children's Missionary Magazine* was not sufficient to satisfy his thirst for information: on the days when the *Monthly Record* was put into the pews he hurried through with his Sunday-school lessons in order to read it. Later his father put the lives of the great missionaries into his hands, and he knew them almost by heart before he was twelve.

The same influence was at work at Kidshill, where he often spent his holidays with his cousin Alec. Sometimes they would talk of what they would be, and the crofter, listening, would hear fragments of their conversation and have a vision of two grandsons on the foreign field. One day, while sitting on a wall, snuff-mull in hand, watching a hive of bees, he said suddenly to the boy beside him, "Well, Bobby, what are you going to be?" Robert, taken aback, instantly closed his heart, as a sensitive boy would naturally do, and said carelessly, "Oh, I suppose I'll have to go into the cabinet-making or work of that kind." The old man smiled and did not press him.

He was more open with his Sunday-school teacher. Miss

Melville put the same question to him and was given the same off-hand answer.

"But," she insisted, "what would you *like* to be?"

He hesitated, and then with a spurt of courage replied, "A foreign missionary."

"Well," she said gently, "if God wants you to be one of his missionaries He will open the way."

Before he was in his teens he became a member of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, a position which reacted curiously on his character. From being a casual, nondescript, shy kind of boy, he became more of a personality to himself, less self-conscious, and more confident. His leaning towards missions was so well known that he was asked to give a paper on Dr. Livingstone and his travels, which he did. The matter came to the ears of Mr. Stevenson, who sought and read the production. "You've tackled a big subject," was his dry remark to the little fellow of twelve.

Not succeeding in his business, Mr. Laws entered the service of Messrs. A. & W. Ogilvie as foreman in the cabinetmaking department, and life for the family became more of a strain and struggle than it had been. The boy, though not clever, was observant and thoughtful, and he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to leave school and assist his parents. He had resolved to be a missionary, but he saw no present prospect of accomplishing his purpose, and made no mention of the matter to his father, who also kept silence and accepted his service. The bitterness of the decision for Robert soon passed, and he did not give up hope. Deep in his heart he determined that he would yet win through. "I will set twenty years before me," he said, "and should God spare me, I hope by that time I will be ready for work abroad."

He entered the workshop the youngest of six apprentices with the most menial tasks to perform, such as kindling the fires, heating the glue, and running errands. For this he received 2s. 6d. per week. He took the first half-crown home and, like David Livingstone, laid it in his stepmother's lap. His passive face told nothing of the excitement within, for he was thinking of his hero buying a Latin Grammar with part of his wage, and was longing to purchase a Greek one, but he could not bring himself to say anything. The same longing made him haunt a second-hand bookshop until the kindly old bookseller discovered his desire, and allowed him to see a grammar, from which he copied the characters of the alphabet and learnt them.

These were years of toil and self-denial. He was up at 5 a.m. and began work at six, continuing until six at night with hour intervals for breakfast and dinner. On Saturdays he was off at two but remained until seven on Monday evenings. Each night after supper, and after assisting his stepmother, he proceeded to classes in the Mechanics' Hall, and then studied until the " grandfather's clock " in the kitchen struck eleven. It was a genuine grandfather's clock, for Alexander Cruickshank had died, and his clock had been brought to the house. It was so tall that a hole had to be dug in the floor in order that it might stand upright. Robert seldom heard the signal without recalling his last visit to the old man. As he stood by the bedside he was moved by some impulse to tell him of his desire to be a missionary. " So you will, so you will," was the fervent response. " Mind your God and mind your Bible, and in due course the Lord will give you your reward."

In the workshop he went the round of the departments. " I endeavoured," he has said, " to gain as much practical knowledge as I possibly could of the different kinds of manual labour which I found had been so useful to such men as Williams, Moffat, and Livingstone." He was particularly eager to obtain some idea of housebuilding. While he learnt much of craftsmanship he also gained an insight into human nature. The men—who only received a wage of 12s. 6d. per week—were a mixed company, some good, some bad, but there were several notable characters amongst them. One possessed a remarkable memory : he knew the entire Bible by heart, having learnt it a chapter at a time when a boy. If he were asked, " John, where is this passage ? " he would at once name the book, chapter, and verse. If a book and the number of a chapter and verse were given, and he was challenged to repeat the words, he would promptly comply. The only portions that puzzled him were some of the chapters of names in Chronicles. His fellow-workers used to club together and purchase a ticket for a lecture and send John to hear it, and next day they had it repeated almost word for word.

From the Sunday school Robert passed, along with his friends James Shepherd and Margaret Gray, into the Bible class, and in the ordinary course all these became workers in the mission in the Shiprow, where a variety of Sunday and week-night meetings were carried on in the interests of working lads and girls. One of the first things Robert did in his own class was to introduce a regular missionary lesson.

III. The Influence of a Smile

In this difficult period the chief influences moulding his character were those operating in his own home. His father was an exceptional man, efficient in his handiwork, scrupulously honest in his business dealings, large-hearted, wide in sympathies, and tolerant almost to a fault, and, more than all, a childlike disciple of the Master he loved. The testimony to his goodness is universal. "One of the saintliest men I have known," a distinguished member of the congregation has said. "Ay," says the sexton at Old Machar Cathedral, "he was terrible good: he just went toddling about doing good to everybody; as nice a man as ever walked in man's shoes."

His stepmother was different. She was of a type not uncommon then in Scotland, the product of a spiritual temperature rendered frigid by Calvinism. Life to her was a very serious business, and governed by stern principles to which allegiance must be given at all costs. Death and the future shadowed all natural pleasure. God was an implacable judge who exacted with unflinching severity the utmost penalty of the law which He had established. Her creed, reacting on her character, made her seem cold, severe, unsympathetic. In reality she had a heart of gold. Love burned within her, but it was damped down, and seldom glowed or gleamed on the surface. She had not the mother's knowledge of a boy's mind which comes from watching its development from birth, and she did not understand her stepson. Determined to do her duty faithfully by him, she sought to drive, rather than to lead, him into ways of righteousness, striving hard to restrain and eradicate such evil tendencies as he exhibited. The same ignorance characterized him: if he was an unchartered region to her, she was an unexplored continent to him. He did not fathom her motives, and dumbly resented her methods. Conscious that she watched over his health and saw to his comfort, he yet missed something he could not tell what. It was the tender and understanding touch of a mother.

Without brother or sister, and with few companions, he was for a time forced in upon himself: became silent, introspective, moody; learnt to control and repress his emotions, and lost the grace of ready and careless speech. In the unhappy hours that come to most sensitive youths he felt lonely, desolate, awkward, in everybody's way; and he would go to sleep at night with the thought that it would not matter if he never woke again, but lay beside his mother under the trees in Old Machar Kirkyard. . . .

How from this very real but boyish and uncomprehending attitude he passed on to a more intelligent apprehension and appreciation of his stepmother's sterling nature will be seen as the story unfolds. . . .

By and by the father, with his gentle influence, came into the heart of the boy and rescued him from himself. He gave him a new idea of God, portraying Him as a loving father, kind, compassionate, understanding, and forgiving—One who had thoughts of good and not of evil towards men. Long afterwards he said, " I learnt a lot about the *love* of God from my father, and it was of tremendous value and help to me." And again and again he would exclaim, " How thankful I ought to be for such a father, even if for nothing more than his warm, loving smile." The years brought the two closer to each other in affectionate companionship. So pleasant grew the relationship that the father dwelt ever less on his vow, and was not sorry that the straitened circumstances of the family prevented the idea of a missionary future being realized. He recalled the dying thought of his first wife, whilst the stepmother's ambition was also to see the two walk together through life.

But the boy had not relinquished his dream : it was with him day and night. In November 1866 a deputation from the London Missionary Society, including Mr. Fairbrother, one of the secretaries, came to Aberdeen and held a meeting in the Music Hall. After leaving the mission in the Shiprow, Robert went into the Hall and listened to the speeches. His interest grew, and he felt a strong desire to speak to the deputies, but he did not know how to approach them. As the audience was dispersing he stood irresolute at the door, and when the platform party appeared, regarded them wistfully. The look on his face attracted Mr. Arthur, a local congregational minister, who turned to him with a kind smile and said :

" Well, my boy, would *you* like to be a missionary ? "

The smile more than the words won him—he used afterwards to say that it was that smile that made him a missionary.

" Yes," he replied bashfully.

" Would you like to speak to Mr. Fairbrother ? "

" Yes."

" Come, then."

Mr. Fairbrother questioned him regarding his occupation, parents, health, and Church connection, and was evidently impressed by his intelligence and eagerness.

" I will see," he said, " what can be done."

The matter having gone so far, Robert thought it right to inform his father. Next day, as they were walking to the shop after dinner, he revealed his longing and resolve, and related the incident of the previous night. His father seemed pleased, but in reality felt sick at heart, and for some time a struggle went on between inclination and duty. While meditating on the subject one day he heard an inward voice say :

" Will you give up your son to Me to be a missionary as you promised, to be a blessing to yoursell and to the world, *or* will you keep him to be a curse to yoursell and a' ither body ? "

The last words struck home with terrible power to his Scottish mind, and instantly he responded, " Lord, I give him to Thee." The surrender was complete, and was followed by a determination to do all in his power to help the lad, though how the money to send him to the University was to be provided was more than he could tell.

Next day Miss Melville sent him a note asking him to call.

" Can you spare Robert part of the day from work ? " she asked. " I have a little fund for Christ, and I wish to lay it out in paying a private tutor for him."

Mr. Laws bowed his head ; his heart was too full of wonder and praise to speak.

IV. Bench Culture

The boy possessed no books, but he borrowed a Latin Dictionary and reading book, and, aided by a student, began his studies. Unfortunately the firm in which father and son were employed failed, and both were for a time out of employment. Mr. Laws started in business for himself, and there ensued a time of severe trial and privation, endured before the world with a quiet and reticent dignity. The misfortune, however, proved a blessing in disguise, for Robert was now freer to carry out his purpose. Big as he was—he had developed in bone and muscle after beginning work—he returned to school, but was found so backward that Mr. Stevenson recommended private tutoring ; and with various teachers he continued Latin and began Greek. By two or three o'clock in the morning he was up sitting at the table in the kitchen, and there late at night he would be found poring over his books. In the workshop he stuck the grammars up on a convenient ledge, and learnt rules and phrases while he wrought, but the majority were acquired in his walks to and from the shop. In addition to his ordinary work he took charge of his father's business books.

They were the bane of his life, and exercised his patience to breaking point, but the training the task gave him in the exact keeping of accounts was of the utmost value to him in after-life. He was always ready to assist his father at any time: often both would be working all night in an emergency, such as the making of a coffin. "And all this," says one of his companions, "he did ungrudgingly, for he was an affectionate and dutiful son."

Miss Melville did her part to keep his interest alive in missions. When Mr. Goldie, the well-known Jamaica and Calabar missionary, was visiting in the north she invited Robert to meet him, and the two had a long talk. "There is," said the missionary, "a young medical man who wishes to go out to Calabar, but the Committee have declined him on account of his health." Goldie evinced such disappointment that the lad said to himself, "Would God that I might fill the blank!" But that was passing emotion, for his settled purpose was to follow in the footsteps of Dr. Livingstone.

He had not the wherewithal to enter the University, and was relying on a scholarship. He toiled hard for this, going to a tutor at five o'clock every morning before proceeding to the shop, but the lack of time proved fatal; though he did his best he failed. He literally staggered under the blow: could not do any work, and wandered about in agony of spirit until he realized the faithlessness of such an attitude. "God has provided for me hitherto," he said, "and I will trust in Him." He went and told Miss Melville, who comforted him, and, when he was leaving, slipped £2 into his hand. His grandmother, then nearing her end, sent him £1, and £5 was obtained by the sale of his mother's chest of drawers. With these sums he paid his first year's fees.

Other moneys came and helped him along. Through the good offices of Miss Melville a grant of £10 came from the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church. Robert accepted this, but inwardly resolved to treat it as a loan and repay it when he could, which in due time he did. From Rotterdam came another gift. A cousin of his mother was the wife of the minister of the Scots Church there, and hearing of his ambition to be a missionary she sent him £8 to assist him in his studies. It had belonged to her little boy, and at his death was earmarked for the mission cause. She asked that one of Robert's first converts should be named James Brown after her boy. Then he was nominated for the Braco Bursary of the value of £17 for three years. "I feel very grateful for all this kindness," he said, "but if I want success and honours it is only to lay them at the feet of Christ."

"If I am going to the foreign field," he reasoned, "and if I am to be of the greatest use I must be as fully qualified as I can in every way." Reading of the superior influence exercised by medical missionaries he resolved to strain every nerve to become a doctor. He, therefore, decided to take the three courses of Arts, Medicine, and Theology, and to take them not in succession, but more or less concurrently, calculating that he might finish the three in seven years. It was a formidable task for a lad who had to maintain himself, but relying on a Power higher than his own he braced himself, quietly and resolutely, for the struggle. "I cannot" was a phrase he abhorred; he had no use for it; his motto then and always was πειράσω, "I shall try."

It was a proud moment when in 1868 he left home for the University. As he walked along the streets in his scarlet gown and his books under his arm a woman standing at her door caught sight of his erect form. She called on a young lodger in one of her rooms to come out. "D'ye see that lad?" she said impressively. "That's Bobbie Laws, and he's gaun awa' to College to be a missionary." Her lodger did not think it was anything of a wonder, for he was going to the University himself some day, and he too was resolved to be a missionary. He was James Webster, long afterwards famous as "Webster of Manchuria," and latterly one of the Foreign Mission Secretaries of the United Free Church. It was notable that he also was a member of Miss Melville's class. Within a short time there passed through this remarkable lady's hands five pioneer missionaries—Dr. Shepherd of Rajputana, Dr. and Mrs. Laws of Livingstonia, Dr. Webster of Manchuria, and the Rev. Alex. Cruickshank of Calabar.

V. Student and Artisan

The lad had reached his first goal, that northern institute of learning which has so long ministered to the ambitions of such spirits as his. There has always been something tonic in the austere environment of the white granite city which braces and stimulates both body and mind: its students, in the main, work hard and cherish noble ideals; and are turned out keen, capable, and masterful, many to go far and reach positions of influence and power. Those among whom Laws found himself were well up to the average, both in character and attainments. One of the most abstemious of the number, he neither smoked nor indulged in intoxicating liquor, though drinking was not regarded with disfavour then.

Most of the students, however, lived temperately, and studied with an ardour and thoroughness which brought its reward. "For sheer, downright hard work," says Laws, "they could not be beaten." Two of the number were Peter Thomson, the brilliant "Scotch student," and Sir William Watson Cheyne.[1]

Like many of the others, Laws attended the extra-mural classes in mathematics and natural philosophy held by Mr., afterwards Dr., David Rennet, one of the intellectual notabilities of Aberdeen, beloved by his industrious pupils and a terror to the humbugs and slackers, whose broad Scots tongue and pungent wit never interfered with the skill of his training. He had probably more senior wranglers to his credit than any teacher outside of Cambridge. Laws always warmed at the thought of "Davie."

From the first the young student was handicapped by lack of time for study. For he continued his tasks in the shop, where his conscientiousness would not allow him to scamp any duty or do any but honest and efficient work. The place was as much his study as his home. He drew the problems of Euclid on the walls, and worked them out whilst busy with his tools.

Another kind of problem came into his head one day. Was he saved or not? Puzzled, he stood thoughtfully at the bench and considered the matter. His eye caught a diagram on the wall: it was an inspiration to his practical mind. "I will reason it out," he said, with the ghost of a smile at his own whimsicality. "This is the proposition—Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. All those, therefore, who believe are saved. I must either believe or not believe. Do I believe? Yes, I do. Therefore I am saved." From that time he never had a doubt as to his position. But this was only an incident on the surface of his spiritual life: he had always walked with God and had never been conscious of any definite decision or surrender. As one of his companions, referring to this point, says: "The religious life of us both awoke like the advance of the light from the grey dawn."

Robert, however, was under no delusion about himself: he

[1] At the fiftieth anniversary class dinner (1918), when eighteen old students were present, Mr. P. J. Anderson, M.A., LL.B., recalled some of those who had achieved distinction—professors, members of Parliament, knights, missionaries, merchant princes, at least one judge, one Cambridge don, one Indian pro-consul—and added, "Is there one whose name will live? If it were of any use to venture a prophecy, whose fulfilment we cannot see, I should be inclined to believe that in years to come, when Central Africa has grown as civilized as Scotland is to-day, the name of its Columba may be recalled with veneration, though probably not canonized as Saint Robert."

was too conscious of his weakness and shortcomings to be self-righteous, and was continually sitting in ashes, humbled and ashamed. "I am not what you picture me to be," he wrote to one in moral trouble whom he was trying to strengthen. "I am far from what a Christian ought to be, but by the grace of God I desire to be more and more like what Christ Himself was and is."

At this time, in addition to his ordinary studies, he taught himself shorthand, which he continued to use throughout life. He also undertook private tutoring to add to his slender income. One of his pupils was a guard in the railway who came to him at six in the morning and again at six in the evening. Another, who became a successful merchant, says: "Laws tutored me when I was preparing for College. I well remember my surprise when one day passing a shop an hour after our lesson, I looked in and saw our teacher sitting at a carpenter's bench working with his hands. It was a lesson on the dignity of labour that I never forgot." Another citizen had a similar surprise. A young joiner came to his house to execute some repairs, and he directed him what to do; shortly afterwards he met the artisan in the street in scarlet gown, trencher, and cap, and could scarce believe his eyes. Again, when in the house of his minister, working at some job, the servant lass said to him:

"Do you like your master?"

"Yes," he replied, "pretty well."

"Do you get on with him all right?"

"Oh yes."

"Now," she said to another workman who was grumbling, "there's a lad who likes his master."

"Him! Well, he should; his maister's his faither!"

The same girl was astonished soon after to see Robert sitting at dinner at her master's table along with other students.

In the summer of 1871 he added to his Arts classes those of botany and anatomy in the medical curriculum. This brought him more into touch with his friend Shepherd, now an advanced medical student, with the Indian mission field as his objective, and he became a frequent visitor to the basement of 6 Bon Accord Crescent, where Shepherd had his "den." Many a long night the two spent together dissecting frogs and mice. Shepherd was busy with the nervous system, and in his zeal to help him Laws would occasionally stalk a stray cat, capture it, hide it under his coat, and bring it triumphantly into the den for purposes of experiment.

It was in botany that he obtained his first prize. In high spirits

he proceeded to the shop with the result of the examination. His father saw him come in with a dismal and woebegone face.

"What do you think of my being stuck, father?" he said.

Mr. Laws showed his consternation, and then remarked sympathetically, "Never mind, Robert. It's the lack of time that bowls you over. I am sorry you have to be kept so much in the shop."

"Well, then," was the triumphant rejoinder, "I have passed, and I have got a botany prize!"

In the winter he attended chemistry, and as he was taking zoology and geology in Arts, this meant also his first year in medicine. In summer his work was interrupted. He had been employed flitting, or removing, tenants who were changing their houses. His stepmother also was ill, and he was attending her with affectionate solicitude. The only time for study was at night, and he sat into the early hours. One day Shepherd met him, and thought him looking worn out. Smallpox was epidemic at the time. "You had better be vaccinated," his friend urged, and supplied him with lymph. Robert received it dubiously. "Don't you think," he said, "that vaccination and medical exams. will be too much to endure at one time? I'll put off the vaccination until the exams. are over." He began to feel unaccountably lazy, drooped with physical lassitude, and then could scarcely walk. But with his usual tenacity he struggled on until he finally collapsed. The doctor who was called in pronounced him to be suffering from smallpox, and Shepherd conveyed him to Mounthooly Hospital, where he lay for many weeks in the anteroom of death, suffering intensely, his body being covered with boils, so that he had to be laid between sheets soaked in oil. "I don't relish the company of these boils at all," he wrote to his parents; "they have tried my pluck more than anything; please ask that patience may be granted me to keep from complaining."

It was a dark time for the family, for following upon his stepmother's illness his father was attacked by pleurisy, and life seemed crushing with its aimless reverses. But faith remained undimmed, and was justified by events. These trials knit the three more closely together: the boils left Robert with a new and stronger constitution, and the smallpox fitted him for a position in which he was to receive an important part of his training. The stepmother saw in what she considered the dispensation of Providence a call to service; she reminded Robert that he could do work for Christ even in hospital. He thanked her gently, and at the first opportunity asked the seven other patients in the ward if they were agree-

able that he should read aloud a chapter of the Bible. Somewhat to his surprise the suggestion was eagerly welcomed. "So," he wrote, "if the ministers don't come here, God is not kept away, and that is a great comfort." Through the kindly help of the chemistry professor he was able to make up what he had lost in his studies.

VI. Plain Living: High Thinking

After graduating in Arts in 1872 he proceeded in the autumn to Edinburgh to attend the theological classes of the United Presbyterian Church at 5 Queen Street, where Cairns and Eadie were his teachers. His initial experience in Eadie's classroom was disappointing, the lecture being so much gibberish to his north-country ears. "I might as well have been at Jericho," he said, "for all I heard." But in time he became accustomed to the Professor's style. The two men he summed up in a sentence, "Cairns we loved: Eadie was different but splendid." Cairns with his big heart was always generous to the students. Once when Laws had been unusually busy he remained up all night endeavouring to commit an exegesis to memory, but with poor success. When he entered the rostrum, Cairns, who seemed to suspect his plight, covered his face with his hand as if to give him the opportunity of consulting his MS. Laws did take a look when he was not sure what was coming next. At the same moment, happening to glance at the Professor, he saw him peeping at him between his fingers. Both smiled broadly. Said the kindly professor afterwards, "I have scarcely listened to an exercise which has given me more satisfaction." The student was of opinion that the judgment would have been none the worse for a savouring of salt.

He lodged in a modest room at No. 2 Tarvit Street with a Mrs. Smith, who proved to be a landlady both honest and economical. Some of his weekly bills are extant and show how meagrely he fared. For lodgings he paid 3s. 6d., and his food—excluding tea and sugar, which he had brought with him—seldom cost more. Seven shillings per week meant plain living, but apparently he throve on it.

One of the first churches he entered was Dean Ramsay's. He had never before been in an Episcopal church, and he was strangely moved by the experience: the music with its plaintive appeal thrilled him inexpressibly and lifted him into heights of spiritual emotion. Then he made his way to the Grassmarket to find some mission work to do, and was appalled by the scenes of drunkenness

and violence. "It was a splendid place and audience for open-air preaching, but I was too much of a coward to make the attempt." There was, however, not a trace of cowardice in his nature—he often did things requiring much more moral courage : it was rather an overpowering consciousness of his awkwardness and his powerlessness to make the right appeal which embarrassed him. He felt that he had not the qualities of a ready and attractive speaker, and was inclined to blame, more than ever, his early training, which had driven him so much into himself. Nothing made him so envious as the eloquence of his fellow-students. "I long," he said, "to have such power of utterance as could sway the minds of assemblies." What small experience he had obtained convinced him of the force of words, not read, but spoken direct to the hearers. The sentences might be broken and rough, and even ungrammatical, yet the gain in interest and effect seemed to be worth the loss, and thenceforward he decided only to use catch notes in his addresses. He was, however, clear-sighted enough to realize that eloquence was not the highest gift and perhaps not the best for him to possess. For long he was torn between the natural desire to do well in this direction, fear that it might make him proud, and shame that he could do so little for his Master who had done so much for him, until he came to the conclusion that a quiet life of deeds might be as important and acceptable a service, and the one for which he was best fitted.

It was well that he fortified himself thus, to judge from an incident which occurred about this time. He was asked to preach in an Edinburgh church, but the thought of standing in the place of a distinguished minister who used to be in the Free East Church, Aberdeen, and gave him sweets in Stevenson's school, sent cold shivers through him, and to avoid the possibility of such a thing he grasped at an offer to "supply" in Lanark Free Church. Though suffering from a headache, he found pleasure in preaching to a large congregation. When he reached the vestry after the service, James Buckley, the beadle, a local character noted for his shrewd and caustic humour, was waiting for him.

"What's your name ?" he said.

"Laws—Robert Laws."

"You'll be frae Edinbry ?"

"Yes, I'm from Edinburgh."

"Oh ay, you're awfu' dreich [dry, uninteresting] and you've kept us half an 'oor ower lang. I dinna think there'll be mony folk back in the afternune."

The young preacher was taken aback, but answered nothing. "The eager faces did not say ower lang," he reflected, "and my Master did not say ower lang," and he repeated the offence in the afternoon. James this time never uttered a word: the presumptuous youth was past speaking to.

He did not escape the moulting stage of theological student life. Awakening to the fact that the system of doctrine which he had learnt in the Sunday school and Bible class no longer entirely coincided with what he thought, his beliefs were considerably shaken, and for a time were somewhat chaotic. With a conscientious thoroughness characteristic of all he did he revised the basis of his faith, and while throwing overboard some minor tenets held fast with a stronger grip than ever to the truths that centred in God the Father and Jesus as Saviour.

The winter of 1873 was spent in Aberdeen at medical classes, and the following summer in the Hospital under Dr. Fiddes, whom he also assisted in his private practice. "He was a diligent and intelligent student," says Dr. Fiddes, "sparing no pains to make himself acquainted with the cases, and was a great favourite with the patients, for he was ever kind, gentle, and attentive to them: there were few young men like him."

At this time he was tutoring from 6.30 to 7.30 a.m., and sometimes until after 8: his hospital work occupied three hours daily; he had classes in Marischal College from 2 to 5 p.m.; in the evening he put in another two hours' teaching, attended to his father's books, and drew out estimates and plans for furniture; and only then was free for class preparation. He often worked until 2 or 3 a.m., and was at his desk again by 5 o'clock.

This excessive application was known to his friends, who frequently remonstrated with him. Miss Melville begged him to exercise restraint and not overwork—"That," she said, "is zeal without knowledge: we have to guard against thinking that God cannot do certain work without us." Dr. Robb also felt constrained to counsel him. "Do mind the body. Get it braced and strengthened *pari passu* with the mind and heart and spirit. A good constitution and good health are the best elements in the matter of acclimatization."

VII. The Priest of Death

Laws could not but smile grimly at the advice of his friends. He thought of the brave struggle at home, his meagre weekly bill for

lodging and food, and his vanishing capital. Occasional preaching appointments—a guinea a Sunday and no allowance for travelling expenses—yielded little. Discussing ways and means with a fellow-student from Aberdeen named Robertson,[1] the latter said, "Why not join the Glasgow City Mission as I have done? I have a fixed salary, and can also earn something as a pulpit supply." Laws was taken with the idea. The Glasgow City Mission was a notable institution which carried the message and spirit of Christ into social deeps where vice reigned naked and unabashed. There were few better training grounds for foreign missionaries than the sphere in which its service was carried on. John G. Paton of the New Hebrides was one of its agents; Chalmers of New Guinea was another: both came into contact with scenes almost unbelievable in their degradation and wickedness, but both owed much in after-life to the knowledge and experience they gained in the work.

On the mid-session holiday the two students took train to Glasgow and called at the office and saw the superintendent, the Rev. John Renfrew.

"I see you have had smallpox," he said, eyeing Laws narrowly.

"Yes."

"Well, none of the ordinary posts are vacant, but we are beginning a mission in the Smallpox and Fever Hospitals and want a missionary for that. The post has been offered to all our other men—over forty in number—but we cannot get any to accept it."

"I will accept it," said Laws, without hesitation. "I have no fear of infection, and I am also a medical student."

"That is all to the good. Here is a form to fill up, and I will speak to the Directors."

Laws was interested to learn of the origin of this development of the City Mission. Miss Margaret Telford, a little, energetic lady, plump of body and rosy of cheek, was asked by a friend to make inquiries regarding a servant who had been taken to the Fever Hospital. While being conducted over the building a Roman Catholic priest appeared.

"What is that man doing here?" she asked.

"He is the only Christian visitor who ever comes," was the reply.

[1] The Rev. A. A. Robertson, Ardersier, father of the Rev. J. A. Robertson, M.A., D.D., Professor of New Testament Language and Literature in the United Free Church College, Aberdeen.

Miss Telford visited the servant regularly, and also spoke to the other patients, and gradually there was a general request for her kindly ministrations.

She had herself contracted more than one serious fever, and had but recently recovered from an attack of typhus. Talking to her brother-in-law, who was a doctor, she remarked :

" Why, Doctor, do you suppose these disciplines have been sent to me ? "

" Well, Maggie," he replied, " I don't know much about the ways of Providence, but as a medical man I think you are now immune from the major fevers. Is there no guidance in that fact ? "

She thought there was, and continued her voluntary work at the hospital, where she became known as the " missionary lady," and was welcomed with eagerness by the inmates. She became more and more impressed with their dire need of spiritual help and comfort. One day she went into a ward to see a girl of fourteen who was dying of typhus, and found the priest standing by her. He taunted Miss Telford with the fact that no Protestant minister had the courage to enter the hospital. She pointed to the dying girl. " Perhaps, sir," she said, " you will pray for her." Taken aback, he mumbled something about not interfering with those who did not belong to him, and left the ward. She went to the Directors of the City Mission and urged them to appoint a special missionary to the hospitals.

" We are quite willing to do something," they said, " but we have no money."

" I will raise the money," she replied, and did so.

Laws was the only applicant for the post. Before being engaged he was subjected to a severe test. The Superintendent accompanied him on a round of visitation to houses in the slums, frightful dens of viciousness and dirt, and watched how he approached and addressed the people. Laws felt miserably out of his element : it seemed like impertinence to knock at doors and speak to men and women about their spiritual welfare. When the Superintendent took his place his feelings changed : he could not admire sufficiently the naturalness, the skill, the kindliness of his address. But when a Roman Catholic virago attacked them as heretics, flourished a long knife in their faces, and threatened to murder them, the Superintendent suggested that perhaps they had done enough, and Laws fervently acquiesced. He was exhausted with the ordeal, and felt an unhappy sense of ill-fittedness for the work.

Nevertheless he was appointed, his salary being £80 per annum ; an arrangement being made by which he should spend four hours daily and the week-ends in the work, and have the rest of his time for his studies. As his chief residence was now to be Glasgow he took permanent lodgings there in a third-storey room. It was the first time he had definitely left home, and the parting with his father and stepmother was trying. As he stood girt for his journey south his father with broken voice prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon him, and that he might be guided and helped and made an instrument of blessing to others.

When, in October, he took up duty in the hospital, Miss Telford met him in one of the passages. The tall, ungainly figure towered above her, and as she looked up into his grave, smallpox-marked face her heart sank ; he seemed so unlikely a person for the work. But, following him into the wards, she watched his first overtures to the patients and was satisfied. She did not know that what made the ordeal less difficult for him was the presence of the children. He was sorry to see them suffering, but he was always at his best with young life, and the little patients put him at his ease.

There were over a hundred cases of scarlet fever, typhus, and typhoid in the Fever Hospital at Belvedere, and fifty patients in the Smallpox Hospital in the Parliamentary Road. His duty was to talk to the patients, to hold services either by their cots or in the convalescent wards, to write letters to inform relatives of their admission and progress, and—what he shrank from most —to visit their homes, or the homes of their friends, with the intimation that they had succumbed. So much walking had he to do that his muscles grew to be like cords of steel.

Smallpox became epidemic in the city, the number of patients rapidly mounted up, and his time and energies were so tasked that his own studies were put aside or pursued when the world was asleep. His father anxiously urged him to give up part of his duties, but he would not hear of it. "With God's help and good health and plenty of Aberdeen pluck I shall yet get through it all."

What he went through might have unnerved a less robust and resolute nature. "I am become," he said, "the Priest of Death." He watched the patients closely in order to be with them in the interval of consciousness between the period of delirium and the passing away. It was then that souls revealed themselves.

"Sit down," he would hear some hoarse and eager voice exclaim—"sit down and tell me something about God." In a few hours the speaker would be dead.

The cases in the Smallpox Hospital rose to 240, and those in the Fever Hospital to 320. The deaths averaged three per day: twelve corpses lay at one time in the smallpox morgue awaiting burial. "I am afraid," he said, "I am getting too familiar with death." Often in a whole ward there would not be a pair of intelligent eyes: all were ablaze with delirium. Many of the patients were belted down to their beds. Numbers died moaning in agony as he passed along. The odour of the diseased bodies was horrible: he would stumble out, sick, into the open air and go to his lodgings and refuse all food. "Sometimes," he wrote, "my heart is like to burst amongst such awful scenes, and yet I would need ever to have a smile on my face to cheer the nurses and the patients." It was his faith in God and his belief that he would be guided and helped that kept him calm and strong. Nurses were struck down and died, but he had no fear for himself: he was, indeed, ready for further service and sacrifice. "My smallpox experience has given me a wonderful influence with the patients, and to gain the same advantage with the others I am quite ready to go through the ordeal of typhus if it should please God thus to order it." Yet he was not conscious of heroism but only of a humble willingness to do his duty.

He was at a work involving constant peril to his health and to life itself and receiving remuneration below what others in a similar position were obtaining without any risk. The Directors admitted this, and because of his "praiseworthy devotedness" raised his salary to £100, for which he returned humble and grateful thanks to God. To him money was only of value so far as it ministered to the advance of His work. He never spent it on any useless object, but was generous whenever the cause of right was concerned. A little incident at this time was characteristic of his spirit. Winning a scholarship of £10, his pleasure was damped by the fact that a fellow-student had failed. He sent the latter £5, with the assurance that it was rightfully his. "You worked as hard as I did," he wrote, "and had you not gone in for the scholarship I would not have done so either, and so it is yours as much as mine." The student, however, was as honourable and as spirited as himself, and the money was returned.

Miss Telford grew to appreciate the sterling character of the young missionary. She became his kind and loyal friend, intro-

duced him to her home and to the society of her two sisters, and in many practical ways helped him then and afterwards.

One day she said to him, "Why do you always stop at the ropewalk and the brickwork on your way to Belvedere?"

He looked surprised. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"Never mind—why do you waste your time standing so long there?" she demanded, with mock severity.

"I am not wasting my time. I am trying to pick up a knowledge of the two crafts—I want to know how to make ropes and how to make bricks."

"Why?"

"Because it will come in useful in the future when I am in Africa."

Another home where he was always welcome was that of his fellow-student, Robertson, who lived with a brother and sister: there he was at his best and spent many a happy hour. Like the Telfords they had no fear of infection, a contrast to some of his friends, who were inclined to give him a wide berth because of the nature of his work. "I had to live a sort of hermit life," he said, "shunned by most as a leper." He was, however, conscious of the danger, and sometimes declined to pay visits in consequence. This was the reason he gave when excusing himself from calling on the family of Miss Moir, well known later as Mrs. Forsyth, "the loneliest woman in Africa."

VIII. A Street Decoy

It was a time of religious revival in Glasgow. Messrs. Moody and Sankey had been stirring the city, and much redemptive social work was going on. Laws, with other students, took part, in a subordinate capacity, in some of the meetings, and gave help wherever it was required. His strangest experiences occurred in connection with a rescue movement with which Mr. Quarrier was associated. Midnight suppers were instituted with the object of getting hold of the outcast women and girls of the street and inducing them to enter a home. The method proved successful, considerable numbers being rescued in a single night. As all would not come voluntarily, "drives" were organized in which divinity and medical students assisted, acting the part of decoys to lure the street-walkers to the hall. The entire party first met for conference and prayer and at ten o'clock walked out in couples into the lighted thoroughfares.

Laws and a fellow-student were told off to do Sauchiehall Street, up and down which they sauntered watching for the type they were out to seek. It was a difficult and delicate and somewhat embarrassing task, for students whom they knew would pass and eye them curiously. They failed in most of their efforts until they separated, when it was easy enough to secure the one marked down. A beautiful girl of sixteen fell first to Laws. As they turned into the darker streets she told him a wretched story of a stepmother and father who had kicked her out of doors. He wondered what his own father would say if he were told that his son had been seen walking arm in arm with a girl of the street. Adroitly, and almost without her being aware of it, he shepherded her into the hall, and went off to find others. Over a hundred were finally gathered, mostly young girls, and about forty declared for a new life. The one whom Laws had first picked up was taken in charge by a lady, who found her story to be true.

There was tragedy and pathos in what he saw and heard that night, but for sheer brutality nothing exceeded the scenes he witnessed in connection with the work of the Glasgow Medical Mission. This organization existed for the benefit of those too poor to pay for a doctor, and the staff being short Laws lent them a hand, working at the dispensary for one or two hours daily, prescribing, extracting teeth, and generally turning his medical attainments to account. It was not only useful practice, developing his confidence and increasing his knowledge, but he made it a substitute for walking the hospital. "I preferred," he said, "doing it in connection with the Medical Mission where Christianity is proclaimed than doing it in connection with the Infirmary as a mere piece of scientific duty."

By and by he visited patients in their homes and added midwifery cases to his other practice. What he saw of the depths of human life in the city cannot be described. One incident may be given by way of illustration. In a house off the Gallowgate which had barely any furniture he found a woman lying on straw without any covering, with a newly born baby, wrapped in a few rags, by her side. In came the husband, who had been drunk for three weeks, a bottle of whisky in his hand. With some coaxing Laws got him out and placed a woman with her back to the door while he attended to the patient. The husband insisted on re-entering, and bursting open the door he sent the woman sprawling to the other side of the room. Laws, coat off, shirt-sleeves rolled up, hands covered with blood, jumped upon the

fellow and sent him hurtling towards the door. A fierce struggle ensued: the man was big and brawny and Laws wrenched his back in forcing him out. He whistled for a policeman, and a dozen women seized the drunkard and thrust him into a neighbouring room and kept him there until the skeleton on the straw was attended to. All her clothes having been pawned, a wrapper was borrowed from a neighbour to cover her.

It was scenes like this that made Laws realize vividly how little one half of the world knew how the other half lived. Delicate feeling is not nourished amidst the ugliness and indecencies of life, and it would not have been surprising had familiarity with the coarseness of human nature hardened his sensibilities: that he went through what he did with so little scathe indicated that he was made of truest steel. For it is only the highest that can bend to the lowest without hurt.

These experiences proved a valuable part of his training: they helped to lessen the inevitable shock when he came in contact with primitive races, and fitted him in a peculiar way to meet and combat the debasement of heathenism. As his father used often to quote, "When God wants an instrument for hard work He tempers it in a hot furnace."

Such stern contact with the actualities of life made his college work seem formal and unreal. He grew dissatisfied with learned sermons, and we find him writing with remarkable prevision: "My sphere seems to be that of the evangelist, to break up new ground, speak the simple truths of the Gospel, and heal the sick. More than once I have been on the eve of throwing the Hall to the winds and sticking to my medicine alone, which gives me scope enough for preaching." But this was a thought unbared only to his intimates: his mind was too well-balanced to remain long in such a mood.

By this time he and Robertson had become like brothers. When they returned to Edinburgh for the Hall classes Laws wished to lodge with his friend, but Robertson had another room-companion who would not part from him. Laws was not to be beaten: he showed that persistence and resource which were to become so marked in his later life. "I have often slept on a couch in the Infirmary," he said, "and if the landlady does not object I'll make the sofa my bed." And so it was arranged, "and," says Mr. Robertson, "a happier trio it would have been hard to find. We attended diligently to our work and we had our recreations. Our wrestling was not all intellectual, and I must admit that

Laws could easily floor me ; he was much stronger than I. We had another friend who was inclined to be melancholy, and when he came in there was sure to be a racket, always begun by Laws, and it might end in our being all on the floor together. Our friend, when the rumpus was over, would express a doubt as to whether or not we had been *doing right.* Laws never had any doubt as to its rightness. He would say when he was gone that even from the medical point of view ' a good shaking up was the best thing for him.' I must say our friend enjoyed his ' shaking up,' though he looked somewhat serious after it was over. We always had worship together before going to bed. We read our Greek New Testament and took the prayer in turn. Laws had no great profusion of words. His petitions were simple and direct, but there was about them a wonderful ring of reality and earnestness. He was every inch a man, true, tender, and Christlike ; strong, unhesitating, and decided. *When he saw anything that needed to be done he simply went and did it."*

IX. The Committee's Smile

The future was often in his thoughts. India was tempting,—Dr. Shepherd was there, beginning a distinguished career,—but always when he weighed its claims the vision of a host of black faces, reproachful and appealing, rose before him, and his mind swung back to Africa. To the needs of Kafraria he was not indifferent, but no difficulty was experienced in securing men to go there. Old Calabar, again, had always attracted him, and it needed agents, while his cousin, Alec Cruickshank, was planning to make it his sphere. His leaning towards it was so well known that Dr. Robb wrote and congratulated him on a decision he had not made. " We want to see some Aberdonian vigour and sense added to the agency," he said. Laws wrote immediately to undeceive him. " My mind is on Africa. I have often thought of Old Calabar, but my father will not allow me to go there." " Never mind," replied Robb, " God will direct you. If you go elsewhere it is no loss that a friend gets." It was always the interior of Africa that his thoughts dwelt on—" I find it impossible," he said, " to set its claims aside." Meanwhile he went on with his medical studies at the University and Andersonian College, and all his other work.

One day in May 1874 he picked up the *Glasgow Herald* and read the speech which Dr. Stewart had given the night before in the

General Assembly of the Free Church. When he came to the part proposing a mission in Central Africa as the best memorial to Livingstone he laid down the paper.

"That," he said, "is the very work I have been longing for and which for years I have been preparing for. If only the United Presbyterian Church would unite in the plan! And if only I were honoured to be the doctor of the expedition!"

Hearing no more of the project he made no move in connection with it. In October he happened to be at the United Presbyterian Church Offices, and Dr. MacGill, the Foreign Mission Secretary, asked him to come and be introduced to the Board, which was then sitting.

"This is Mr. Laws," he said, "now finishing his third session at the Hall and intending to be a foreign missionary of our Church."

The Convener welcomed him. "Are you proposing to leave yourself in our hands?" he asked.

"No"—decisively—"you might want me to go to a place I am not fitted for."

"Have you fixed on any particular field you would like to go to?"

"Yes."

"Where is that?"

"Central Africa."

A smile of derision passed round the room.

Laws instantly stiffened; that smile roused all the obstinate determination in his nature. Once before a smile had hastened his purpose, and it would be strange, he thought, if another, different in character, should be the means of settling his career and sphere of work.

"Our Church has no mission there," was the rejoinder of the Convener.

"I know that, but there is room enough and people enough."

"Perhaps," a member insinuated, "the account of Mr. Edgerley's explorations in Calabar is the origin of your quixotic proposal?"

"I have not seen it," was the quiet reply.

Dr. MacGill broke in. "It has been the dream of our Church that Old Calabar might be a key to Central Africa, but I am afraid it is only a dream: there seems little hope of it being realized."

"Would you be willing to go to Jamaica?" continued the Convener.

"No, I have no desire to go there—rather the reverse."

"We are most in need of missionaries there just now. Have you any special reason for not going?"

"No, I have just the feeling that it is not the place for me."

"Is it on account of health?" inquired a member.

"It cannot be that," remarked Dr. MacGill, "when he speaks of Central Africa!"

Laws scanned the faces again. On one there was now a look of friendly interest.

"You cannot, then, give us any definite answer to-day?"

"No—I would have to consult my father first."

"Young man," came from a member, "when I went out as a missionary I did not consult my father."

"My father, sir, gave me to the foreign field at my birth, and I could not go without his blessing and prayers."

No more was said. Laws walked out and along the streets in a tumult of feeling. By and by his heart grew quiet and he said to himself, "Be the future what it may, God will direct it aright and guide me in the path in which He would have me walk, and may I have patience to wait and grace to prepare for the work He may have for me to do."

Returning to Glasgow after the Christmas holidays he met a fellow-medical student in the train who said, "Have you heard about the Livingstonia Expedition?"

"No; I thought the idea was dropped."

"Dropped! No, Black and Macklin are going with it."

"They are fortunate. Are the U.P.'s joining in?"

"Only the Reformed Presbyterian Church as far as I know."

With a sigh of regret Laws banished the matter from his mind.

Shortly afterwards he was at a prayer-meeting for medical students and Black was there. Laws accosted him.

"I hear you are going to Africa."

"Not just yet," was the regretful reply. "I cannot complete my studies for two years. But, Laws, will *you* go?"

"No. I am pledged to the U.P. Church, and Livingstonia is a Free Church mission."

"What of it? Would you like to see Dr. Stewart?"

"I have no objection."

He gave the matter anxious thought during many a wakeful night, unable to rid himself of the feeling that this was the work for which he had all along been preparing. He knew the risks involved, but these gave him not a single thought. If it was his

duty to go he would go. Christ would be in Africa as well as in Scotland.

The meeting was arranged. Black introduced Laws, and they talked together. Stewart was impressed by the intellectual vigour, resolute determination, and spiritual feeling of the young man.

"This," he said, "is my man if I can get him."

He frankly described the difficulties and dangers of the work, but found that Laws already knew them all. At last came the definite question:

"If the Foreign Mission Board allow you to join the Expedition, will you come?"

"I will if it can be done without breaking my connection with my Church. I will do nothing that is in the slightest degree dishonourable."

The matter was put formally to him at a meeting of the Free Church Board. Being asked by Dr. Stewart if he were still of the same mind, and would go with the party as medical officer, he replied:

"This is the work I have for years wished. Get the United Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board to say to me 'Go' and I go."

He passionately desired that his Church should share in the venture, and wrote to Dr. MacGill: "It seems to me that God is opening up a way to bring about Christian union which so many long to see. If this is inadvisable at present then I wish to be sent, not to the Free Church or the Reformed Presbyterian Church, but to the work itself. To me differences in evangelical churches are as the tartans of different regiments. I care little for the pattern worn by the soldier, but I care much as to how he fights and still more about the issue of the battle."

The subject was also discussed in Aberdeen, and his father conferred with Miss Melville, whose intuition saw a way out of the difficulty.

"We will *lend* him for two years as the United Presbyterian contribution to the scheme!" she exclaimed.

"Don't be alarmed," she wrote to her "boy," as she still called her old scholar. "We are *not* slave-dealers or kidnappers!"

The suggestion went forward to a friend in Edinburgh, who brought it before Dr. MacGill, who passed it on to Dr. Duff, with the result that it was accepted. "If," wrote Dr. MacGill to Laws, "at the end of two years you propose a mission of our own somewhere round Lake Nyasa I think it likely your request will be granted."

One night Dr. MacGill introduced him to the member of the

Board who had smiled his friendly interest at the first meeting. He was Mr. James Thin, a well-known Edinburgh publisher and bookseller, an authority on hymnology, and a great student and supporter of foreign missions. In Bristo Street United Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, a Mr. George Laing had died and left a fund making provision for a missionary in some new field. Mr. Thin was one of the trustees.

"We have decided," he said, "first, to devote £300 a year to this object, second, to take Livingstonia as our field, and"—smiling the same appreciative smile—"third, to adopt you as our man: you will be designated the Laing Missionary, and we bind ourselves to appoint you for five years at the least. Our congregation is going to give you your outfit."

Thus in a wonderful way the United Presbyterian Church was linked to the Expedition, not only providing a man well trained for the work, but also his salary, the circumstance constituting a union of the churches long before the organic connection was accomplished.

Mr. Thin asked Laws to his house. He had a family of sons whom he jocularly introduced as "the thin boys"; these made him so much at home then and afterwards that he looked upon them as brothers. "Mrs. Thin's motherly care and kindness," he said, "I can never forget."

The following months were exceedingly laborious. He was studying hard for his final medical examinations, preparing for his Presbytery trials previous to licence, and assisting Dr. Stewart in the arrangements for the expedition. Stewart must have thought he had got hold of a very enthusiastic young man. Returning to Glasgow late one night from Dundee, he hailed a cab at the station and was driving off when Laws, who had been waiting for him to consult about instruments, opened the door and jumped in, and it was 2 a.m. before they parted. His father watched him and trembled: the work seemed too much even for such an earnest plodder as he knew his son to be, and it would be a blow if he failed at the last. Resigning his Glasgow post in March, he strongly recommended Mr. James Macnee, a student of ability and courage, and a City Mission worker, as his successor; but having had none of the major fevers the latter was given another appointment. It fell to the lot of Macnee to make a presentation to the Doctor, who expressed the hope that he would see him in Africa. Macnee went instead to Jamaica, where he became one of the missionary statesmen of that island and later an elected member of the Legislative

Council. Of Laws he says : " A more simple-minded, earnest, whole-hearted, and devoted worker it would be impossible to meet. Our short fellowship continues a fragrant memory."

Concentrating on essentials Laws in April at Aberdeen passed his examinations, and was capped M.B., C.M., and also licensed and ordained. " He was radiant," says his friend Robertson, who was present at the ordination, " feeling that now the Wilderness was past and that he had received the command, ' Go up and possess the promised land.' " During the ceremony he had an unaccountable feeling that some one was looking down upon him from his old pew in the gallery, and he instinctively glanced up. His mother had sat there.

He had reached his second goal. The training had been severe ; he had been tested and tempered by toil, self-denial, and endurance, and had developed all the qualities needed for the service that awaited him. His high ideals of duty and work ; his conscientiousness, perseverance, self-reliance, and tenacity ; his knowledge of handicraft and business ; his medical skill and his general intellectual attainments ;—all fitted him for the position of pioneer and leader in a new and difficult country. But the years of preparation had left their mark upon him. When, in later life, he was questioned in regard to them he would give an evasive reply, but one noticed that his eye would grow cold and his expression stiffen as if at some unpleasant memory.

X. Making Ready

It was no light task that lay before the Livingstonia Expedition. It was proceeding to the interior of a vast country that was practically unknown : of the exact conditions prevailing in it no one had any idea, except that it was the scene of intertribal warfare and the focus of the slave trade ; it was a foodless land for civilized man ; there was no regular communication to the nearest point on the coast, and no communication at all on the rivers leading up to it ; the seaboard was in the possession of the Portuguese, who were inimical to exploration and settlement by other nations. Into that savage and turbulent country the little band of missionaries were going, without escort or protection of any kind, carrying simply a message of peace and goodwill, trusting to the sheer force of their moral and spiritual appeal rather than to the display of armed power. It was this that made the appointment of a staff so peculiarly important, for everything depended on the character and dis-

position of those who composed it. One tropical Robinson Crusoe cannot quarrel with himself, but when a number have to spend their time in intimate intercourse it is not always possible to be gracious and even-tempered. A nature that is buttressed by convention and the higher life about it at home may prove pitiably weak and ill-conditioned in the fierce atmosphere of a primitive land.

Business at Lovedale prevented Dr. Stewart filling the post of leader and a substitute had to be found. There was but one man in Britain specially qualified for taking out the Expedition and seeing it settled. This was Mr. Edward D. Young. As a first-class gunner in the Royal Navy he had seen service in many waters, including the east coast of Africa, where he had been in command of cruising expeditions in search of slave-runners. He had served under Dr. Livingstone on the Zambezi, and when the explorer was reported murdered he was dispatched by the Admiralty to Lake Nyasa to investigate the rumour. Ascending the rivers in a steel boat called the *Search*, he was able in a remarkably short time to prove it baseless. He therefore knew the whole route to be traversed by the Expedition and all the difficulties to be encountered. Now, at forty, he was divisional officer of coast-guard at Dungeness, an easy and comfortable berth. Dr. Stewart went to see him and explained the position. "This work has got to be done," he said. "As I can't go, will you take my place?"

"I can but try," was the reply. "I am long past the age when love of adventure would tempt me, but I will go as a matter of duty."

When Laws saw Young he was impressed by his manner and temperament: he was thoroughgoing, earnest, determined, and with a sense of humour which would be invaluable in Africa. His hatred of slavery amounted almost to an obsession, but this the Doctor thought was one of the best points in his favour.

Laws, as medical officer, was second in command, with the duty of keeping a daily journal of events and making scientific observations, especially as regards the connection between climate and health. The utmost importance was attached to his work, as the future welfare and success of the Mission would depend upon the information gained. The arrangements for beginning and carrying on school, industrial, and general mission work were also left in his hands.

After careful consideration the other members of the party were selected as follows: John Macfadyen, 1st Engineer and Black-

smith; Allan Simpson, 2nd Engineer; George Johnston, Carpenter; Alex. Riddel, Agriculturist; and Wm. Baker, Ordinary Seaman, R.N.

In addition to these, Mr. Henry Henderson was attached to the Expedition as the agent of the Church of Scotland.

Young and Baker were Englishmen; Johnston and Riddel came, like Laws, from Aberdeen; Macfadyen was from Glasgow, and Simpson from Fife. Four belonged to the Free Church, one to the United Presbyterian body, one to the Church of Scotland, one to the Church of England, and one was a Baptist.

By some strange mischance a brilliant spirit was lost to the Mission. Alexander Mackay applied to join the party, but his letter was apparently overlooked, and when the matter was brought to the notice of Dr. Stewart it was too late. Mackay went instead to Uganda, where he won fame, and met a martyr's death.

All hopes centred on a steamer to carry the party up the Zambezi and Shiré and to navigate the Lake. To see such a craft on its waters had been Dr. Livingstone's dream. A small vessel was, therefore, designed, and its construction put into the skilled hands of Messrs. Yarrow & Headley, of Milwall. It was 48 feet long, with a hull of steel plates fastened with bolts in sections, each section of the weight of a native load, and it drew only 3 feet of water. At first it was planned to fit her with three boilers, but one was discarded. Even two, it was feared, would be too heavy to manipulate at the cataracts. The ingenuity of Mr. Young, of Kelly, came to the rescue: he devised an arrangement by which one boiler could do the work of two when speed was no longer material. He was so delighted with the success of the device that at the trial trip he lapsed into Scots in his excitement: "We've done it! Eight knots an hour, with one biler!" At the ceremonial trip Miss Annie Mackenzie, sister of Bishop Mackenzie, of the ill-fated Universities Mission expedition, was present, and taken a short run. She had been up the Zambezi, and thus the new venture was, in a way, linked on to the first attempt to plant the gospel in Central Africa.

The steamer was named the *Ilala*, after the spot where Dr. Livingstone died. Two teak boats, the larger called the *Ethiop*, the smaller the *Sphinx*, for river communication work, and a dinghy for general use, were also provided. Much thought was expended on the selection of stores, provisions having to be taken for two years, and on the barter goods—which included 15,000 yards of calico—and medicines, and also on personal outfit. Each man

was allowed 100 lb. weight of luggage. "Take nothing unnecessary," was Dr. Stewart's hint to Dr. Laws, "and of necessary things, what is necessary only!" Books and scientific instruments were the two main items in the Doctor's list. With customary forethought he constructed with his own hands small oblong boxes, lined with tin, so that when the top was unscrewed they could form bookshelves. They fulfilled the purpose to perfection, and after nearly half a century's use in his library, were as good as new. He often humorously claimed to be the real inventor of the sectional bookcase.

The Expedition had the sympathy and approval of the British Government. Difficulties, the Livingstonia Committee foresaw, might arise requiring the exercise of powers not possessed by the members of the Mission, and the request was made to the Foreign Office that Young might be invested with consular authority. Lord Derby, after giving the matter full consideration, thought that this would be inexpedient. It would give a tentative expedition, started by private subscription and not subject to Government control, an official character; but he reaffirmed the Government's interest in the enterprise and its desire to help it in every possible way. The Committee, however, proved to be right: had their suggestion been adopted much painful trouble would have been avoided.

An important office which the Government performed was to smooth away the political obstructions that had caused Dr. Livingstone such endless annoyance. Portugal was an adept in the art of passive resistance. It had undertaken readily enough to put down the slave traffic, but this was too profitable to be suppressed completely, and continued quietly to be carried on. The desire of the traders, naturally, was to be left alone. When, however, it was learned that the Expedition was not an aggressive trading concern, but only what seemed a small and harmless religious mission, a promise was given that all facilities and help would be forthcoming within the sphere of its control.

Never was pioneer missionary expedition supplied with such precise and comprehensive instructions as to conduct, work, and policy. These were printed and each member was given a copy.

The position of the settlement had been decided by public sentiment as well as by practical considerations. It was to be on the great lake that Dr. Livingstone loved. Even the exact spot was indicated—the north-east corner of Cape Maclear—though it was pointed out that this might not be suitable for a permanent

site, and the final selection was left to those on the spot. On the difficult question of armed resistance to the slave trade it was stated that no rule could be laid down save one which was absolute, that active interference by force on their side was never to be resorted to :

" The first shot fired in any hostilities against Arab or native slave dealers will do more to paralyse the varied efforts of the members of the Expedition than any temporary success in the liberation of slaves can possibly counterbalance. Any aid of this kind will also immediately surround the mission with an atmosphere of insecurity, which years will not disperse. . . . The only circumstances in which firearms can be justifiably used will be in self-defence or in case of actual attack, which is scarcely likely to happen, but if this should occur you will, of course, be bound to defend yourselves. It will be better to try the effect of conciliation, forbearance, and patient endurance to the utmost, and even to retire for a time. Livingstone's journals will be found to supply some excellent examples of what is here indicated. . . . Remember that simple acts of kindness and courtesy are never thrown away, even on a savage people."

Some excellent advice was offered as to the care of their health. " Your first and constant and most important duty will be so to live and act by attention to diet, hours of work and rest, as to keep up a fair amount of health : nothing will do the enterprise more good at home than favourable reports of all the members of the staff." A system of rational recreation was also suggested.

Frank counsel was given as to personal conduct. Difficulties would no doubt arise ; the irritability and excitement accompanying fever would cause coldness, temper, and depression ; they were exhorted to overcome ebullitions and estrangements of feeling, and to keep up their faith and courage. To think of failure as probable was the beginning of defeat. They were to think rather of the great issues that were dependent on their success, and how disastrous to the cause of Christianity any failure would be.

XI. Outward Bound

The Doctor's last days in Aberdeen were spent in a whirl of movement. One of the events was a public meeting in the interests of the mission, at which both Stewart and Young were present. The enthusiasm was so infectious that after the proceedings Prof. Robertson Smith came up to Dr. Laws and said, " Have you

any use for a Professor of Hebrew in Livingstonia?" Another meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, at which Laws spoke on Livingstonia. Having no map on Africa he called for a bit of soap and drew the continent on a large mirror in the room. When he afterwards recalled the incident he laughed and said, "It was a piece of presumption on my part to lecture on a place I had never seen." An interested member of the audience was a young man named Elmslie, who was later to become the Doctor's colleague and have an adventurous career of his own.

Amongst those he met at Miss Melville's was a Miss Waterston from Lovedale, who was studying medicine with a view to offering for Livingstonia. "She is full of life, buoyancy of spirits, and physical activity, and talks good sense," wrote Laws, "and if God spares her she will be useful to the mission."

Followed by the thoughts and prayers of many friends, and accompanied by his father and stepmother, he left Aberdeen on 12th May for Edinburgh. They stayed with the Thins, and Miss Gray—to whom he was now engaged—was also a guest. One of the interviews he had in the city was with Dr. Livingstone's daughter, who discussed with him the prospects of the Expedition. When the parting came his stepmother threw her arms round him in motherly affection. "Ah," he thought, "if only she had done that years ago!" He was beginning, however, to understand her better than in the old days. "Robert," said his father, "I look forward to seeing you again, when I expect to hear from you news of the progress of the Master's Kingdom."

It was his first journey south. "I never felt lonely in my life except once," he said, after he had probed the solitudes of Africa to their depths, "and that was when I arrived in London in 1875." But he was plunged instantly into a bustle of preparation: so busy was he that he was unable to visit Livingstone's grave in the Abbey. He went down to Milwall to inspect the *Ilala*, watched her being taken to pieces, and minutely studied the manner of her construction, that he might be the better able to supervise the process of putting her together in Africa. Then he saw Dr. Stewart off to Cape Town, went out to Kew, heard Spurgeon preach, spent an evening poring over Dr. Livingstone's maps and papers with the Rev. Horace Waller,—one of the members of the first Universities Mission party, and the editor of the *Last Journals*—and called on Dr. Moffat, whom he met for the first time. The veteran missionary grew so interested in the talk about the Expedition that he unconsciously used a Scottish word. "You

have not forgotten the Doric," his visitor remarked, smiling. "Forgotten my mother tongue!—not likely," and there was nothing but good Scots spoken by both during the rest of the interview.

On 21st May the party boarded the mail steamer *Walmer Castle* in the West India Docks. Amongst those present to bid them farewell were Dr. Duff, Dr. Goold (representing the Reformed Presbyterian Church), the Rev. Horace Waller, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Wilson, Mrs. Young, and Miss Young, then a girl of sixteen. "My recollection of Dr. Laws," says Miss Young, "is of a quiet, grave, unassuming young man, who talked to myself and others as we stood on the deck." One of the "others" was Captain Wilson, a gallant Christian sailor who had, while engaged on the East Coast in the suppression of the slave trade, been associated with Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Stewart. He gave the Doctor much useful advice. "One of the best things you can do," he said, "is to learn to think ahead. In my career I have found that there is a great difference between one man and another, and that the man who gets on is the man who thinks and looks ahead." Laws had been doing this insensibly all his life, but the emphatic assertion of the truth from a man of such experience sank deep into his mind, and he began from that moment more consciously to act upon it, and to this habit he attributed much of what he was able to accomplish.

The party gathered at the far end of the deserted saloon for a farewell service. It was conducted by Dr. Duff, who prayed with such absorption that the warning bells rang unheeded, and the vessel began to move. Miss Young, looking up, saw with a little thrill of excitement the buildings on the quay gliding past the portholes. When the visitors were at last hurried to the deck the vessel was being warped out of the dock, and a gangway had hastily to be thrown across to the pier to let them ashore.

The voyage was without incident. Laws occupied himself with studying a native vocabulary compiled by the Universities Mission, on which Mr. Waller had marked in red ink the most important words to be acquired. At Cape Town Dr. Stewart met them at the docks with the news that no steamer to convey the party to the Zambezi could be found, and that he had been compelled to charter a schooner of 133 tons, the *Harah*, for the purpose.

"British?" queried Laws.

"No, German."

" And so Germany is also to have a share in the work of taking the gospel to Central Africa ? " was the Doctor's comment.

" It is in keeping with the catholic spirit of the mission that you should sail under the German flag. You will find Captain Felix Rasper and Henry Schultze, the mates, fine fellows."

So strong was the interest in the Expedition that a public meeting, the largest and most representative of its kind ever held in the city, bade the party at once welcome and farewell. The Speaker of the House of Assembly presided, and the Premier, Secretary for Native Affairs, the ministers of the various religious bodies, and many well-known public men were present. The brief speech of Laws was mainly directed to correcting a popular idea that the Expedition had the promotion of commerce as its chief aim.

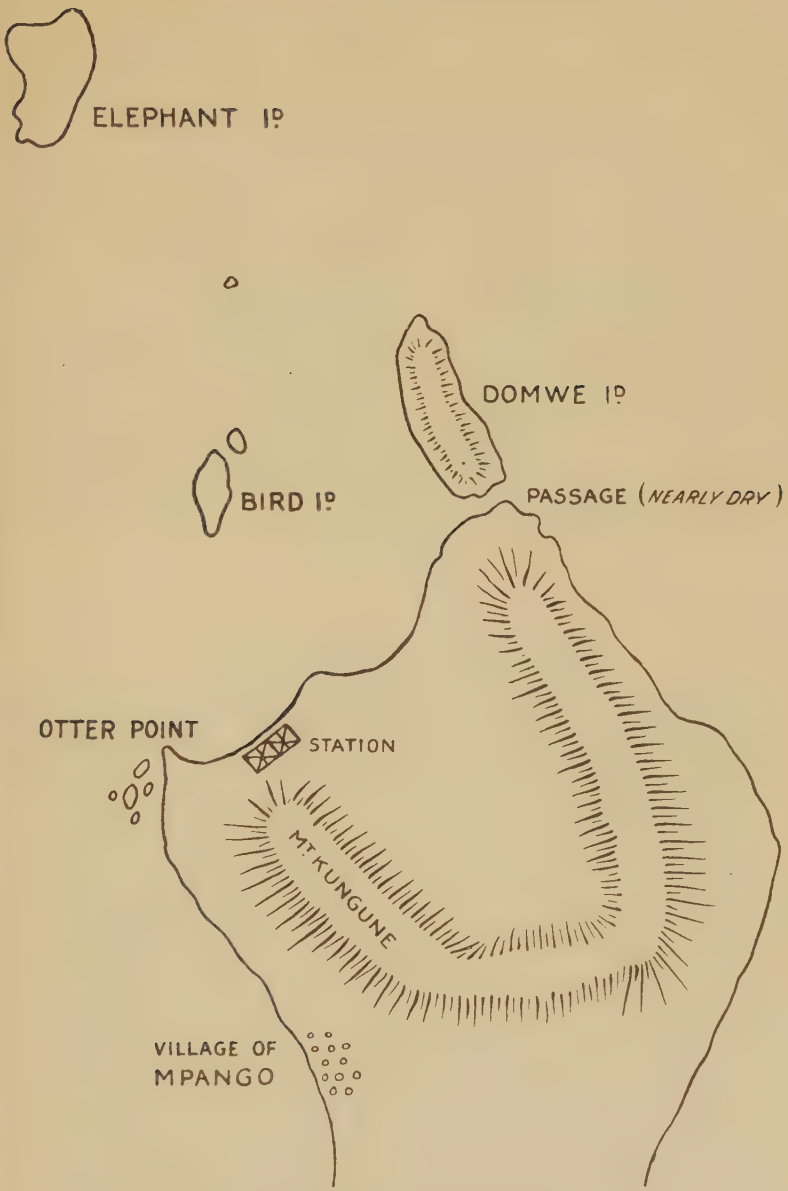
Several additions were made to the party. A gang of slaves had once been liberated by Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie, and afterwards brought down to the Cape and educated. From these were selected Lorenzo Johnston, a married man, with some knowledge of boat work, as cook ; Samuel Sambani, married, as interpreter ; Thomas Boquito, also married, as general servant. To the wives of these it was arranged to pay a monthly allowance during their absence. Frederick Sorokuti, an unmarried native, was also taken on in a general capacity.

When the *Harah* left the docks on 26th June the harbour-master told a tugboat to give them a " good send-off," and after towing out the vessel it circled round three times and then gave a parting cheer. A call was made at Algoa Bay, where the *Walmer Castle* had landed a portion of the stores unget-at-able at the Cape. Mr. Young decided to wait for the overland mail, and dispatched Laws on shore for the letters. This was on 5th July. He hung about the post office all afternoon and evening, the Dutch clerks grumbling at the pertinacity of the Scot who worried them so often. Evening passed into night. Standing in the darkness he saw what seemed a familiar figure approaching : it was Dr. Stewart, who had come to bid the party farewell. They adjourned to an hotel, where, after a talk, both knelt down and committed themselves to the Lord of Missions. Laws returned to his station at the post office. It was 4 a.m. when the mail-cart arrived. Securing the letters, he hastened to the shore. Sail was already set on the *Harah,* and when the look-out caught sight of him the anchor was raised. As he reached the deck the vessel moved off before a light wind from the north-east. A sense of exhilaration pervaded

the party; they had at last cut contact with civilization; their adventurous journey had begun.

As the Doctor stood gazing over the quiet waters now touched by the light of dawn, words of solemn beauty were passing, like a strain of music, through his brain. He had received a final letter from Dr. Stewart.

"*And now,*" it concluded, "*may God be with you and all your companions, and give you strength and patience, and lighten your path and your labours with the sense of His own presence. The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and give thee peace.*"



Sketch Map of Cape Maclear

THE LAST OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S MAKOLOLO

THE CEMETERY AT CAPE MACLEAR (p. 115)

PART TWO

THE YEARS OF SETTLEMENT

I. At the Mouth of the Zambezi

The *Harah* kept well into the coast, the sea being calm and the breeze light, but gradually the weather changed: heavy squalls were encountered and a strong sea, with fitful bursts of thunder and lightning. On the morning of the 13th, suddenly, a tornado swept down astern, sending the vessel plunging forward in blinding rain to the accompaniment of lightning flash and crash of thunder. All hands were turned to the work of hauling in the sail, and Dr. Laws found himself, for the first time in his life, doing a sailor's job. As he was busy reefing, the chain of the squaresail snapped under the pressure of the wind, and the sail came down by the run and lay floating overboard, and he assisted in securing it. The vessel ran under bare poles until the gale moderated. Varied conditions followed, dead calm, squalls, and heavy rain. On the 19th the coast was sighted and a look-out was kept for the delta of the Zambezi.

The Doctor had been "thinking ahead," and one day after worship, which he conducted, he spoke to the members of the Expedition regarding the enterprise, seeking to lift their thoughts to its larger aspects and to strengthen their purpose. "The one thing to keep in view," he said, "is the importance of getting the steamer on the Lake. We have to concentrate our determination on that. If we succeed it will prove that Africa can be conquered, and other missions will follow and place steamers on the other lakes. The whole future of the central region of the continent is in our hands."

The plan was to make for the Kongoné mouth of the Zambezi used by Dr. Livingstone. On standing in to the coast nothing could be seen save a wall of mangrove swamp, with a line of tree-tops against the horizon, which stood out clear at sunset against a crimson sky. For several days the vessel beat up and down without any opening being descried. Friday, the 21st, dawned

with mist and cloud hanging low over the land. At midday, through the tremulous heat haze, white breakers were seen, and Dr. Laws climbed the mast to investigate. It was, without a doubt, the Kongoné mouth. This was Africa—this long, ragged streak of mangrove beaten upon by the surf, and backed by a plain of low woodland, steamy and malarious : it might have been a mud-flat in the ocean, so featureless and lonely and limited it seemed : there was nothing to indicate that it was the fringe of a mighty continent.

The tide had fallen too low to permit of an attempt to cross the bar, but by afternoon the light south-west wind had swept the haze aside, and at four o'clock the vessel was put to the white turmoil of waters and passed over with but a slight jar and anchored in four fathoms by the banks of the river. The scene was forbidding in its desolation. There was no sign of Portuguese or native occupation or even of animal life : a human skull and other bones on the beach were grim reminders of the savage character of the land.

In the evening three natives appeared on the bank and were hailed. Dr. Laws went ashore, and as he stepped out of the boat they clapped their hands softly—the African form of salutation. As the Doctor was seeking labour, they were told that whoever came to work would obtain a yard of calico daily for wages, and they promised to spread the information. They were as good as their word, for next morning a number reported and were set to work clearing a site for the shed and felling trees. Next came a Portuguese settler, a wretched creature, barefooted and ill-clad, attended by cringing slaves, who presented a duck and a basket of cleaned rice. Some cloth was given in return. These amenities over, Mr. Young visited his house, a squalid hut in which a slave was, by way of punishment, sitting with two heavy logs of wood fastened to his shoulders.

"English have come." The good news spread far and wide, and large numbers of natives flocked to the scene. They made a favourable impression on the Doctor, who acted as roll-keeper and payer. Some were puny and half-starved, but many were tall, muscular, and handsome, with open faces, though their bodies were disfigured by tribal marks. A strip of calico or monkey's skin round their loins was all their dress. Intelligent and willing to work, they were, with patience and firmness, easily managed. "I would," the Doctor wrote, "as readily undertake to teach them manual labour as I would to train many of the apprentices

in our Scottish workshops." Their chief fault was an incapacity to tell the truth : they told lies as readily as they took their food. His method of keeping tally of the workers was to chalk a mark on the bare backs of each, but finding a tendency for marks to be transferred to other backs by contact he adopted numbers which could not be duplicated. Of women few were seen : one or two came with children whose pretty black faces and big timid eyes won the heart of the Doctor, always susceptible to the appeal of the little ones.

By Monday, 26th, the shed was completed and the keel of the *Ilala* laid. Then, to the dismay of the party, it was discovered that the bolts and screws were encrusted with rust : after the trial trips on the Thames they had been thrown, without being oiled, into kegs in which sand had been kept. This careless act entailed much wearisome toil, seasoned with vexation, for each of the hundreds of bolts had to be scoured and polished before being used. The natives rapidly acquired the knack of bolting the sections, and this was a welcome relief to the white men, who had merely to test the workmanship.

The process of reconstruction proceeded from dawn to sunset, with only an interval of an hour for breakfast and worship, lunch being sent ashore from the ship—in the Doctor's case this consisted of a biscuit and a glass of water partaken while work went on. Darkness at six o'clock sent all on board for dinner. In addition to superintending the natives the Doctor undertook any duty that came to his hand : now he would fell a tree, now fit a frame or plate on the *Ilala* or test a bolt ; again he would be pulling an oar, or prescribing for the sick ; and at night he would write up the daily journal, a task carefully performed and never omitted, and conduct worship—" anything," he said, " that Christ's cause may be furthered—one thing I can say, I never send others to do anything I am not ready to do myself."

On Thursday afternoon a canoe arrived with a native who handed over two packages wrapped in the sleeves of an old waterproof coat. " An Englishman," he said, " gave me these to deliver to the first English I saw. You are the first. I was told not to give them to the Portuguese." They proved to be mail-bags containing a large number of letters and newspapers, dated 1868, for Captain Faulkner and the members of his ill-fated expedition. Faulkner was an elephant hunter who ordered a Chief to be shot : coming down the river with ivory he was attacked near the same spot and killed. The mail-bags were sent by the *Harah* to Cape Town.

As it was clear that the *Ilala* would not be able to take all the stores up the river it was decided to engage native canoes to convey the balance if they could be procured. On Friday the *Ethiop* was fitted with sails and a reed awning, and with Henderson and Baker in charge and a native crew, left for Mazaro, the first Portuguese settlement on the Zambezi, about forty miles from the mouth of the Kongoné. There, if anywhere, the necessary craft would be hired.

By Sunday, 1st August, all the plates were bolted, the two boilers and engine and the shaft and propeller put in place, and the first coat of paint on. The whole of Monday was occupied in constructing a rough slipway for launching the vessel. On Tuesday all thrilled with pleasant excitement. It was a day of blazing sunshine, but every one toiled indifferent to the merciless heat. A pulley was fixed to a chain at the bows of the *Ilala*, another to a block in the sand, and a third at the stern to act as a check. The supports were knocked away, the frame came down on the rollers, and fifty natives began to haul and strain. The soft sand, however, gave under the weight and the rollers sank out of sight. Baffled but unbeaten, Young waited until the tide turned and then had the *Harah* brought close in and a hawser passed out from her windlass. At three o'clock the little steamer slid into the river and danced lightly on its surface. Three ringing cheers came from the Germans on the schooner, the natives followed, and the British added theirs. That evening when the black men came for their pay the Doctor made them sit down, and through an interpreter endeavoured to tell them of the Saviour of the World. "Chakoma!" (very good!) was their hearty comment.

Then came the reaction. Many of the staff became ill with the exposure and excessive exertion: both Young and the Doctor went down; Simpson was so weak that a return passage was engaged for him on the *Harah*. But all struggled on with the work of fitting the steamer. On Saturday it was given a trial trip up the river, the white ensign of the *Search* on the mainmast and a special flag which the Doctor had designed and prepared with bunting bought at Cape Town—showing a white dove with olive branch on a blue ground—flying from the foremast.

When Mr. Henderson returned he said the Portuguese at Mazaro had been taken by surprise at their appearance. "They had no idea we were here. But they received us kindly and helped us to engage four canoes with eight paddlers each."

Between the coast and the Murchison Cataracts lay an immense

flat region of lagoons and marshes—the delta of the Zambezi covers an area of more than 2000 square miles—and it was resolved to hasten through this pestiferous tract as rapidly as possible. The cargo, therefore, was kept low to minimize the danger of grounding on sandbanks, and in addition to the ordinary stock of wood a supply of coal was carried to be used in increasing speed through the plague spots. The remainder of the stores were, meanwhile, placed in the shed on the bank. There, late on Monday, the Doctor spent his first night ashore, the mosquitoes swarming in myriads about him, and forcing him at last to crawl beneath his mosquito net.

II. A Minor Tragedy

On the following day, Tuesday, 10th August, at noon, the *Ilala* started on her inland voyage. Farewell cheers from the *Harah* came ringing over the water. It was not without regret that the two companies parted. Captain Rasper and his mate had tempered the disagreeable experiences of the voyage by their kindness and attention ; they had entered with spirit into their share of the enterprise, and had freely given personal help and the use of the ship's appliances. They went back to civilization with a cargo of mangrove poles, and the others disappeared round the bend of the river bearing the Gospel into the region of the unknown.

The steamer threaded its way along the tortuous course of the Kongoné. In the absence of Baker, again up-river, Dr. Laws took the helm in spite of weakness caused by sickness and vomiting. Before him stretched the shining river, for ever winding, fringed with banks of tall reeds and grass and occasional clumps of cocoa-nut and borassus palms, with here and there a receding creek alive with wild fowl. At dusk a halt was made and the party had their first experience of sleeping in the vessel. Young and Laws laid their mattresses in the well-deck aft, Henderson slept above at the side, and Riddel and Johnston across the stern. All had mosquito netting.

Next day native pilots were taken on board, and followed by the *Sphinx*, with Lorenzo Johnston in charge, the steamer pushed on through a series of lagoons where the channels were so narrow that there was scarcely room for it to make its way. In one of these passages they came upon the hired canoes, which backed hurriedly into the reeds to let the fire-steamer pass. Drenching rain fell, such rain as they had never experienced in their lives,

and anxiety was felt regarding the calico in the canoes. Twisting round they steamed back and ordered the crews to cover the bales with grass-thatch, and again proceeded with the *Sphinx* in tow.

In the hot hours of the afternoon, a sudden jar and grating sound and the stoppage of the engines indicated that they had run on a sandbank. Anchors and cables were brought into operation, but without result; a hippopotamus, curious at this intrusion into its domain, was a close spectator of the proceedings, moving constantly around until 11 p.m., when with the rising of the tide the vessel was hauled off.

Next morning they were out of the Kongoné and threshing along the broad expanse of the Zambezi, and the *Sphinx* was left to make its own way under sail. The impression the scenery here gave was that of an immense flatness: the broad ribbon of slow-gliding river, the banks almost flush with the water, the boundless plain of land—there was not a feature to relieve the vast and melancholy monotony. Young's previous acquaintance with the river availed him nothing. The Zambezi is for ever changing its aspect: new sandbanks and islands are continually being thrown up; the current never runs the same course for long—now it sweeps down one side, now the other; again it breaks into a confused waste of swirling waters that stretches from bank to bank. On this occasion even the pilots, who can usually read the rivers like a book, were often at a loss, and the *Ilala* went aimlessly wandering up and down searching for the true channel, sometimes scraping the bottom, sometimes running fast upon an obstruction.

From the masthead nothing could be seen of the *Sphinx* in the clear air across the flats; and in the afternoon it was thought advisable to anchor and wait. A canoe paddling quietly along in the shadow of the reeds at sunset was hailed and hired to go back and look for her. Close upon midnight the boat appeared with a story of disaster. A sudden breeze had caught her; she had heeled over, the crew tumbled to the leeside, and in a moment she was full of water. The men and the packages fell out together. Lorenzo shook himself free, cut away the thatch, and detached the mast and managed to right the boat. One of the crew was known to be drowned, one was missing, and only two of the others could be persuaded to re-enter. The baggage lost contained the clothes, boots, and other personal effects of Young, Johnston, Riddel, Macfadyen, and Henderson, and was irreplaceable. Young expressed his mind on the matter with sailor-like bluntness and

looked grimly at the suit he had on; it was all he possessed. Dr. Laws' boxes, fortunately, were on the *Ilala*, and from his store he was able to supply some clothes, boots, and mosquito netting.

By and by in the far distance among the clouds along the horizon a dim blue shape came into view; it was Mt. Morambala, the one outstanding landmark on the Zambezi delta. On Sunday, Mazaro was sighted on the east bank of the river. The Doctor was curious to see this outpost of Portuguese civilization. It proved to be a wretched little settlement with a meagre population living in terror of lions and native raiders. Nothing was better fitted to show the shadowy character of the Portuguese claim to occupy the country. The Commandant received the party with the courtesy of his race, and begged them to go and shoot a man-eating lion which had already carried off four villagers. "Why not send your soldiers?" was the natural question. "They are all afraid," he sorrowfully replied. The calm assurance of the English in proceeding into a wilderness peopled by bloodthirsty "rebels" was a source of astonishment to the community, though why they applied the term rebels to natives who had never been conquered and had never acknowledged the sovereignty of the Portuguese and even levied tribute on them was not apparent.

Four miles from Mazaro on the opposite bank, facing a broad stretch of water mottled with islets of sand and in the distance the mass of Mt. Morambala, stood a low, strongly-constructed white building amongst a grove of cocoa-nut palms and bamboos. This was Shupanga, where "Mary Moffat, beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone," died. Owing to the disturbed state of the country the place was deserted. Near by, on a rough slope—"the brae fornent the sun"—was the grave shadowed by a great baobob tree. The wooden cross was still standing, and the space around was clear of undergrowth, the natives evidently performing this little office in memory of "Ma Robert."

III. Lost in a Lake

Two days were spent in a fruitless attempt to discover a passage in the wide reaches of the river. While following in the wake of the boat which was acting as a pilot the *Ilala* struck a snag and heeled over so violently that the starboard gunwale touched the water. The third day brought no greater success. Entering a zigzag channel the steamer ran fast on a sandbank: by using

anchors and cables she was hauled off, but swung round in the current and again grounded and remained immovable. There was nothing for it but to unship the whole cargo. Every article was taken out and deposited on a dry sandbank, and she was left a mere shell. After infinite labour with anchors, cables, and windlass in the broiling sunshine she was got off and then every man, white and black, fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion. The cargo was replaced next day. "We cannot go on like this," said Mr. Young. "We must try and find a pilot." One was eventually secured who guided them successfully through the maze of sinuous passages. At sunset they sighted a house standing on the side of a small eminence which indicated the proximity of the Shiré River. While the vessel was wooding next day with rosemary and ebony logs the Doctor received a call from the house, and on proceeding there found a girl suffering from phthisis. She was the daughter of the occupant, Senhora Maria, the half-caste widow of a Portuguese settler. He did what he could for the patient, and in return the Senhora sent two large baskets of rice, some pumpkins, and a bunch of bananas, down to the ship.

In the afternoon they came to what seemed an expansion of the river with a flat green island in the middle, below which two strong currents met and produced rough water and shoals that made the going slow and difficult. "That," said Mr. Young, pointing to the opening on the left, "is the Zambezi, and that," indicating one on the right, "is the river Shiré. Here we leave the Zambezi."

Entering the Shiré the air fell dead calm and the current raced against them so swiftly that at midnight the steamer dragged her anchor. On the following day a brisk breeze sprang up, and advantage was taken of it to spread all sail. With full steam on and the wind blowing astern they bowled along until, with a tremendous impact, the steamer ran on a mudbank, her stern rising high in the air, and her crew being thrown hither and thither. Recovering from the shock, the men leapt into the water and sought to prevent her settling into the slime. The cargo was again unladen and placed on a belt of sand some distance away. When darkness fell clouds of mosquitoes attacked the party, and large smoke-fires had to be kept going to ward them off. Once more the steamer was got afloat and anchored in deep water.

When they entered what appeared to be an extensive lake, Mr. Young was surprised and puzzled. On his former visit the river ran between grass-lined banks through a level marshy plain,

winding and turning upon itself in the most bewildering way: the blue mass of Mt. Morambala would loom up in front, then appear behind, and again at the side; while the land was alive with buffalo and waterbuck. Now there was nothing but a vast stretch of yellowish water extending apparently to the far-off ranges of hills. It was gathered from natives that two years previously the Zambezi had overflown its banks and flooded the country lying within the angle at the junction of the two rivers, so that they could now sail their canoes from the Shiré across to the Zambezi. The lake was thus about twenty miles in diameter.

Heading straight north they reached a congeries of lagoons and channels. The problem was to discover the Shiré. Hour after hour they searched the numberless openings only to find themselves in a cul-de-sac or following a course which led to the Zambezi. As night was darkening down, a small object was seen moving over the lonely wilderness of waters. It was the *Ethiop*, which on coming up reported all well. Young dispatched it to hunt for natives who knew the secret of the cross canals, and through a wet and miserable night it pursued its task and returned in the morning with a canoe and two men. These led them to an opening barred by a ridge of sand round which the *Ilala* was cautiously manœuvred. No channel seemed less inviting. The Doctor was sent to the masthead to ascertain the course, and saw only a vague line like a shadow curving amongst the reeds which extended more than half a mile. Beyond gleamed the river broad and clear. Descending he took the helm. Simpson was down with fever and Macfadyen was in the stokehold. It was a day of sweltering heat.

The *Ilala* was backed as far as she was able, and then, dashing forward at full speed, crashed into the reeds that were taller than a man and as stout as one's finger. They broke and parted under the force of the impact, but the mass, accumulating in front, soon presented an impenetrable barrier. The only thing to do was to cut a way through. A boat was lowered, and Laws and a crew attacked the reeds, hacking them with axes and knives, and beating them down with oar and boat-hook, and so, foot by foot, clearing a narrow lane. The propeller had also to be freed from the muck which it had gathered. What with the heat, the stench from the fetid slime, and the mosquitoes and hippo flies, the Doctor was well-nigh overcome. On deck, Young was stamping about in a cloud of mosquitoes, to escape which he finally climbed the mast. When

the task was finished and the *Ilala* glided into the open water of the Shiré the whole party threw themselves down in utter exhaustion. "I never," said the Doctor, "spent a day of harder toil . . . a most vicious day."

IV. A Gigantic Zoological Garden

The scenery of the Shiré was similar to that of the Zambezi. There was the same vastness and emptiness of view, the same primeval loneliness, the same desolate beauty. An occasional hut on stilts, or a native stealing along in a canoe, or a group of boys surprised while bathing, their dark bodies scarcely distinguishable against the mud, only accentuated the impression of solitude and isolation. Human life seemed so infinitesimal on that great background of open wilderness and sky.

So, too, with the animal life, abundant though it was, for the country was a zoological garden on a colossal scale. Hippopotami crowded the placid backwaters and lagoons, appearing and disappearing, and gambolling as lightly and easily as a brood of wild duck; crocodiles swarmed on the sandbanks, slithering quietly into the river as the sound of the steamer reached them; large fish shot up from the water; crowned cranes, flamingoes, pelicans, herons, and kingfishers stood unconcernedly as the vessel passed, or rose heavily and flew off with slow and stately movement; flocks of smaller birds, brilliant in colour and swift of wing, flashed up from the depths of the reeds and jungle and as quickly disappeared. The plains were alive with game; herds of elephants and buffalo roamed within vision, wild hog and antelope browsed in profusion; at night lions, leopards, and elephants held the land in possession. Snakes were numerous. One night Dr. Laws destroyed a large specimen which was crawling into the *Ilala* along one of the ropes that fastened the ship to the bank; another time he noticed a poisonous species at the feet of his black boy, and took his knife and killed it.

There was endless interest in the procession of the hours. With dawn came a mysterious world of floating mist, the vapour rising from the swamps and swirling and drifting and then vanishing in the blood-red rays of the sun. Through this fantastic atmosphere some great bird would flap its solitary way. The bitter coldness at such a time took the party by surprise. But the days, even on the moving steamer, were hot and languorous. The river winding in front now gleamed like polished copper, now shone like

silver, now faded to the dullness of lead ; the current ran so swiftly but so quietly that its movement was only known by the green sudd gliding past. There was nothing to regard but the sky, at some part of which would usually be concentrated a thunder-storm, tremendous in its scope and energy, but appearing in the immense turquoise expanse like the splutter of a tiny electric spark. And all through the burning hours prevailed that air of brooding melancholy, which seemed to be the accumulated heritage of centuries.

With the fiery declension of the sun came the brief twilight, when everything grew soft and clear in outline. A tiny black speck would shoot across the river,—some belated and affrighted canoeman,—or a naked figure would be silhouetted on the bank against the afterglow, or a long file of homing cormorants would fly overhead. It was the weirdest time of the day and it introduced another element into the impressions imparted by the scenery, for none could regard that endless waste of dark plain and lagoon without feeling to a still greater degree not only the loneliness and desolation of Africa but its sadness.

Night blotted out all save the sky. One stood in a universe of stars. Above shone the Southern Cross, and below appeared its reflection in the river. The air was filled with minor noises : the piping and shrilling of insects, the croaking of frogs, the rush of wings overhead as of wild-fowl making for the sea, with the sudden deep growl or roar of wild beasts prowling for prey about the banks.

With nothing worse than occasional flounderings on sandbanks the *Ilala* reached, on 31st August, the confluence of the Shiré and the Ruo, where Bishop Mackenzie of the Universities Mission lay buried. There was no trace of the village : with the rapidity characteristic of Africa the place had lapsed into jungle. In a wild, solitary, and picturesque spot haunted by hippos and elephants they found the mound under a tamarind tree, and upon it erected an iron cross which had been committed to their care by the Bishop's sister. All were glad to leave a scene which recalled memories of brave pioneers fighting disaster and succumbing to fever and death.

On the Elephant Marsh, an extensive plain flooded in the rainy season, and during the dry a rendezvous of big game, vast herds of elephants were seen moving with an agility and swiftness which did not seem out of place in so spacious an environment. Steering here had to be done cautiously to avoid the hippos. One evening

the steamer ran into one with a violent bump which jerked every dinner dish to the deck.

V. The Man without Hands

The country began to show signs of habitation. Many huts lined the banks. As they passed they saw the natives peering at them suspiciously; there were mysterious movements and gesticulations, and figures disappeared, running, into the bush behind. The native pilot said they had reached the territory of the Makololo, and these were outpost spies or scouts of the Chief. To the Doctor the name recalled memories of childhood days when he used to pray to be sent to these people. The Makololo were the carriers brought by Dr. Livingstone from the interior on his first journey from west to east. A few elected to remain in the Shiré country, where they became chiefs and welded a heterogeneous host of slaves, refugees, and free natives into a compact and powerful tribe. Friendly to the English, they opposed the slave-tainted Portuguese and refused them passage up-river.

One of the sentinels came to the edge of the bank and shouted.

"What does he say?" asked Mr. Young of the interpreter.

"He says you must not go farther."

"Tell him I am an Englishman and my name is Young."

"He says he knows you, but all the same you must not proceed until he informs the Chief."

"What Chief?"

"Chipatula."

This was a man who had been up at the Lake, and who had taken the name of a leading chief there.

"Let him tell the Chief I am coming, and that I want wood and fresh meat."

"Chipatula has already been told. As soon as they saw us messages were sent off."

Progress became more difficult and tedious: the river was rapidly falling, and much time was consumed in hauling the vessel off sandbanks. While engaged in this work a canoe arrived with a boy, the son of Chipatula, bringing a gift of two goats and a pot of cow's milk—a special treat to the Europeans. "It means that we are welcome," said Mr. Young. At sundown they anchored off a mudbank below the stockaded village of the Chief. A multitude of men, women, and children stood gazing at them in silent wonder. Presently their ranks broke, and down the living

lane came a naked native carrying a stool, and following him Chipatula, lean and ill-favoured, and dressed in European clothes. Behind marched a file of women bearing pots of pombé, or beer, on their heads ; another string with bunches of bananas ; and a man leading a sheep. Bidding the white men welcome, the Chief said :

" Dr. Livingstone—is he well ? "

" He is dead."

His face fell ; he was clearly moved by the tidings, and it was realized again how deep was the impression which the explorer had made upon the African heart.

" Chief, this steamer has to be carried up past the great falls, and we want men to do it."

Chipatula looked his astonishment.

" Too heavy," he said, shaking his head.

" You and the other Chiefs bring as many men as you can, and it will be done."

" I do not believe it, but if you say you will do it you will."

After dark the Doctor went ashore and saw for the first time savage Africa at its revels. Large fires had been lit, and round these the natives danced their weird dances, meaningless to the onlooker, but full of the poetry and passion of life to the excited participators.

The following days were crowded with vexatious toil : the steamer was perpetually on sandbanks ; on one occasion all hands were endeavouring from sunrise to sunset to free her. Chipatula was on board with Masao, another Makololo chief, a fat, good-humoured fellow. Both had a turn at the windlass, but were panting and blowing in a few seconds : they admired, but could not understand, the white men's vigour. And yet the latter were sick and suffering, the Doctor himself being ill with dysentery. At Chibisas, another point associated with the Universities Mission, a palaver was held with a group of chiefs and the object of the Expedition explained. Satisfaction was expressed and a promise made to supply porters. Dr. Laws asked all to send their children to the Mission to be educated, and they agreed to do so when the Station was established.

Rocks in the river indicated that the great sand- and mud-flats of the coast land had been cleared, and that they were approaching the belt of precipitous hill-country which buttressed the lofty interior. Down through this wild region for a distance of seventy miles the water of the Shiré surged its way. In the

calm of the river at the foot of the cataracts they anchored on the evening of 6th September. This was Matiti, which the *Pioneer* and *Lady Nyasa* had, in their time, reached. So far, the Expedition had accomplished nothing new. But what lay ahead? The Doctor paid a hasty visit to the lowest fall, over which the water came tumbling like a Highland torrent. On one of the central boulders was stretched a large crocodile looking like the guardian genius of the cataracts; it lifted its head and gazed insolently for a moment, as if in challenge, and then slid into the water. It seemed to typify the resisting power of Africa.

A man of indomitable energy, Mr. Young ordered the dismantling of the *Ilala* to proceed at once: to rest or idle was to invite fever. As the steamer was being taken to pieces a shed was being erected: merely a rude framework with sails and awnings for sides, but here, wrote the cheery Doctor, "we were in circumstances of comparative comfort." Chipatula and Masao now took their departure, happy in the possession of two shirts, one snuff-box, two tobacco pipes, and two tins of gunpowder; and two new chiefs made their appearance. One, Ramo-Ku-Kan, claimed to be the paramount ruler of the region, and, judging from the number of the people under him, was so: he was a pure Makololo, an oldish one-eyed man. The other, Milauri, was a young fop decked with bracelets and beads. They brought, in addition to gifts of provisions, large gangs of porters, for whom loads were prepared weighing 50 lb. each. It was arranged to give each man two fathoms of unbleached calico before starting: another fathom was to be paid on arrival: rations were to be provided by themselves.

One night while Johnston was entering the shed a figure jumped out from the bush and held up his arms. Johnston started back, but in the dim light saw that the arms were without hands and that the stumps were raw and sore. He took the man into the shed, where he told a pitiful story. For an offence against one of the wives of Ramo-Ku-Kan both his hands had been chopped off. When the Chief heard that the English were coming he feared what they might say if the man were seen, and he ordered him to be summarily disposed of. Thrown into the river, he managed to keep afloat and eventually escaped into the bush. He was fed and placed in a dark corner of the shed and screened off to prevent him being seen by a chief and two of his wives who were being housed for the night. In the morning he was sent off secretly with instructions to make for the top of the cataracts and await the Expedition. Trying to swim across the river with his handless

arms he was either drowned or seized by a crocodile, for he was never seen to reach the opposite bank.

Such an incident roused the compassion of the Doctor, and he longed to begin his work of evangelizing the natives. Unpacking his magic-lantern he exhibited to the chiefs and their followers some of the slides, beginning with the animals with which they were familiar. These provoked their astonishment, each picture being received with cries of wonder. Then he told them of God and Jesus and the Divine love for men. It was a very primitive Gospel meeting, but it gave him more satisfaction than all his other work.

VI. The Cataracts March

On Sunday, 12th September, the first hundred carriers were dispatched with the keel and plates and one of the boilers—the latter fixed on an axle and a couple of wheels—and next day two hundred left with further loads. Johnston, Macfadyen, and Simpson accompanied this party in order that the work of reconstructing the steamer at the head of the cataracts might begin at once. It was not until the 18th that sufficient porters—two hundred in number—were got together to convey the remaining packages. The second boiler,—which, as anticipated, was not required,—the two large boats, and all the goods not immediately required, were placed meantime in the care of Ramo-Ku-Kan, and Riddel and Baker, with Fred as interpreter, were left to await the arrival of the hired canoes with the other stores. Mr. Young walked in front of the last gang ; at the rear came the dinghy, carried on the shoulders of several men, two bleating sheep and a goat, and then the Doctor last, as a kind of whipper-in.

No road existed along the side of the cataracts : a native path, a few feet wide, disappeared a short distance ahead, and the rest of the journey was over trackless ground. The men marched in single file, twisting and climbing through bush and marsh and stream and over burning sand and rock. While the day was still young a dead eland, which, drifting down the river, had been caught on some rocks, was observed. Judging from the smell it was in an advanced stage of decomposition, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted. Three of the men swam out to the carcase, which was dragged to the bank and cut up. Fires were lit, strips of the flesh were suspended to half-roast and dry in the smoke, and the rest was cooked—at some distance from the fastidious Europeans. No further progress was made that day.

As the Expedition carried no tents a grass shelter was erected for Mr. Young and the Doctor.

Next day they entered a wild and desolate tract, where the precipitous cliffs reminded the Doctor of the scenery on the east coast of Scotland. The river flowed in deep gorges that were in some parts only thirty feet wide and at intervals descended in picturesque waterfalls. Up and down the gullies they scrambled, often going on hands and feet and holding on by stones and roots and branches of trees. So hot were the bare rocks that the natives complained of sore feet, a rare occurrence with these sturdy travellers. Even the Doctor, in spite of wearing thick boots and socks, felt as if he were treading on burning bricks. There were moments of peril when their hearts quailed at the task before them : when, for instance, they crept along the sides of precipices where there was only a foot or two's breadth of sloping path and, below, a sheer descent of 200 feet to the roaring torrent. How the first party with the dismembered *Ilala* had contrived to negotiate the formidable obstacles the Doctor was at a loss to tell ; when he saw the marks showing where the wheels had been dragged he wondered if any part at all had survived the rough experience. His admiration for the natives had been steadily rising, and this journey increased it tenfold. " I do like these natives," he wrote. " Friendly, faithful fellows, they nearly all are ready at any time to do anything for the comfort of their master."

Worn out with their toil they camped that night above the falls of Patamanga. A grass booth was erected beneath the trees, and when the Doctor had recovered he brought the men together, and round the camp fire, with the river running swiftly by, the sky sparkling with stars and only the grunting of the hippos disturbing the stillness, he sat and taught them, after the manner of Christ, in parable. He spoke of a great good Chief and of a tribe who were rebellious and how He dealt with them, kindly but firmly ; and dimly they understood the higher application. The moon rose and, shedding its lambent light on the scene, illuminated the circle of dark, earnest faces, and the Doctor was thrilled with a sense of the strangeness and fascination of it all. The mystery of the land, the need of these forlorn people, the vast possibilities of the future, moved him as he had not been moved before. Love of the service he had entered seized him like a passion. The spell of Africa gripped him never to let him go.

The going continued so difficult and hazardous that frequent

THE CAPE MACLEAR COTTAGES, INCLUDING THE DOUBLE-DECKER

LAKE NYASA: THE FAINT, CLOUD-LIKE APPEARANCE ALONG THE HORIZON IS THE "KUNGO MIST" (p. 78)

LAKE DWELLINGS SEEN BY DR. LAWS

MLOLO AND HIS BOY

WILLIAM KOYI

ALBERT NAMALAMBÉ
The first convert in the
Livingstonia Mission

AN ORIGINAL NGONI WHO
CROSSED THE ZAMBEZI—A
PROFESSING CHRISTIAN

halts had to be made to send back assistance to the stragglers and allow them to come up. At one point the path lay along the slippery tail of a crag, across which they had to crawl on all-fours. Beyond this they came upon the earlier gang, fatigued and famishing, but still cheerful. Only once had the axle upset, but all the damage was a slight dent on the flange of the boiler. By moonlight on the morning of Wednesday, 22nd September, the whole cavalcade was off on its last stage, and at noon, footsore and weary, reached the head of the cataracts. Macfadyen and Simpson were found to be down with fever, Henderson was scarcely able to walk, while Johnston moved about as pale as a ghost. The spot was a horrid marsh, steamy and pestilential, with mosquitoes in millions. But the shed had been erected and the keel laid, and it was decided to remain and hasten the rebuilding of the steamer rather than move to another site.

After attending to the sick the Doctor paid off the carriers, faithful men all, who had been unconsciously assisting to introduce the forces that were to redeem their land. They had toiled desperately over those seventy miles of execrable country; not one had deserted, as they might easily have done; every article had been delivered safe and unbroken; and for this priceless service they each received six yards of cloth valued at 3s. and were content, and eager, even, to remain with the Expedition.

On this occasion the *Ilala* was rebuilt by the white men. Laws and Johnston started the work—"It had to be done," said the Doctor simply, "and we did it." That hour or two spent at Milwall Docks now proved of use. The frames were fixed up permanently and the bolts screwed in and riveted. Young was unable to assist: it was not in his line of service. "I cannot build the *Ilala*," he said, "but I will wash your clothes," and he sat under a tree and scoured whilst the others screwed and hammered. By and by Macfadyen and Simpson, though weak, were able to take a share in the work. To save time only the plates below the waterline were riveted.

Intense heat, cold winds, thunderstorms, hailstorms, and rainstorms all did their worst while the shipbuilding and engineering and painting went on. The trying conditions reacted on the spirits of the less disciplined men, and Lorenzo in a fit of temper deserted and took the road back to the Makololo. When he fell in with Baker and Riddel with 168 men coming on with the rest of the stores he was in a pitiable plight and was glad to return to duty. Baker had been ill with fever, and he collapsed on arrival.

VII. Two Sinister Figures

On Wednesday, 6th October, after infinite trouble, the *Ilala* was launched; as she struck the water Mr. Young exclaimed, "God speed her." "Amen," added the Doctor, and the natives broke into a dance. After taking in the cargo and a load of lignum-vitæ—reckoned next to coal as a fuel—a start was made up-river. But the boiler worked badly; the steam went rapidly down, and repeated stoppages had to be made to work it up. With feverish energy the engineers wrought at the engine and boiler, and at dawn next morning a fresh attempt was made. All went well: the boiler kept up an average pressure of 50 lb. per square inch, and the craft went spinning up the river at seven knots, the first screw-steamer to navigate the Upper Shiré.

They were now on the first plateau of Central Africa, amidst mountainous scenery, the *Ilala* a mere speck in comparison with the natural features as it wound its way along the river on the levels. Large herds of elephant were seen and enormous numbers of antelope, as many as five hundred of the latter appearing at a time close to the steamer. They stood and gazed at the strange apparition, unconscious of danger, and even when fired at did not stir. Not until numerous shots were discharged did they realize that an enemy was doing this thing, and then they galloped off over the plain.

Lake Pamalombé was reached on Sunday; it was a shallow expansion of the river at the foot of the Zombé Hills, fast drying up, and edged with a wide belt of reed, so that it was not possible to anchor near the villages which were seen on the banks. Natives who were fishing swam out to look at the "fire-canoe" but would not venture near or respond to the overtures of those on board. "Where is the mouth of the river?" was shouted, and they pointed to the north. Steaming through a school of hippos, one of which was struck by the screw as it dived, the passage with its sluggish current was at last discovered, and the vessel was soon abreast a large village, opposite which it anchored. This was the headquarters of Mponda, one of the most powerful chiefs in the Nyasa region, whose friendly relations with Dr. Livingstone had made him well known. The territory which he controlled extended to Lake Nyasa, and included the whole peninsula of Cape Maclear, and a section of the western shore; and it was, therefore, necessary for the Expedition to win his interest and protection.

Mr. Young and the Doctor landed and were received by the Chief under the wide eaves of his square-built house. Beside him stood two white-robed figures, the most sinister they had yet seen, Arabs, with gun and sword, members of a slave-dealing gang. Suspicion, mingled with fear, sat on their faces. Grouped about a hut in front some forty of the Chief's wives, kneeling, looked on; while pressing in on every side was a multitude of curious spectators. Amongst these Sam detected a face he knew, that of Wakotani, a native with a chequered history. Rescued from slavery by Bishop Mackenzie's party he was handed over to Dr. Livingstone and taken to Bombay, where he was educated and baptized into the Christian faith. He returned with the explorer, and finally settled at Mponda's, where he became a polygamist, one of his wives being a sister of the Chief.

Mponda welcomed the white men by shaking hands; then, taking a gourd of pombé from one of his wives, he drank liberally, two other wives the while gently kneading and rubbing his body to shake the liquor well down and make room for more. The gourd was passed to the Doctor, who handed it first to Mr. Young as the chief of the Expedition. As the latter raised the great bowl to his lips he felt the hands of the women beginning the process of massaging his stomach, a proceeding which the scandalized sailor soon cut short. The gift of a goat completed the ceremony. Then business was talked.

"We want to be your friends," the Chief was told. "You were kind to Dr. Livingstone, and that has been appreciated by the English nation. It is a link binding you to them. We have come to teach you Africans about God and instruct you in the arts of civilized life. We want to settle if possible on your territory up at the point where the rocks dip into the lake, and we wish you to grant us a piece of land for our houses and gardens."

"It is well," was the reply. "You may choose for yourselves and you may take Wakotani with you as a guide."

The bargain was closed by the gift of a gun, a blanket, a quilt, two shirts, a tin of gunpowder, and a dozen gun flints.

"Come on board in the morning," said Mr. Young on parting, "and you will see the wonders of our big canoe."

VIII. Dawn on Lake Nyasa

In the twilight of the dawn the staff were groping for their clothes; they had long been awake and were impatient to be astir.

Steam was up at the first gleam of light. Sunrise in the tropics comes with wonderful quietude and peace; the land in its freshness and purity looks like a child awakening from sleep. But it was not the beauty of the morning that thrilled the white men and filled them with exhilaration. Their thoughts went leaping forward, for this was the day when their hopes would be realized and they would see the great inland sea of their dreams.

They found the temperature at Mponda's distinctly cooler. The Chief, they were informed, was "sick" and did not wish to see the steamer. It appeared that the Arabs had been poisoning his mind: the English, they whispered, were going to put an evil spirit into him and were planning to steal his territory.

"He sees us, no doubt," was Mr. Young's comment. "We will show him and his Arab friends what the *Ilala* can do."

With the highest pressure of steam on, the steamer sped up and down the river in front of the village, twisting, backing, circling, vibrating with energy like a living thing. At the foremast flew the Doctor's blue flag, and on the mainmast the British ensign which had been on the *Search*. Then with a prolonged whistle, as of defiance, the *Ilala* turned and headed for the Lake. Passing the northern end of the long-drawn-out village where three or four thousand people lined the bank, two slaves were seen standing with the yoke-stick on their necks and their hands tied behind them. "It was a sight," said the Doctor, "which made my blood boil within me."

At half-past six they came to Lake Nyasa. They were steaming along a reach of tranquil water fringed by green reeds and grass; around stretched a level, sandy plain, dotted with borassus palms. The Doctor was standing at the bows, his hand grasping the stanchion which supported the awning. Through the palm stems he caught a sudden gleam and there opened up before him a vast expanse of water, grey and cool, with a horizon of hills on either side and a few small islands in the distance. The atmosphere seemed fresher and purer. As the *Ilala* glided out of the river the sun rose above the eastern range, burnishing the Lake with gold and flushing into vivid beauty the clouds along the western sky. Was it a wonder that all regarded that flood of colour as a symbol of what they hoped and prayed the Expedition might be—the advent of the Divine Light into the dark regions of Central Africa?

The engines were stopped, steam was shut off, and in the well-deck aft, under the awning, the little company gathered for

thanksgiving. "Let us," said the Doctor, "sing the Hundredth Psalm":

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

Seldom have the words been sung in such moving circumstances: they seemed to the little company to have acquired a new beauty and depth of meaning. As the solemn melody floated over the Lake the feeling in each heart was one of gratitude for the sure mercies that had encompassed them throughout all their perilous days and nights. Yet even as they gave thanks they were conscious of the magnitude of the task which still lay before them.

The service ended, the *Ilala* was turned towards the west; there was no more fear of sandbanks, and Mr. Young felt a sailor's joy in plunging through deep, clear blue water. The journey from the coast had visably aged him: his hair had turned grey, but his task was successfully accomplished; he had placed the first steamer on Lake Nyasa, and had now only to discover a site on which to land the Mission party. What he proceeded to look for was a good harbour providing safe refuge from the prevailing winds. All other considerations were subordinated to this requirement, for the *Ilala* was to be the link between the Mission and the outer world: it was the symbol of their superiority, and it would be their means of escape in the event of a collision with hostile Arabs or natives. There must also be a fair amount of good soil and an abundant supply of wood: water was not so essential, as the Lake was fresh. It was important, likewise, to be out of the direct routes of the slavers and yet sufficiently near to keep an eye on their movements.

They skirted the east side of the peninsula, examining the inlets and bays; near the Cape they discovered a tremendous cleft which split the promontory in two and made the rocky bluff at the head an island. The steamer was turned cautiously into the narrow passage and, moving slowly between the crags, it glided into a

scene of surpassing beauty on the western side. The range of hills which formed the backbone of the peninsula, receding southward, swept round in a great semicircle of irregular heights wooded to the summit but mottled with the red surfaces of protruding granite. Between these and the shore extended an immense plain covered with tall grass and trees and presenting the appearance of an English park. The waves lapped a beach of yellow granitic sand which sloped up 25 feet to a gravel ridge. A short distance to the south the view was closed by the hills descending abruptly into the Lake. An island, a mass of rock and low bush, about four miles long, lay to the right and others more distantly. So sheltered was the bay that its surface was as motionless as a mirror. No sign of life was detected save some movement of game on the plain, the stealthy plunge of a crocodile at the point, and the flight of a fish eagle overhead. In the drowsy stillness the only sound that came to their ears was the barking of the baboons high up amongst the crags. When at sunset the colours passed from crimson to violet and purple, and then when the moon rose and idealized the features of the scene, it became almost unearthly in its wistful loveliness.

IX. Boarding a Dhow

The cruise was continued next morning in the western waters of the peninsula. A vast belt of swamp fringed the coast-line, the home of myriads of mosquitoes which proved so irritating close inshore that the vessel continued to steam by moonlight. Opposite the village of a chief called Mpemba she was anchored for the night. In the morning the beach was dark with natives gazing in wonder at the craft which glided through the water without paddles and emitted fiery sparks. A sudden gale prevented a landing and they proceeded north.

"A slaver!"

The exclamation sent all to starboard, where they saw an Arab dhow running under full sail. For a moment Mr. Young gazed uncertainly, and then cried, "Chase her!" On went his uniform cap and up went the British ensign. The thought in the minds of the staff was, "What if there are slaves on board?" Their instructions were explicit. "Active interference by force initiated on your side is in no case and on no account to be resorted to." The sentence flashed into Mr. Young's recollection. He was standing at the bow, glasses in hand. Turning to the Doctor beside

him, he said, "I'll give you two minutes to decide whether we shall fight or not. . . . Are you going to fight or not?"

"You are in command: whatever you order me to do I will do," replied the Doctor.

"Good. . . . Johnston, will you fight?"

"I will, sir."

To the Doctor: "Load your revolver and come into the boat. Baker, take the wheel and stand across her bows."

Observing the British flag the dhow lowered her immense sail and lay to. Mr. Young and Dr. Laws jumped into the dinghy.

"Me not got slaves in," came in accents of terror across the water.

"I did not say you had," shouted Young, "but I want to have a look at you."

Boarding the vessel, which was about fifteen tons burden, they found that the large open slave-hold was empty, and breathed a sigh of relief. The master, Mahomet, an Arab, and the crew, consisting of four other Arabs and four natives, were in an abject state of astonishment and alarm. This sudden apparition of a swift steamer flying the British flag in command of a man with a naval cap in haunts that had long been their exclusive preserve struck them with dread. They expected to be taken prisoners and punished. In his confusion, Mahomet mumbled out any English phrases that came to him:

"Yes, yes, me sabe English. Me no take slaves. Good evening. Thank you, sir, Massa."

"You know English?"

"Yes, yes; me come from Zanzibar."

"All right," said Mr. Young; "you are free to go."

"This shows," he added to the Doctor, "how correct Livingstone was in his idea that a steamer on the Lake would put the fear of death into these villains and break up their horrid traffic."

When they returned, Johnston, who had been watching the scene, remarked, "That Arab was never so near to being a white man in his life!"

To increase the moral effect of the demonstration the *Ilala* was sent circling full speed several times round the dhow before bearing away again for the western shore.

Coasting northwards many villages were passed, but all empty and desolate, with elephants roaming amongst the ruins; the entire Lake side seemed to have been depopulated by the slavers.

Crossing to the east they arrived at a point hitherto unreached by white men. After sighting a river called Chilowera they turned

south, searching for a settlement which Young had visited on his previous expedition, but found only a mass of sodden wreckage with one woman, the wife of a fisherman, in a wretched shelter. All along the shore it was the same, rotting huts and deserted gardens, until, by moonlight, they anchored off a small village, which proved to be the port the dhow belonged to; it was discovered hidden among the reeds.

Here a consultation was held. No spot at the lower end of the Lake which they had inspected seemed suitable for a mission settlement. Young spoke as a sailor. "I have seen no better harbour yet than Cape Maclear. It is sheltered, the bay being calm when the Lake outside is rough; it is protected from the south by the hills and from the north by the island, and it is on Mponda's territory. The only objection is the absence of villages in the vicinity."

"As to that," said Laws, "I have seen no village site which is not pitched beside a marsh where it would be utter folly to settle. The people will come to us and we have the steamer to go to them."

The matter was fully discussed, and finally it was decided to fix, meantime, on the Cape. On Sunday, 17th October, the *Ilala* shaped its course south, and after a stormy passage reached the shelter of the bay in the evening.

"Livingstonia," wrote the Doctor, "is begun—though at present a piece of canvas stretched between two trees is all that stands for the future city of that name."

Letters were dispatched to Scotland and to Dr. Stewart, who was gratified with the precision, rapidity, and success of the Expedition. "But," said he, "I have never known a mission prayed for as this has been."

Among the trees and rocks on the hillside, unseen, the baboons looked down on this invasion of their solitude and filled the air with what sounded like harsh and ironical laughter. Had humans not come and gone throughout all the years—come and built huts and planted gardens that were good to ravage—and then vanished? These white humans, for all their pride and assurance, they also would, in their turn, go.

X. An Experimental Station

The site chosen for the station was a tentative one: there was no idea of making it the permanent headquarters of the Mission. Young fully expected that after further exploration of the Lake

it would be deemed expedient to remove to some other locality, and Laws in his first letter home indicated the temporary character of the arrangement. " The station," he wrote, " may not be on this particular spot or on any within thirty miles of it, but till the rainy season is over this is fixed on as our place of abode."

Whether or not there was to be any change the Doctor was determined to erect the very best type of buildings; his early training, his honesty of craftsmanship, his sense of thoroughness, would not have it otherwise. Had he seen into the future he might have constructed them of more flimsy material. In due season the site was relinquished for a better, but the buildings remained and misled many a traveller, who drew melancholy pictures of the abandoned work. In 1920 the ruined walls were still standing after a lapse of forty-five years, a remarkable witness, in the tropics, to the efficiency of Scottish workmanship.

The Doctor, who planned the station, laid out the grounds and walks in the shape of a gigantic Union Jack, parallel to the Lake, the buildings being ranged along the top line about a hundred yards from the beach. It was necessary to hasten the work as the early rains were due, but no native labour was available, and Mr. Young returned in the *Ilala* to the Shiré to bring up the remainder of the stores and engage men at Mponda's. Meantime the Doctor organized a working party comprising himself, Mr. Henderson, Riddel, and Johnston, with Fred and Jack, and started clearing the site. Two hundred trees were felled the first day, and then the construction began of a bungalow 50 feet by 25 feet. The party lived in a tent made out of awnings. They rose by candlelight at 5 a.m., drank a cup of sugarless coffee, and began work in the cool of the dawn. At seven the gong—an axle suspended from a tree—called them to breakfast, which usually consisted of fried fowl, ground Indian corn made into porridge, and coffee or tea. After worship, work was resumed at eight. Dinner came at midday—soup, fowl, goat or buck, sweet potatoes, and rice. Throughout the scorching hours of the afternoon the work continued: at sunset came tea with meat, if there was any. Sometimes as a luxury a tin of salt meat or pork was opened, but it was deemed wise to be sparing of the home stores in case of emergency. The Doctor, " thinking ahead," deliberately accustomed himself to native diet: there might come occasions when nothing else could be obtained. In the evening, when the atmosphere had cooled, writing, washing, and mending by candlelight filled in the time until bedtime.

The dread of being overtaken by the rains urged the party to incessant exertion: work even went on for a time on Sundays. The strain was severe; they were toiling in terrific heat, the thermometer registering at noon from 92 to 99 degrees in the shade, while in the sun the mercury went up as far as the instrument measured. Never before had St. John's picture in Revelation of a heaven where neither the sun would shine on them nor any heat, and where they would hunger and thirst no more, appealed to them with such force. Laws drudged with the rest, felling trees, digging holes, thatching, claying, planting, washing clothes—not always his own—and looking after the sick the while. He told his home people that he was becoming "a surly-looking customer, stalking about in shirt and trousers, often with a face blackened by the burned grass and wood, and with hands hard and horny." He made the best of everything and was always cheerful and content.

The news of the arrival of the Expedition spread far and wide, and curious natives appeared in canoes, observing the activity at the station from a distance, but fleeing at the least movement towards them. It was afterwards learned that they thought the Azungu, the white men, were spirits who had become incarnate. At the point where the spur from the hills dipped into the Lake—called Otter Point from the number of otters seen about it—a large rock rose out of the water which the natives considered to be the abode of spirits. To propitiate these when passing in their canoes they were accustomed to scatter some flour on the water, believing that if they did not do so they would be upset and drowned. It was out of this rock they imagined the white men had come.

One, at last, bolder than the rest, responded to the advances made, and sold his catch of fish. Others, told that the spirits had stomachs, followed with beans, rice, mapira, and fowls, and soon the friendliest relations were established, and several were induced to remain and work for wages of calico. This was fortunate, for the *Ilala* returned without a single native—Mponda, though secretly well disposed to the Mission, being still under the influence of the Arabs, and refusing to supply men. One day six half-castes, with an Arab look about them, appeared and requested work and were engaged. Their talk and behaviour, however, roused suspicion, and on being closely questioned it became evident that they were spies of the slave-traders; when denounced they made off swiftly into the bush.

On 9th November a thunderstorm gave warning that the

rains were imminent, and a move was made from the tent into the large building, which had a thatched roof, clay floor, and door and window spaces that were closed at night with bamboo mats. On the outside walls was a coating of whitewash made from snail-shells that had been gathered and burnt. The stores were piled up at one end; the middle was reserved for dining, and the other end was the sleeping quarters for all except Mr. Young, who remained on the *Ilala*.

Sunday, 14th November, was the first day of rest which the staff had enjoyed since entering Africa. In the forenoon the Doctor gathered the natives round him, explained the purpose of the Mission, and showed them Bible pictures, seeking through an interpreter to convey to them some idea of the truths which these represented. They could not see the figures at first, but only a mass of black and white marks.

XI. A Voyage of Exploration

Having now a roof over their heads, with shelter for the stores, the pioneers turned their thoughts towards the Lake stretching away before them into the unknown. Before settling down they must ascertain what the conditions were at the upper end which had never yet been reached. The question of a permanent site was still undetermined; a location had to be fixed for the Church of Scotland enterprise, and it was necessary to cultivate friendly relations with the chiefs who were in power along the shore. A voyage of exploration was therefore decided on. The party consisted of Mr. Young as navigating officer, Dr. Laws in his usual capacity as scientific observer and general assistant, Mr. Henderson as prospector for a site for the sister mission, Macfadyen as engineer, Baker as seaman, Sam as interpreter, and Joe as odd man. The others, with Johnston in charge, were left to continue building operations.

A preliminary run across to Mpemba's was made in order to discover definitely whether he was friendly or hostile; but he was not to be seen, and his people refused to sell provisions. It was not pleasant to leave the station with such an uncertain neighbour on its flank, but the risk was taken and the *Ilala* left on 19th November for the first cruise made by white men round the Lake.

Steaming through sky-blue water they hugged the eastern coast, sounding cautiously as they went on account of the treacherous rocks that ever and again ran athwart their course. On the whole,

however, the inshore was deep and in some places unfathomable with the line; often an anchorage was not found until within 50 yards of the beach. The coast was one long series of lovely half-moon bays divided by bold promontories and backed by high hills, with here and there a river flowing sluggishly through an expanse of reed and grass. At the lower end the people spoke Yao and were friendly, and their Chief was made happy by a trip in the *Ilala* and the gift of a pipe and soap-box. Farther north the villages were entrenched and stockaded, and the Chief lived on the top of a mountain amongst the clouds.

Losewa was found to be the principal slave and ivory depôt on the east, opposite Kota Kota, of evil reputation, on the west. Across the sunlit ferry ran a fleet of dhows, carrying every year, according to the Arabs themselves, ten thousand slaves collected by cunning and violence from the vast spaces of the interior to supply the markets of Kilwa and Zanzibar. Losewa was populous, filthy, and stocked with calico, beads, and other barter goods. The bay was alive with dhows, and on the plains behind many herds of cattle were seen. The Arabs were intelligent—one had served on board a British man-of-war—but their geographical knowledge was singularly limited; they were unaware that water communication existed between the foot of the Lake and the ocean.

Evincing a nervous anxiety as to the significance of the white man's appearance, they made efforts to discover the character of the *Ilala's* armament, but were kept at a distance. A gale springing up from the south, the steamer ran before it for thirteen hours, and there was no sleep for anyone that night. Shelter was found in a bay, opposite which, four miles out, lay a large island called by the natives Likomo. It seemed a beautiful spot, with good harbour and creeks, and a considerable population, and a later visit to it was planned. On the mainland the natives were found very scantily attired. Lip peleles in the shape of a cup made of ivory, tin, or quartz were common among the women, along with a star-like peg in the nose.

"Where is your Chief?" asked the Doctor.

"He is sick," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "I will come and give him medicine."

"He is not here," they hastened to assure him.

"Then I will go to him."

"He is far away in the bush."

The Doctor looked round, feeling sure that the man was watching him.

From this point onward the coast had been swept by war parties from the hills, and only ruined huts, sodden gardens, and a multitude of skeletons bleaching in the sun were seen, with fat crocodiles and hippos wallowing among the marshes. When natives were again glimpsed, Dr. Laws landed and found them dwelling amongst the rocks along the shore and on the Lake, their huts crowning the boulders and wedged into crevices, the gardens mere pockets of earth protected from the waves by walls of stone. Still farther north there were villages on wooden piles out in the Lake, the flooring about eight feet above the water. As soon as the steamer was sighted the natives in terror scrambled down from the low, beehive huts into canoes and fled.

A sudden squall arose and the *Ilala* made for open water. In a few minutes the scene changed to one of wild confusion, and throughout the night the vessel laboured, rain, lightning, and thunder adding to the turmoil. The morning came crystal-clear, revealing a range of mountains to the north-east, the loftiest yet seen. As the steamer drew into their shadow the scenery took on a new aspect of grandeur. The cliffs emerged sheer from the Lake, rose into precipitous heights, which pierced cloudland, and sent their rugged granite peaks into the dazzling radiance of the sky. Far up, unheard, streams and waterfalls hung like strands of white silk without apparent movement. This, doubtless, was the line of high hills which Dr. Livingstone had seen when he reached his farthest north, and in his honour Dr. Laws called them the Livingstone Range.

On Sunday, 28th November, the head of the Lake was reached in Lat. 9 deg. 20 min. south, showing that it was of greater extent than Dr. Livingstone had supposed. Here again was an entire change in the character of the scenery. Shallow water prevented a near approach to the land, which stretched as a marshy plain as far as the eye could see; like the southern end it had evidently formed an extension of the bed of the Lake at some former period. A solitary fisher in his canoe was surprised by the rapid approach of the steamer and paddled away as for dear life. A river was detected, but whether flowing in or out was uncertain, and before the problem, the same which had puzzled Dr. Livingstone, could be solved the steamer had to make its escape from the shallows.

Another rush of wind, lifting the water before it, burst upon them, and by evening a hurricane was blowing and the vessel, now light in ballast, was being pitched hither and thither like a cork upon the

waves. "It was a night," says Dr. Laws, "which was not readily forgotten. The howling wind, the rain pouring in torrents, the roar of the breakers on the beach, the terrific thud of the waves as they struck against the bows of our little vessel, the whirring of the screw out of the water, the intense darkness broken by vivid flashes of blue and pink lightning, revealing for a moment the majestic grandeur of the scene and then leaving us in blacker darkness than before, the crash of thunder overhead—all made us realize the awful sublimity of a tropical storm."

Two anchors were laid out and the engines kept slowly revolving to relieve the strain on the cables. Only a small quantity of fuel was left; they were on a lee shore, and if the vessel broke adrift . . .

"All hands stand ready to jump overboard," was the order from Mr. Young.

Fortunately the wind veered to the north and the waves abated. In the lull the boat was run ashore and a large quantity of sand was taken aboard as ballast. On all that dismal coast no wood was discerned, nor was there shelter of any kind. Again the wind shifted to the south, and throughout the night the tiny steamer was engaging the storm to the accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and rain. By this time everything on board—bunks, clothes, stores, food—was saturated and sodden.

For two days a foul wind impeded progress south along the inhospitable coast, but on the next a landing was effected amongst granite rocks and some firewood picked up. Then came a sweeter region, with sunny bays and headlands and game browsing on the plains, but with a wretched population, practically naked, and subsisting chiefly on small fish. These natives declared that the river which had been seen at the north end was the Rovuma, and that it flowed out of the Lake. This was Mr. Young's opinion, but the Doctor held to the view that it was not the Rovuma and that it flowed into the Lake. Here Macfadyen was seized with fever, and the Doctor and Henderson took his place in the stokehold. "Kungo mist" now began to be encountered. Irregular masses and columns of brown clouds appeared on the horizon, advancing like a fleet of sailing-ships, and moved rapidly above the surface of the Lake; when one was encountered the tiny insects of which it was composed dashed against those on the steamer with considerable force; it was as if they had met a shower of hail.

The land had become more mountainous, and they arrived at a wide bay—named Florence Bay, after Dr. Stewart's daughter—which was flanked on the south by a massive, square-shaped bluff,

looking, the Doctor thought, "like a grand old fortress." It was formed of strata of red sandstone dipping at a slight angle inland. The top seemed bare, the lower slopes were clothed with trees and tangled undergrowth, and the base plunged straight into the Lake. The Doctor was much impressed by this great natural feature and named it Mt. Waller, after the Editor of Livingstone's *Last Journals*. Behind towered hills, rising as high as 6000 feet. . . . It was up amongst these cloud-wreathed heights that the Doctor was, in due time, to establish the Central Station of Livingstonia.

Continuing south they came across a more manly and independent type of native, armed with spears and bows and arrows, who proved friendly and provided them with wood, though they could not understand the rapacity of a fire which demanded such enormous quantities of fuel. Their Chief, Mankambira, had seen Dr. Livingstone, whilst his father, who lived some miles to the south, had entertained and helped the explorer. Invited on board, he insisted that Dr. Laws should be retained by his warriors as a hostage to ensure his safety. The Doctor willingly agreed, and was treated with all courtesy. A run was made across the Lake to the island of Chisamooloo, contiguous to Likomo, where the people were living amongst the rocks, the only trees visible being gigantic baobabs. Next day the course was set for Kota Kota. Henderson collapsed with fever, and the Doctor worked alone at the engine and furnace. By evening a furious tempest was raging. They were in the middle of the Lake with rain falling in sheets, a heavy sea running, and the wind blowing in fierce gusts. The ship pitched and rolled, and it was well-nigh impossible to keep one's feet. It was hopeless to continue, and, turning, the steamer ran before the storm and finally reached the shelter of Likomo. Another attempt was made on the following day, but the conditions were even worse; the steamer was menaced also by waterspouts, and had to be steered in and out of the columns of water; and it was two days later ere Kota Kota was reached.

This Arab town, the largest slave depôt in Central Africa, with a mixed population of ten thousand, lay at the head of a wide bay, protected from the south winds by a neck of sand and reed. The huts were grouped in a great grey cluster on the rising beach; behind, the country extended flat and featureless to the distant line of hills. Two dhows were seen; another had sailed across the Lake that morning, packed with slaves. The Arabs who thronged the beach stated that 'Jumbé, their Chief, was sick and "from home," but he "arrived" in the afternoon and was willing

to receive the visitors. Taking Sam with him as interpreter, the Doctor landed and was ceremoniously welcomed in an inner chamber of the Chief's hut. Jumbé, who was a coastman, seemed about forty years of age and was wasted by disease.

"What do you want to do with my dhows?" was his first question.

"That is a question for Mr. Young," said the Doctor diplomatically.

"Am I not to trade in slaves?" he demanded.

"Why do you deal in slaves when you can engage in lawful commerce?" was the rejoinder.

"Will you let me carry ivory if I drop the slaves?"

"Certainly."

"Will you stay a month and cure me?"

The Doctor could not promise this, but gave him a supply of medicine.

Two days later in the far distance the bold headland of Cape Maclear came into view silhouetted against the yellow light of evening, and in the hope of reaching it in the morning all hands were kept throughout the night sawing wood and feeding the furnace, but a gale arose and kept them tacking and tumbling about all day. With desperate energy the fire was fed and, in the evening, the steamer weathered the Cape and slid into the calm water of the bay. The sawing-block was pitched overboard; there was no more wood left to saw. On the beach stood three pale and gaunt men, and when the Doctor landed it was to listen to a tale of fever, dysentery, and suffering.

Hasty as the cruise had been it had not been unprofitable. It had been ascertained that the Lake, instead of being only 200 miles long, as estimated by Dr. Livingstone, was actually 360 miles, and varied from 15 to 50 miles in breadth, so that, as the Doctor said, "it could be stowed away in Scotland." It was also learnt that, at this season at any rate, it was subject to sudden and violent squalls which made navigation difficult and perilous, and that a stout sea-boat was needed to withstand the heavy buffeting encountered. Fortunately the *Ilala* had shown herself a staunch craft, exhibiting remarkable sailing qualities in the worst weather. The shore line had proved of varied excellence; there were many beautiful crescent-shaped bays and numerous rivers, but mostly with a bar of sand across their mouths. Fifteen different tribes had been located, speaking as many languages or dialects, and all with separate habits, customs, and religious beliefs, though with

much in common. Surrounding each was a no-man's-land, a kind of buffer area, which isolated one from the other. Big game abounded everywhere.

On the whole, no place had been seen so well suited for an experimental station as the Cape, and with more satisfied minds the party settled down for the rainy season, to gain experience, learn Chinyanja, the prevailing language, a sort of *lingua franca* along the river and the Lake shore, and study the political and social conditions amongst the natives. Mr. Henderson decided to remain with them for a time before resuming his search for a site for the Church of Scotland Mission.

XII. Grim Days

The Station was still being avoided by the natives, except by a few of the most daring, and the whole party had to keep steadily at work erecting goat and fowl houses, cutting wood, preparing ground for rice and mapira, and performing all the other Robinson Crusoe duties incidental to a pioneer settlement. One after another, however, went prostrate with fever. The cause was not far to seek. Behind the Station the low-lying plain had become a reservoir for the rain rushing down from the hills, and a marshy lagoon had formed in which mosquitoes bred by millions and countless frogs croaked by day and night.

There was only one thing to be done: the ridge of sand and gravel between the plain and the Lake must be cut through and the stagnant water drained away. Every man was turned on to the work, and toiled, navvy-like, in the blazing sun. The result was inevitable: the Station was seldom free from illness. Always two or more were down with climate-fever accompanied by headaches, sickness, and vomiting. The Doctor suffered with the rest, and had to crawl from his pallet to attend to his patients. All bore their troubles with uncomplaining courage, and came to a sort of compact to say little to those at home about their illnesses, since it might do the Mission harm. In the course of a few months the Doctor had fifteen attacks of fever, but no hint of the situation was sent abroad, nor was the worst noted in the daily diary of events.

At that time it was thought that malarial fever was, as its name implied, directly the effect of miasma arising from the ground. After planting operations the Doctor often experienced severe headaches and fever, and attributed the attack to the noisome

exhalations from the newly-opened soil. He had, however, noted the association of mosquitoes with fever and guarded against them, though he was unaware then of the actual part they played in propagating the disease. Quinine was the principal antidote, but it was very dear in those days, 12s. 6d. per ounce, and there were only from 12 to 14 ounces among the medical stores.

It was a strange New Year's Day. All were awakened shortly after midnight by the rain dripping through the roof upon their faces; they saluted each other grimly with a "Happy New Year," revived the dying fire, and shifted their beds. That day work went on as usual, but the Doctor's thoughts were hovering about the home in Aberdeen. He pictured his parents in their occupations, and even felt that he could say at a particular time, "My father is praying, and that for me." In the evening he dived into his box and produced a gingerbread cake which his stepmother had packed amongst his clothes. After the usual dose of quinine a few ground-nuts were roasted and each had a slice of cake; then all stood round the fire in the middle of the building and, joining hands, sang, rather quaveringly, "Auld Lang Syne."

With the turn of the year the weather became worse. Electric storms burst constantly over the district, the very ground shuddering under the crashing of the thunder; the wind blew with cyclonic force, uprooting trees and dashing birds against the walls of the house, and piling the waves high upon the beach; at night wild gusts came howling down the mountain-side; the rain lashed in torrents upon the plain, flooding it and pouring through the ditch in such volume that landslides were frequent and a spit of mud and sand was formed in the Lake. The *Ilala* experienced a rough time, and Young and Baker were unable to venture ashore. The conditions were not abnormal, though the rainfall was heavier than usual, the Lake rising over 2 feet during the season, but they seemed extraordinary to the newcomers, who were naturally ignorant of the giant and fierce scale on which nature worked, and were still insufficiently equipped to resist its action.

Continuous sickness prevailed. The Station became like a hospital, almost every man being down and some vomiting for hours at a time. The Doctor himself was very ill and was carefully and tenderly nursed by those who were well. Johnston especially was more than kind; he cared for the Doctor like a brother, and did for him what he would not have done for himself. Between the two a strong friendship had developed. "A dear fellow, Johnston," the Doctor wrote. "I do thank God for his com-

panionship and sound good sense." As soon, however, as the Doctor could stand he was out directing operations. It was in those days that he came to realize the value of his stepmother's care of him as a boy. Looking back with maturer mind he began to understand and appreciate her better. "I owe everything to my stepmother," he said. "She it was who made me stand Africa."

To the discomforts of the climate were added the perils from wild beasts. During many a feverish hour in the eerie nights the Doctor lay and listened to the roaring of lions on the plains, or the stealthy movements of hyenas and leopards round the buildings. Poisonous snakes came gliding in, a sudden hiss, sometimes, being the only warning received of their presence: one morning the Doctor found a pretty specimen lying on the mosquito curtain above his face; on another occasion one was coiled up on the floor at the head of his bed. Crocodiles and hippos prowled along the beach. Elephants came by night and made havoc of the crops. Insects were also an ever-present pest; an invasion of red ants, no mean enemy, would rout out every man from the sleeping quarters, and white ants working unseen destroyed buildings and stores and everything they came across. "They were grim days those," remarked the Doctor long afterwards.

But, despite everything, the work of the Station went on, Mr. Young constructing a fort as a possible measure of protection, and the others erecting houses, repairing and enlarging the trench, and planting. Though the soil was poor, the gardens were beginning to repay the hard labour expended on them: a dish of French beans on the table one day giving promise of what might come. From some of the natives a canoe was bought for 8 yards of calico, and a paddle for a string of beads; also a fishing-net, 50 yards long and 9¼ yards wide, for which a rope was manufactured from palm leaves, and then fresh fish from the Lake was added to the meagre fare.

The Doctor never forget the primary object of the Mission. "We cannot do much direct teaching yet, as we have the language to learn, but I hope we preach every day the most eloquent sermon that can be preached—a Christian life." Nevertheless to the huts of the few natives who had attached themselves to the Station he went regularly, attended by Sam, as interpreter, showed them pictures, and taught them concerning Jesus. They listened with deep attention and were much moved by the story of the resurrection. He encouraged them to ask questions, and at the end

begged them, when they returned to their villages, to tell their friends the good news they had heard. They grew very friendly, and in the evenings, round their fires, would tell tales of the country which filled him with horror.

For the benefit of the staff he instituted on Wednesday evenings a little service or prayer-meeting, a feature which continues at all the stations of the Mission to the present day. On Sundays also he held what would now be called a study circle, at which the Greek New Testament was read. He was also acquiring Chinyanja, and a vocabulary was slowly forming in his hands, the words and meanings being secured by questioning the natives through Fred; but it was a laborious process, as it could only be carried on in times of leisure. "I often wonder," he said, "whether Fred or I have at the end of an hour succeeded best in bothering the other. Patience and perseverance—old acquaintances of mine—are, I suppose, the best means of accomplishing the task."

XIII. The Doctor's Retreat

Conditions grew grimmer as the weeks wore on. The little company were so completely isolated from the world that they might have been in another planet; to all intents and purposes nothing existed except their own environment bounded by the distant hills. The loneliness and monotony began to tell on their spirits, already affected by the feverish state of their bodies. An attack of fever might only last a day or two, but it always left lingering weakness and malaise, accompanied by a feeling of depression and irritation which, against their will, found expression and disturbed the good relations that usually existed. "If that cursed malaria," wrote the Doctor, "would be content with poisoning the bodies of men, and would let their minds alone, half the jars of life here might be avoided. As sure, however, as an attack of fever approaches things look black and gloomy, the actions of companions are sure to appear distorted, and their motives apt to be misconstrued. Hence arise the greatest, I may say the only, trials to be endured here."

There was not one of the staff who did not occasionally become out of humour with himself and his colleagues. Mr. Young had been the ideal man for leading the Expedition, but steady spade work on land was naturally outside his province, though he did his best. One day he was superintending some natives bringing in logs, and the Doctor and Fred found him listening with a pleased

face to their harmonious chanting. Fred looked at the Doctor with the ghost of a smile. They were singing in their own language:

"We bring ufa for sale,
And yet he makes us work so hard!
We bring fowls for sale,
And yet he makes us work very hard!
We bring maize for sale,
And yet he makes slaves of us!"

The Doctor at last advised him to return home, and provided him with a letter embodying his professional decision, but Young thought it his duty to stay on.

Laws himself sought to keep in health and spirits by constant employment; the worst day he had was one on which he had given himself a holiday, and he was only restored to equanimity by taking his gun and going off hunting. He was at pains to be patient and forbearing, feeling it to be worth while, that the cause of Christ might not be injured. But he had to fight against a lassitude he could scarcely control; and, worse still, against a feeling that spiritually he was growing cold. He reproached himself for yielding to weariness when he might be doing the work of his Master. "I often feel I ought to be the means of building up the spiritual life of the place, and my light burns with a miserably low flame." He had no comfort in the services he conducted; it was as if he were deserted by the Divine power, and he returned from them sick at heart and blamed himself for insufficient preparation.

This feeling reacted on the estimate he formed of his work and relations with the staff. "I do need strength of mind and will, for there is so much work lying to my hand to perform and I am making very slow progress. I am so ready to be ruled by circumstances instead of making circumstances yield to me." And again: "I need humility, I need wisdom, I need prompt apprehension of the proper course to pursue in difficult circumstances, firmness in carrying out all work and dealing with all sorts of individuals; above all, I need more earnest piety and closer resemblance to my Lord and Saviour."

Humility he earnestly desired to possess, a frame of mind which would forget self, prefer and honour and advance others, and give to God all the glory of progress and victory. On one occasion he wrote: "I feel a good deal of irritation about the clamour for honour which is made among people. Certainly there seems to be little of the 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.' Rather too much is it a seeking for the uppermost place at feasts.

God grant me grace to be content with seeking to please Him." He cherished no ambition to be first in the eyes of the people at home who were interested in the Mission, and much of the work he did then and afterwards they never heard of; some of it, also, was credited to others, and he was pleased that it should be so. "Should," he said, "what I may be able to do be the means of taking a stone out of the path of anyone following me and make the way somewhat smoother and easier, my labour will not have been entirely in vain."

Johnston and he continued all in all to one another in these trying times; each sought to help and encourage the other. Sometimes at night they would quietly make their way to the Lake side, and, kneeling in turn, would pour out their hearts in prayer for love and unity to prevail and for wisdom and guidance to be given to the staff in their difficult task. But usually the Doctor would steal away by himself and mount Kunguné Hill, which rose behind to a height of 1500 feet. There, beside a rock, he had found a spot where he could be alone, and there, whenever the work troubled and oppressed him, whenever he was cast down, he resorted to pray. The retreat became a kind of sanctuary hallowed by contact with the Unseen, a place apart where he obtained the comfort and the strength he needed.

The retreat looked down upon a wonderful scene—the green plain, the blue Lake, the islands set in it like jewels, and the distant range of hills; but for the marsh and standing water the situation of the Station would have been one of the most desirable, as it was one of the most beautiful, in the world. Often in the evening he would sit and look across the quiet waters when the sun was setting over the hills in a splendour of colour and be lost in admiration, and then realize that along that far shore canoes were stealing with cargoes of human flesh, and in the villages amongst the maize fields and tall grass devilry was rampant.

Then his imagination would move out beyond that rampart of blue mountains and wander over the vast plains and plateaux of Africa and be arrested and amazed by the fact that the missionary religion of Jesus was nineteen hundred years old, and yet there was not one of His messengers in that enormous expanse of country and amongst those countless hosts of people. He has often presented that picture. "I could start from these hills and walk westward, westward, week after week, meeting thousands of villages, millions of people, and until I came to the west coast of Africa I would not meet with a single missionary nor find one

when I arrived there. Away to the north-west such a journey would take a month for every week that the other did before I could meet a missionary at Old Calabar. My nearest neighbours to the north were the Americans at Assouan and Cairo. To the east the nearest missionary friend was to be found at Zanzibar on the equator. Think of all that vast region with its millions of inhabitants and no one seeming to care for their souls ! "

It was the sense of the greatness of the need in those regions beyond that made him impatient with himself, his shortcomings, and physical weaknesses; but he realized with Scottish good sense that he could not achieve impossibilities; he could, however, do his best within the utmost limit of his powers and opportunities, and again and again he consecrated himself afresh and resolved, with quiet, plodding, determined, persistent effort, to meet and overcome all difficulties in the strength of his Master whose love it was that inspired and constrained him. " Here I must ever be fighting, working, watching, waiting, praying; rest and peace are the enjoyment, the heritage, of the land beyond."

XIV. Chiefs, Friendly and Unfriendly

Until the dominant Chiefs in the neighbourhood were won over there was no hope that the people in general would frequent the Station, and the Doctor accordingly set himself to cultivate their friendship. The " babbling Mponda," as he called the one on the vital line of communication to the coast, was frequently visited. As he was more or less drunk by day and became worse towards evening, the Doctor called, as a rule, in the mornings. The Chief would be asleep, with his wives watching over him, but by gentle rubbing they gradually awakened him, and he would come, staggering, blear-eyed, and dirty, to the door. His first request was usually for medicine, though he would not always take it.

" Can you give me anything to cure my large belly ? " he asked the Doctor.

" Stop drinking pombé," said the Doctor bluntly.

" Never ! " was the emphatic reply.

The Doctor presented him with a blanket of many colours and a red umbrella; he threw the blanket round his body and put up the umbrella and strutted off to his harem to parade before his wives. These numbered fourscore and ten; amongst them was a girl of from ten to twelve about to become a mother. One night past sunset the Doctor happened to find him sober and without

the usual retinue, and was impressed by his intelligence. He had evidently moved about a good deal, and was anxious to visit England in order to learn how to manufacture guns, gunpowder, and cloth, the three all-important articles to an African Chief. With some difficulty the Doctor extracted a promise that he would send up boys from the village to be educated at the Mission, and meantime he handed over Wakotani, who was found to have lost almost all the religious knowledge he had acquired at the Universities Mission and in Bombay.

Another Chief named Tambala, a Yao, was located on the eastern hills behind Mpemba's village, and there being reason to believe he might be favourable to the Mission and willing to sell stock and provisions the Doctor went across in the *Ilala* in order to open up communication with him. Arriving at Mpemba's, he was informed that the Chief was " not at home," and without more ado Wakotani and five other natives were landed, armed with guns and supplied with calico for barter, and told to make their way to Tambala's. With some misgiving the Doctor saw them walk up to the bush and disappear. The *Ilala* returned to the Station after dark, guided by a bonfire blazing on the beach.

A fortnight later at the place and time agreed upon the steamer again anchored off the western shore and picked up a very scared group of boys. As soon as the *Ilala* had gone they had been seized and imprisoned and condemned to death, the reason being that a gang of slaves, yoked neck to neck, was in the village at the time, and Mpemba did not wish them to be seen. His brother interposing, their lives were saved, but they were conveyed to a small island where a large number of slaves were confined in huts and pens. They discovered that there had been a plot to murder the white men; in fact, if the steamer had remained longer it would have been attacked. From what was learnt it was clear that both Mpemba and Tambala were slave-dealers of the worst type and worked hand in hand to supply the Arabs.

The Doctor was not discouraged; he organized a new party and dispatched them by a different route. Ambushed by a body of Ngoni, or hillmen, they defended themselves, firing a volley and killing one man, and then threw down their calico, crying, " It belongs to the English," and fled. They managed to reach the village of Tambala, who treated them kindly and sold them goats and sheep.

Still better success attended a visit to Makanjira, the Chief who dominated the eastern side of the Lake opposite the Cape, and ran

the Kota Kota-Losewa slave ferry in conjunction with Jumbé. He was the antithesis of Mponda: thin, of medium height, with a light complexion which seemed to indicate Arab blood, and a quiet and dignified demeanour.

"Would you like a white man to live among you to teach your people and give them medicine?" the Doctor asked.

"I do not mind," was the reply. "Do you give medicine for all kinds of diseases?"

"Well, there are some diseases which cannot be cured, but many others which medicine would help."

The Chief grunted.

"Will you object to some of the children coming to our Station?" the Doctor pursued.

"No."

"And food—will you agree to your people supplying us with it?"

"No; any time the steamer calls you will get what you want."

This was so far satisfactory, but the Doctor realized that great caution would have to be exercised: all the Chiefs were under the influence of the Arab traders, and it would take time before the moral pressure of the Mission could be brought to bear upon their policy.

Makanjira reported the arrival of a white man at Mataka's, about 60 miles from the Lake. This was Bishop Steere of the Universities Mission making his way inland from Zanzibar; he had with him Chuma, one of the lads who carried Dr. Livingstone's body to the coast. The Bishop, however, came no farther.

Mr. Henderson usually went in the *Ilala* on these excursions to prospect on behalf of the sister settlement, but in view of the establishment of a strong mission already on the Lake, the Doctor advised him rather to try farther south; while still of opinion that the two ventures should be united, he believed that a half-way station to the coast would have a strategic value and keep open communications. It would be a good scheme, he thought, if a position somewhere on the Shiré Hills could be secured. Henderson agreed, and supplying him with calico and stores the Doctor took him down to the Shiré River. Rain fell ceaselessly, the river was in flood, the low-lying land was under water—it was a dismal, almost a hopeless, outlook. At night they were serenaded by lions. More menacing still was a war-band of Ngoni, three hundred strong, encamped on the higher banks, on their way to raid the hill villages.

In a dry blink some natives sailing over the flooded land were

hailed, and agreed to convey Henderson and his luggage to the headquarters of the nearest Chief. Next morning after worship he bade those on board farewell, entered the canoe with Tom Boquito, who was to act as interpreter, and was paddled away towards the low foot-hills above which the mountains towered to a height of 8000 feet, his intention being to visit the Magomero district where the natives were friendly.

For a time nothing was heard of him; then vague reports came about his movements: Tom was ill and had been seen carried in a litter; there had been delays and troubles; fighting had been going on in the region where he was wandering. Anxiety regarding his fate deepened as the weeks went on, and at last the *Ilala* steamed down to the Shiré on the quest for news. When the traveller appeared he was in great spirits regarding the country he had explored. It was the most attractive he had seen, very fertile, and as healthy as Scotland, and he had discovered an excellent site. But the whole country was being systematically raided by the Ngoni, many of the villages were deserted, and the people were living amongst the rocky hills and making stealthy runs to their gardens. They were anxious for him to settle amongst them, but evidently more from the desire to have the protection of "the English" than from any higher motive. He conveyed his enthusiasm to the Doctor, who was quick to realize the good effect such a settlement would have on the unstable political conditions. "Go in," he said, "and possess the land; get a footing and the rest will follow; all will come to pass in God's good time."

Henderson once more plunged back into the wilderness.

XV. The Mystery of Elephant Island

During one of the trips to Mpemba's a call was made at the largest island. The Doctor and the others were not long ashore before they were forced to the conclusion that it was inhabited by an elephant; its tracks were seen, and they had abundant evidence of his presence as they advanced, in the shape of uprooted trees and stripped bark and leaves. A search was made but without result. How the animal could have reached the island was a mystery. The nearest land was another island 5 miles on the Cape side, and this again was more than half a mile from the Mission beach. On the west the mainland was 10 to 15 miles distant. These animals, however, swim long distances. The matter often exercised their imagination and talk, and they began to wonder

whether they had not made a mistake regarding the traces they had discovered.

One hot afternoon when all were low and feverish a suggestion was voiced that they should pay another visit to the island—Elephant Island, as the Doctor had termed it. They would enjoy a breath of fresh air, might secure fresh meat, and, what appealed to the engineers, might obtain a supply of grease for the engines.

An hour's run brought the *Ilala* to the island. As soon as they landed, elephant tracks were seen in the sand and were followed up. After a long scramble amongst the rocks and undergrowth the cry rang out, "There he is!" The beast stood facing them, startled by their shouts and evidently uncertain how to proceed. Mr. Young took aim with his large rifle and fired. He was hit, and, swinging his huge bulk round, he started off at a rapid pace and disappeared. It grew to dusk and a storm was threatening. "We cannot follow him up to-night," said Mr. Young; "we must put it off till to-morrow."

Next morning after a hasty breakfast they set off again. On landing they divided into two parties, and, taking different routes, scoured the island. It was amazing to note the power for destruction possessed by the animal, for huge trees had been torn up by the roots and tossed aside; and also how sure-footed he was, for his tracks often lay along the edge of precipices which dropped sheer into the Lake. He was found at last, and a long and stern chase ensued; he was frequently hit, but the bullets seemed to have no effect. All day he was hunted; evening came, and still he eluded the pursuers. Baffled and exhausted they boarded the *Ilala* and returned to the Cape. Two days later they resumed the attack. Adopting new tactics they surrounded the elephant and shepherded him towards the Lake. By midday they had succeeded in driving him on to the beach, where, encircled and shot at, he fell, close to the water's edge. He was a noble animal and had fought a good fight, but there is no sentiment felt in Africa towards big game. With cries of delight and long knives in hand the crew rushed at the huge carcase and proceeded to cut it up and carry the flesh on board. On the *Ilala* arriving at the Station, a shout of joy went up from the natives on shore when they saw the piles of meat. Smoked and dried it would form a store that would last them for a considerable time.

Next morning the party breakfasted on a foot of the elephant. As they were discussing it a canoe was observed making rapidly

for the beach. Two natives jumped out. "That means news," was the general remark, and so it proved. The boys who had long since gone down the Shiré for letters had appeared at a village on the eastern side of the Cape. The *Ilala* went speeding round to the spot and returned with several bags of mail matter, and for the remainder of the day the Station was strangely quiet. The latest letter was dated 2nd September and this was the middle of February.

With the boys came a Yao of the Shiré Highlands called Mlolo, one of his wives, a son, and four retainers. He had been one of the fugitives who swarmed across the hills when the Universities Mission was established, and had remained with the missionaries to the end. Hearing of the Livingstonia Mission, his longing to be with the English again made him travel to Cape Maclear. He was attracted by the Doctor and decided, in a day or two, to return for his entire household, thirty souls in all. During his absence, however, the Ngoni had swept across on a war-raid, and had carried away his favourite wife and one of his daughters. He appeared again later at Cape Maclear, established a village, and by his quiet and steady life secured the Doctor's confidence and friendship.

XVI. First Chloroform Case

The natives were quietly taking stock of the white men, observing all their actions, and reading their character more accurately than perhaps they knew. What chiefly won them was the medical work of the Doctor. Stories of his skill and kindliness were carried by the few whom he attended and retold in the villages, and one after another they ventured to the Station for medicine. Then a surgical case was brought, but when all was ready the patient flinched from the ordeal. At Mponda's a young man named Koomefonjeera, with a cystic tumour above the left eye, came under the Doctor's notice, and he offered to remove it, but Koomefonjeera was nervous and afraid of the white man's magic, and declined. On a later visit a canoe paddled up to the *Ilala* and the native in it asked to see the Doctor. It was Koomefonjeera, who had made up his mind to undergo the operation.

"You will have to come to Cape Maclear," said the Doctor, and he agreed, two companions accompanying him.

In the forenoon of 2nd March the Doctor made his preparations. It was the first chloroform case in Central Africa. Assisted by

Johnston he placed the young man on the dining-table. The two natives stood by, along with another from a village in the vicinity, all watching the proceedings with an interest bordering upon awe. There was no difficulty about the case, but the Doctor felt that the whole future of the work depended upon its success, and breathed a petition for guidance and help. When the chloroform was administered and the patient lay still and insensible the astonishment of the natives knew no bounds. "Za za! wa wa!" they kept crying. With unfaltering precision the Doctor removed the tumour, and by evening Koomefonjeera was doing well. He was, soon after, dismissed cured. "God was very gracious to me," the Doctor wrote. "What has been done may be noised abroad, and God may more and more give His servant power in the eyes of the heathen and open the doors of their hearts to receive His message of love."

His desire was fulfilled; the news spread far and wide, and patients from a distance began to appear, drawn, as those in the time of Christ were drawn, by the reports of healing miracles. Not only did the event attract men: it succeeded in doing which it would have been difficult to accomplish otherwise—it brought women about the Mission. None had hitherto appeared from the neighbourhood, partly through fear, partly on account of the restrictions imposed on their movements; but one day some villagers conveyed a woman who desired medicine. She was accompanied by a little boy. Realizing the importance of the occasion the Doctor treated her with kindness and consideration, persuaded her to stay the night, provided her with quarters attached to the kitchen, and made sure that she was comfortable. The boy, a lively little fellow, he made much of, in the hope that the favour shown him might reach the ears of the villagers and pave the way for other children coming about the Station. The story of the woman was a sad one, but common enough in Central Africa. She had been captured by the Ngoni in one of their forays, and, shortly after, giving birth to twins, was made to choose between burying one alive and being herself killed. She elected to live for the sake of the one and the other was put under the ground.

The friendly reception of this woman became known, as everything becomes known in Africa, and soon afterwards an old Chief brought his wife and left her at the Station. The Doctor was deeply impressed with the power which his medical knowledge gave him over the natives and the opportunity it afforded of commending to them the message of the Divine healer of humanity;

already he felt well repaid for all the self-denial and toil he had undergone to qualify himself for the work.

But what he ardently desired were converts. The natives about the Station seemed saturated and stupid with age-long tendencies and habits. They had some idea of a Supreme Being—Mulungu they called Him—but that was all. "Here," he wrote, "we have not any highly elaborated system of religion to fight against, but the blank open-mouthed stare of wondering ignorance which knows nothing about spiritual things and cares less." "Who made the lions, hills, and trees?" he asked. They did not know. "Mulungu," he said, and proceeded to speak of death and resurrection. "What!" they exclaimed in wonder. "All the people devoured by crocodiles and wild beasts, all who have been beheaded in war—all these rise and appear before Mulungu!" It was past their comprehension.

No regular service could yet be held on Sundays; the Doctor simply sat with those who happened to be at the Station and showed them pictures and talked with them, ofter taking as a subject some event that had occurred during the week. One frequently discussed was the ordeal of mwavé, a poison obtained from a tree, one-twentieth of the strength of the arrow poison which the natives said was the gall of the crocodile. To drink mwavé was the common test for innocence or guilt. The Doctor pointed out how foolish it was to attribute to dead matter the power of an omniscient God. He had now begun to speak brokenly to them in their own tongue, but in his eagerness to impart what he wished to say, and in his impatience with his inability to express himself, he would often stop and pour out his words in English to Sam, who would have difficulty in keeping up with his flow of language.

It was to the children of the country that he turned with anticipation and hope, realizing that in their hands lay the future of Africa. One day a boy appeared with some men who sought work; the Doctor pounced upon him and enrolled him as his first scholar. The teaching consisted merely of a few lessons on the alphabet, but the task gave the Doctor extraordinary pleasure. "It is a delight," he wrote, "to have a scholar to teach." When the men left, the boy went with them, but returned in a fortnight and surprised the Doctor with what he had retained. Presently there were four boys laboriously learning the letters and making progress. "The teaching of the alphabet to-day," again wrote the Doctor, "was the best time I have had yet, and I came away feeling glad of having done some real missionary work. Most

people at home would say this was rather sorry work for me to be at. I am thankful for it. After having been here for months and unable to get the object dearest to your heart begun, the smallest opening is the more eagerly grasped."

Another boy who came to work, Kabanda, a taking lad, was from a village at some distance. The Doctor had his eye upon him for a scholar, and when the Chief of the village arrived with his wife as a patient he thought he saw his opportunity. On Sunday, when speaking to the natives, he referred to the value of reading; to the Chief he said that if Kabanda knew how to read, a paper could be sent to his village with the number of fowls, goats, and provisions required by the Station, and Kabanda would know what was wanted, and would send the articles. The Chief was frankly sceptical, and the Doctor turned to Johnston and asked him to go out of the hut and walk some distance away.

"Now, Chief," said the Doctor, "what do you wish said on this piece of paper?"

"Pa na li muntu" (There was a man).

Johnston was called in and read the words, to the astonishment of the Chief and his wife. Lest there should be any doubt another trial was made, a longer piece being written, with the same result.

"Well," said the Doctor, "will you send Kabanda to be taught reading?"

"Yes, yes," was the reply, and Kabanda entered the class.

The Doctor's conception of missionary work was as wide as Dr. Livingstone's. He gave the native labourers lessons in hygiene, showed them how to use European tools, instructed them in gardening, explained natural phenomena, and generally grounded them in the rudimentary principles of civilized life. They knew nothing of the commonest manufactured articles. A watch, the flame from a match, the burst of fire under a burning glass, were all miracles to them, as incomprehensible as the miracles recorded in the New Testament were to the people who saw them. With their ideas and habits he was perpetually at war and was concerned to train them in tidiness and cleanliness. Anything done wrong he would make them do over again. "It must be done right," he would say.

Writing at this time to Dr. Stewart at Lovedale the Doctor said: "We have a splendid field here for native catechists or men from Lovedale. In a short time we shall be ready for them." When Stewart read this he turned to two letters he had just received from Glasgow citizens offering to pay for native assistants in

Livingstonia. It seemed more than a coincidence: it looked like a Divine direction, and in the light of after-events it proved to be so. Stewart called meetings of the young men of Lovedale and laid the matter before them. Fourteen volunteered as evangelists, teachers, and artisans, and of these six were chosen, although only four ultimately went to Nyasa.

XVII. A Prisoner of Hope

The spirits of the company did not improve with the passing of the days. A change came in the weather; the hot and steamy season of the rains was over, the cool winter-time had come, bringing keen winds which dried up the marshes—producing much malaria in the process—and brought on chills and rheumatism. One morning the temperature dropped to 54 degrees. The Station could seldom show a clean bill of health. Provisions also grew scarce, and the daily ration of bread was reduced to a bit the size of a small scone. The Doctor would gladly have given a sovereign for a ship's biscuit. No word came from the outer world. Nothing was heard of Mr. Henderson.

The fear excited amongst the slavers had subsided and the trade had reasserted itself. Slave-gangs were leisurely made up by Chiefs not a dozen miles away; several of the victims had worked at the Mission and the Doctor knew them well. They were tied neck to neck, loaded with ivory, and marched off openly, *via* Mponda's, to the coast. The Doctor was wild with anger. "I never felt so much inclined for fighting on behalf of the oppressed," he wrote. "I feel much the need of wisdom in such circumstances to prevent me saying and doing anything wrong." Tidings came of a witchcraft trial in a village near the Station. On the death of a native three men were accused of bewitching him and were forced to undergo the poison ordeal. Two vomited and were declared innocent, the third died and was deemed guilty.

Such events reacted on the nerves of the staff and increased their depression. When July came without a break in the loneliness and monotony, it was decided that the Doctor should proceed to the head of the cataracts, and if no mail had arrived that he should make his way to Quilimane. He reached Pembi, near the head of the rapids, and then marched down to Ramo-Ku-Kan's, where he was told that native postmen from the coast had passed and gone up the opposite side. Retracing his steps, he found Mr. Young excited with the news contained in the home letters.

BANDAWÉ HARBOUR: WHERE THE STATION WAS FIRST ESTABLISHED

WHERE THE *ILALA* ANCHORED: THE SCENE TO-DAY, SHOWING HOW THE LAKE HAS RECEDED

Sketch Map of Bandawé District

The Nyasa Hippopotamus

"Reinforcements!" he cried. "Dr. Black; John Gunn, an agriculturist; Robert S. Ross, an engineer and blacksmith; A. C. Miller, a weaver—all for Livingstonia; also Dr. Stewart and a band of native workers from Lovedale."

"And Blantyre?" queried the Doctor.

"A strong contingent: Dr. Macklin and five artisans."

There was, in addition, Mr. Cotterill, son of Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh, coming to investigate the trade possibilities of the country and bringing with him a steel boat, the *Herga,* subscribed for by the boys at Harrow, where he had been a master, and £500 worth of barter goods presented by members of the Free Church; and also a Mr. Thelwall, a Roman Catholic, an artist and representative of the *Standard* and *Illustrated London News*. The party had come up the coast in a Swedish missionary steamer.

Much pleased with the good news, the Doctor gathered up his letters and, climbing into the rigging, read them in peace. What he was told regarding the jubilation in Scotland over the success of the Expedition amazed him. "I can see nothing to be proud of," he said, "but much to be grateful for."

The *Ilala* returned to Cape Maclear, where a bustle of preparation broke out. New houses and huts had to be constructed; one called the "two-decker" was the first two-storied house in Central Africa. Arrangements had also to be made for increased provisioning. In August, when matters were well advanced, Mr. Young and the Doctor steamed again to the head of the cataracts, the former proceeding on foot to Ramo-Ku-Kan's, whilst the latter remained with the vessel along with Macfadyen and Jack, who was cook and stoker, and two of the crew. Days and then weeks passed without sign of the reinforcements, but the Doctor never found time hanging on his hands. In a short while the *Ilala,* which was moored about five hours' march from the first falls, became a mission station on a small scale. Several families arrived, built huts on the banks, and lived secure in the favour of the white man. Many other natives came from villages a day or two's march away, and regular teaching went on. Morning and evening worship was never omitted, the gathering repeating the Lord's Prayer in Chinyanja, the Doctor's first bit of translation work. He also began to translate the Gospel of Mark. Then he started a class for women and gave them lessons in sewing. He shaped and cut out simple skirts and blouses, and taught them how to hold and manipulate the needle, guiding their fingers until they were proficient, and making them pick out any piece of work that was not done to his

satisfaction. He was secretly thankful, however, that no inspector of schools was to examine the handiwork.

By this time he was quite an expert in darning, cooking, washing, and other domestic duties. In a letter to the Thin boys he thus describes a blanket washing:

"Our nearest approach to a tub is a tin-lined box and a galvanized iron pail. Neither of these would hold a blanket and something bigger must be had. So we had the dinghy well cleaned out, fresh water put in, an awning put over; and then rolling up shirt-sleeves and trousers, with helmet on, I was soon seated in my tub, having my first trial of washing a blanket. I had not proceeded half-way in the operation when I thought to have an apprentice, and so had Jack into the boat along with me, and did my best to instruct him into the mysteries of washing. Neither of us were sorry when our work was finished, and Jack's 'Oh, ho! my back aches plenty,' found a ready echo in my mind."

September arrived and the days passed, and still no word came up the river. "I am a prisoner of hope," the Doctor wrote, and it seemed as if the suspense would never end.

XVIII. Filling the Pot

Much of his time was spent in hunting, not by way of recreation, but in order to stock the larder and fill the pot. Pure sport had no attraction for him. He was not in any sense a hunter: before entering Africa he had only once fired a fowling-piece and never had had a loaded rifle in his hand. But he soon learnt that he would have to shoot game, and that often, for the members of the staff tired of tough fowl and craved for fresh meat, whilst the native followers had also to be provided for. He never, however, shot for shooting's sake, and never destroyed the life of some strong and beautiful creature of the wilds without feeling sorry. At this time he went out daily: game of all kinds was abundant, and so, therefore, were the larger beasts of prey.

One day he and Jack set out after breakfast across the mile-wide track of ground bordering the river. During the rains this was a mud marsh, but now it was baked and cracked and mottled with the footprints of hippopotami and elephants. Before entering the long dry grass they ascertained the direction of the wind by letting some light dust fall, then cautiously advanced until they caught sight of a herd of small and graceful antelope. At the first indication of danger these closed up and stared at the intruders; the leader gave a bark-like cry, and off they went in single file, leaping over high bush with the greatest ease. A couple of wild

boar were next seen digging for roots; they were ugly foes to encounter, for they possessed formidable tusks and were said to be a match for the lion. The Doctor took no chances: there was peril both in retreat and advance; and he adopted the bold course of fighting them. One fell to his rifle and was finished with his revolver; the other disappeared.

What he was after, however, was a waterbuck, and making a long circuit he reached a marshy tract where the reeds and grass were higher than his head. Jack climbed an ant-hill and instantly slid down, whispering, "Nakoswi in nswalow" ("A great many waterbuck and antelope"). Taking advantage of every tuft of grass and every bunch of bush they gradually worked their way forward until they emerged upon an open expanse where the animals were browsing. The Doctor crawled forward to a point indicated by Jack, but as he raised his rifle some bird gave a chirp or two, and at the alarm the herd moved swiftly off. "Cha ipa" (bad), said Jack, and once more they went on. Suddenly half a dozen zebras broke across their path and were out of sight in a moment—they were wary creatures, and a shot at them could seldom be obtained.

Passing through a clump of young trees Jack's quick eye noticed a fine large waterbuck feeding alone and therefore more off his guard. Selecting a large tree as a cover, the Doctor crept within a hundred yards and fired. Jack's yell and headlong flight to the spot were sufficient to prove the success of the shot. The animal was too heavy to carry, and he proposed to leave the Doctor and go back for assistance, but some intuition made the latter hesitate. "Cut off its head," he said, "and bring that, and you can return for the body when we reach the ship." The fact that lions often roamed about by day always made the missionaries careful of their movements.

On the way back many species of small antelope were seen, dashing through the grass, and also a koodoo, the flesh of which was much prized. There were signs of buffalo herds, but no opportunity of getting near them. Large numbers of guinea-fowl were started, and the Doctor shot three in order that the diet might be varied. While making their way along the river bank a springbok came into view. Startled and confused, it made a leap into the river and tried to escape farther down. Taking out his knife the Doctor ran along the bank, entered the water, and after some difficult work succeeded in wounding and capturing the animal, and dragged it to the bank.

It had been a good day for the commissariat, but the meat was

not yet on the *Ilala*. Jack, with other natives, made for the body of the waterbuck only to find that a lion had been before them and had dragged the carcase through a marsh, with water 3 feet deep, into a dense mass of reeds. Had the Doctor remained at the spot the lion would probably have preferred him; at any rate, he would have had to face the beast alone.

Then the Doctor, whilst in the dinghy, was charged by a huge hippo and escaped to safety after some exciting moments. This was not an infrequent occurrence on the river. These creatures slumbered in the security of the reeds until four or five in the afternoon, then plunged into the water, and as darkness came on made their way inland to forage among the green vegetation and ravage the gardens of the natives.

The day's work over, the Doctor settled in the bows of the *Ilala*. On the bank two or three large fires were lit and kept blazing, and in the drift of the smoke he sat and read and wrote, half-suffocated, but comparatively free from the attack of the mosquitoes that invaded the vessel. The cure becoming worse than the disease, he retreated to the shelter of his mosquito-net. As he did so the roar of a hungry lion broke the silence of the night.

XIX. Reinforcements

At sunset on 8th October native runners arrived with a mail-bag and news of the approach of the reinforcements. There had been much delay at various points; the majority of the men had been down with fever, some severely, and they were making their way slowly and in detachments up the river. Shortly afterwards the first contingent put in an appearance and were hurried to Cape Maclear, the *Ilala* returning to meet the remainder. The Blantyre party, who had been met down the river by Mr. Henderson, then weakened by illness, proceeded straight to the Shiré Highlands.

A dinner in honour of the occasion was given at the Cape. Dr. Laws prepared the roast, Dr. Black baked the pie and tart, and Dr. Stewart set the table. Two of the Lovedale natives acted as waiters. The Union Jack flew from the corner of the thatched hut and the *Ilala* was gay with bunting. Dr. Stewart presided, and referred to the remarkable fact that in Central Africa, where a short time before no white man had been, there were seventeen Britons sitting dining together.

"I hope," said Dr. Laws, who spoke next, "that by another year there may be many more."

"Oh, oh!" interjected the company. "Explain yourself!" "The ladies!"—cries which indicated how the remark had been interpreted and covered the Doctor with confusion.

"Dr. Laws," wrote Dr. Black, "is a good, earnest, energetic, and brave man." Dr. Stewart was at first delighted with the settlement—"the beauty of the position, its comparative healthiness, and vast superiority over the climate of the Zambezi and Shiré, the pleasant mornings and the cool nights. There is every reason to be thankful that we have got so good a position. Of this I am certain that Englishmen are living within the tropics in large numbers in a hundred worse places. I have great hopes that time will fully confirm our favourable impression of the climate." Stewart was afterwards the severest critic of the site.

Mr. Young left at once for England, Laws conveying him to the cataracts. Both had come through much hardship and peril together, and despite some trying times incidental to life in an isolated community, they had maintained their friendship and their admiration for each other. The older man had a special liking for his "boy," as he called the Doctor, and in his racy addresses in Scotland spoke of him as "the finest specimen of a missionary" he had ever met. "He is true blue. They tell me I have got a very bad temper, and so I have, sometimes—there is no use of a lion having a tail unless it wags it—but whether I was bad tempered or not I never had any mishap with him." The Doctor, however, wished that Young had drawn a less brilliant picture of what had been achieved.

Now in full command of the *Ilala*, the Doctor on returning up river made a thorough exploration of Lake Pamalombé; in a secluded creek he found Mahomet, who told him that the dhow which had been boarded on the *Ilala's* first trip was lying wrecked at Kota Kota. As the steamer was still the one link connecting the Mission with civilization he determined that no precaution to ensure its safety should be omitted, and accordingly for a time he spent his nights on board. He occasionally occupied himself with photography in these days, and did the developing after dark. For a washing dish he had a tin box pierced with holes which he slung over the side of the vessel into the Lake.

The effect of the infusion of fresh spirit and energy into the Station was soon noticeable. Dr. Stewart was a missionary statesman with an organizing mind, and he wrought many changes which added to the well-being of the staff. Laws loyally supported him, as he had done Mr. Young, and learnt much from his wider

knowledge and experience. Stewart adopted one of his suggestions regarding fewer hours of work, and the day's time-table was now arranged thus: 6 to 8 a.m., work; 8 to 9 a.m., breakfast; 9 to 12 a.m., work; 12 a.m. to 3 p.m., dinner and rest; 3 to 5 p.m., work; 5.15 p.m., worship; 5.30 p.m., tea. Saturday afternoon was free. With less continuous labour tasks were better performed, while ampler leisure made for health and contentment. Dr. Stewart insisted on the amenities of life being observed. The houses became more home-like. Earthenware replaced the battered enamelled dishes and Madeira chairs the improvised seats of native wood. No lamps, however, were yet available, though oil was being obtained from the ground nut, and candles continued to be used. "The wilderness feeling is gone," wrote the Doctor, "and we are much more lively and comfortable. The past year seems now like a nightmare." But a pioneer year amidst such utterly strange surroundings could not have been otherwise.

Even with the greatly improved conditions Dr. Black—who proved a delightful colleague, tender and watchful in sickness, kindly and sympathetic in times of difficulty, and as skilful with the axe or saw as with the surgeon's knife—felt that he was beginning to grow rough and snarly. "It is time," he suggested, "that ladies were on the Station." He was thinking of his fiancée, but Laws demurred. He had an instinctive impression that all had been too smooth hitherto; it was like the calm before the storm; fiery trials were bound to come before the Mission could finally rest on a sure foundation.

"But why?" persisted Black.

"We are still outside British territory and beyond British protection. We are in a no-man's-land. The Portuguese claim the coast and will claim Nyasa as well, although they have never been within 200 miles of the Lake. They will be more afraid of a woman coming here than ten men, because it will mean a permanent settlement, and that they will not allow."

Black admitted the force of the argument.

"I see as clearly as you do," continued the Doctor, "the need for gentler influence to tame our roughness, but we shall both have to be patient a little."

To Miss Gray he wrote with remarkable prevision: "It is quite possible war may yet come to the Lake. There is no likelihood of it coming for a long time—God grant it may be never; still we must keep our eyes open to every possible contingency. I must not forget Cromwell's command, 'Pray to God, but keep your powder dry.'"

His attitude on the question of Miss Gray's coming to Africa showed how conscientiously and impersonally he worked out his problems. Much as he longed for her, the interests of the Mission came first. If his engagement with the Free Church merged into one of indefinite length, or into life-service, it would be right for her to join him; but suppose he were to continue to be subject to recall at the option of the United Presbyterian Board? She might come out and then they might have to return, and so the Church would have been put to unnecessary expense. Again, if she came it might seem to pledge his Board to maintain relations with the Free Church. He therefore wrote requesting the Board to consider the situation quite apart from his personal feeling.

In Scotland there was a strong interest in his work and a desire that he should continue in it. Even if the arrangement with the Free Church terminated, the Board took it for granted that he would remain by his "beloved Lake," and were ready to entertain any proposal he might make for the establishment, in a neighbourly spirit, of a distinctively United Presbyterian Mission. The idea of an independent venture was, however, repugnant to him; he would not refuse to obey the Board if they decided to begin one, but it would be against his better judgment. "How," he wrote, "could I explain to the tribes the difference between the missions? There is no word to express it. When visiting Makanjira he asked us if we were the same kind of Englishmen as Bishop Steere's party: in one sense we were and in another we were not, but how could we explain it? The Mission should not only be one but appear *one* in the sight of the natives." He acquiesced in the decision to prolong his engagement, but reiterated his view that the United Presbyterian Church should go a step further and join the Free Church in supporting the Mission. "We want the hearts of all Christians enlisted on behalf of Central Africa. After finding how men of different churches can work together here, I have still more confidence in my old view that the members of the different committees could serve on the Board of the Mission and share expenses. Lake Nyasa has been reached, but it has yet to be won for Christ; and again, even Lake Nyasa is not in the centre of the great African continent. There are regions beyond and they too must be reached. For this purpose much more money will be required than at present is at the command of the Free Church Committee."

In all this he exhibited wisdom and prescience. In his "thinking ahead" he outstripped the mind of the Church, as he was often to do. Events soon proved the soundness of his views, though

many years were to pass before he saw his ideal of one Presbyterian Church of Central Africa beginning to be realized.

XX. An Appeal from Blantyre

The introduction of the four Kafirs from Lovedale into the work was an experiment which the Doctor regarded with keen interest. All had risen out of racial ignorance and degradation, and were a remarkable testimony not only to the innate qualities of the native but also to the value of Christian education and training.

When Dr. Stewart had asked for volunteers Shadrach Ngunana rose and said his desire "was to preach Christianity, however weakly and imperfectly." He was a member of the United Presbyterian Mission Church at Emgwali, a fact, which, perhaps, predisposed the Doctor in his favour. He was appointed the first regular teacher of the school, which was now attended by twelve boys and two girls.

William Koyi was a Gaika Kafir born in 1846. When in 1857 his nation destroyed its cattle and grain and practically committed suicide he escaped starvation by seeking employment elsewhere. At the age of twenty-three he became a Christian and developed a passion for education. Although Lovedale was over 150 miles away he walked there and attended the ordinary school course. Active, willing, and trustworthy, he gained the respect of all and rose to a position of trust and responsibility. When the call came from Nyasa he said, "I have only a half talent, but I am willing to go and be a hewer of wood and drawer of water." Dr. Stewart, however, did not regard him as suitable until one day when starting on a journey something went wrong with the harness, and Koyi, observing it, came and deftly put the matter right. That decided the Doctor to send him.

Mapas Ntintili was an artisan and was accepted on account of his good character.

The fourth, Isaac Williams Wauchope, had been trained as a teacher. From the first, his health gave cause for anxiety. A spell of fever left him practically insane; he threatened the staff and struck Dr. Laws, and sinking at last into a state of coma was watched night and day by the three medical men in turn. When he recovered consciousness he declared that he was morally unfit for his position and that he had volunteered for Nyasa to escape the consequences of his sin. Delusions, the doctors knew, were common

in fever, but as he had another serious relapse it was decided to send him back to South Africa. Dr. Stewart and Dr. Black were ill, but the latter volunteered to accompany the patient to Quilimane and see him off in the care of one of Mr. Cotterill's seamen who was returning to England. To this Dr. Laws objected. "For your fiancée's sake," he said, "you must not go. I will take him down and Dr. Stewart can come in the steamer for a change." So it was arranged, and on Monday, 4th December, the *Ilala* left her anchorage.

Towards sunset on Tuesday, as a village near Pimbi was reached, a native runner, clad in loincloth, was observed racing towards the bank, holding a stick which held a letter in a cleft at the top. He said he had come from Blantyre, as the sister station had been called, and had been waiting some days in the hope that the steamer would appear. The letter was addressed to Dr. Laws, and read:

"BLANTYRE,
December 1, 1876.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—'Come over and help us.' In other words, *can* you and *will* you come and take charge of this mission, at all events till next July or August; but I hope that you might be willing to stay here permanently, as the site is a good one in almost every way you look at it, and a good head is much required. I am not *able*, neither am I *fitted*, to carry the work on. I should be perfectly willing to stay as long as you wished, so it is no wish to *bolt* that makes me ask you to come, but the conviction that some one better qualified than myself is much required here at this the outset. Can you not come up and see us? The road is good. Mr. Young was highly pleased with it, and you can manage the journey in a day and a half. We should be delighted to see you.

"All here have been and are still down, more or less, with fever and other complaints. The doctor a month confined to bed. If you can't come to see us, and are disposed to entertain my proposal, send the man back at once and I shall try to come down and have a talk. You told me something this time last year, Doctor; come and see how true your words were, the more's the pity. Try and come. I much require to see you or some one like you. If Dr. Black is disengaged, perhaps he would consent to come if you can't. Let some one have pity on the Auld Kirk. Seriously I do hope that some one with vigour and earnestness and practical knowledge will be head here soon, as it would be a sad matter to have a second failure on these Highlands. All that is wanted, as Mr. Young puts it in his book, is the 'master mind. Hoping to see you soon.—I am, yours truly, HENRY HENDERSON.

"P.S.—Of course, Doctor, I am quite prepared to arrange as to salary and the like in the way you would desire."

The two men looked at each other in dismay. "What do you say?" asked Stewart. Laws replied that he wanted to think it out, and went away and walked up and down for a time. He had

no wish to interfere in the affairs of another mission, but such an appeal, betraying in every sentence a state of depression and discouragement, could not be ignored; they must proceed to the aid of their brother missionaries. "Well?" Stewart said. "We can't stand aside from the need of Christ and His work and be guiltless," Laws replied. Stewart acquiesced, though his experienced mind had misgivings as to how the matter would be regarded in Scotland.

Ere they were ready Wauchope eluded his keeper and disappeared. Whether he had thrown himself into the river or had wandered into the bush was not known; search parties were sent out, bonfires lit, and revolvers let off at intervals without result. Macfadyen and Baker were down with fever. Crooks alone was able to keep watch. Nevertheless the doctors set out on their way to Blantyre, making inquiries as they went regarding the missing man. By and by three shots rang out and three were fired in response, and Crooks appeared with the intelligence that Wauchope had been brought back to the vessel; he had run amok in a village and had been seized and bound by the people.

The doctors, after a rough journey into the uplands, arrived in rolling country dominated by isolated hills, and found the mission party dwelling in native huts and no indication of activity or progress. The spot was not exactly the one selected by Henderson—that was farther on, at Magomero, the site of the Universities Mission. But in their march from the river the little band had become exhausted, footsore, and feverish, and camping one night beside a large fig tree they said, like the Lotos-eaters, "We will go no farther," and there they had remained. It was a fortunate, if accidental, choice, and Dr. Laws was extraordinarily impressed with it. The climate was exquisite; on occasions it was possible to feel cold; the soil was fertile, and there was a large stream running in a deep bed, close by. Many villages were scattered about the plains, and mission work could be begun at once. From a strategic point of view its position was incomparable; it was half-way on the line of communication between Livingstonia and the coast, and the missions would be able to support one another. Again the Doctor lamented the policy which was establishing two independent missions, and straightway wrote, as a forlorn hope, to Scotland urging union—even in the matter of river transport, he pointed out, much money would be saved by amalgamation. Mr. Henderson now admitted that he was right.

The trouble was that Henderson was not suited for organizing

the Station; he had never, he said, undertaken such a task, and the others were inexperienced and unable to plan and carry out the necessary operations. Henderson felt that he must return to Scotland to advise the Committee, and he proposed that Dr. Laws or Dr. Black should be released for a year to superintend the Station. Dr. Laws stated that he was ready to do what was best in the interests of the missions and for the advancement of Christ's cause; but Dr. Stewart would not consent to him leaving Livingstonia for a year, suggesting instead that the Free Church missionaries should take the work in turn and supply teacher and evangelists and artisans; and this was decided on and the financial terms arranged.

"I am afraid," wrote the Doctor to a Church of Scotland friend, "that in the minds of a good many at home such a proceeding may raise feelings of jealousy or discontent from the idea that by doing so the Established Church is knuckling down to the Free Church, and that members of the Free Church may say the Established Church has had to do so. Should you hear of any such remarks, pray do all you can to put an end to them, for in our hearts at least such thoughts have no existence. The step Mr. Henderson has taken does him honour, since it shows his willingness to sink every personal consideration in the deeper desire that Christ's kingdom may be advanced." Failing union he described the kind of man that should be sent out to command the Station:

> A man who has been wrapped in the lap of luxury, has gone through school, college, and hall course, with little or no experience of human nature, but the most exact theories on the subject, would find himself out of his element here, especially should he be tinged with self-conceit and ideas of his own importance. What is needed is a man of good common sense and sound judgment rather than of book-learning, though the latter is by no means to be despised; one with the pliability which will enable him to lay aside preconceived notions of how things ought to be done and adapt himself to the circumstances of the case. A missionary requires to be a Jack-of-all-trades, and those who would come out expecting to act the fine gentleman had better stay at home and save himself great discomfort and his companions much bad feeling. Above all, a man is needed with a large heart full of love to his Master who cares little for Established Churchism, Free Churchism, United Presbyterianism, or any other 'ism."

XXI. Two Strangers on the River

The Doctor proceeded to Quilimane, taking with him several of the boats to bring up a large quantity of Blantyre goods that were lying there. The journey was a pleasant and picturesque experi-

ence, having all the charm of gipsy life. By day and night, while drifting downstream, his men would sing weird boat songs, most of them with a strain of sadness in them, like the sorrow songs of the Southern States of America. There was one favourite which ran:

"Without Father, without Mother,
Thou art our Mother Mary,"

a relic of the far-off days when the Jesuits had missions in the land.

Early one morning, while lying half-awake in the boat, a native appeared on the bank with a cup of green tea and a plateful of mangoes and asked for the loan of a mirror. The Doctor stared up at the black face in surprise.

"Who sent those?" he asked. "What do you want with a mirror?"

"My master sent them; he is over there."

"His name?"

"Rhodes."

Presently they met. The stranger, a man of powerful build, proved to be Herbert Rhodes, a brother of Cecil Rhodes. He said he had been up the Zambezi with others prospecting for gold, and had met with considerable success, but had found it difficult to work with the Portuguese and the natives. He was on his way to Quilimane, and asked the Doctor to travel with him to the coast. The Doctor was only too glad. Rhodes beguiled the tedium of the voyage with stories of his college days and roving experiences, and spoke much of Cecil, then an Oxford student of uncertain health who, between sessions, had come out to South Africa. "He has the idea of settling at Kimberley with the law as a profession, but he sees great opportunities of making money by amalgamating the various rival mining interests." Many of these plans were sketched to the Doctor, who, in later years, was interested in watching how what seemed to the brother to be visionary schemes were gradually developed in Lower Africa.

To reach Quilimane they had to disembark and transport their boats and equipment across a tract of country from 3 to 4 miles wide, to the Qua Qua, a narrow river, picturesquely tropical in its upper part, where it was fringed by palms and overhung with thick vegetation, festooned by coloured convoluli, amongst which the monkeys scampered, but bare and muddy and much affected by the tides in its lower reaches. The night before reaching the Portuguese port the current set so strongly against them that they

were forced to tie up to the bank. As dusk came on, with a drizzling rain, two canoes were noticed moving rapidly up the river. One was about 30 feet long with a thatched covering amidship. A native clad in jacket stood in the bows.

"That looks like a European turn-out," said Laws.

At the same moment he heard the native cry, "English boat!" and saw a white man jump up and look back and then sign for the canoe to turn. It swept round and came alongside, and the white man spoke:

"I am James Stewart, a Civil Engineer in the Indian Public Works Department, on my way to Lake Nyasa."

"This is Dr. Laws," said Rhodes, "and he has just come down."

"I am going to Quilimane," added the Doctor, "and you had better wait and go back with me; you won't be any sooner going now. It's a long journey to take alone, and I shall be glad of your company."

Stewart agreed and explained his object in making for Nyasa. Son of the pre-Disruption minister of Kirkmichael and a cousin of Dr. Stewart, he was in charge of a section of the Sirhind Canal in the Punjab. When Dr. Stewart gave his Livingstonia address in the General Assembly in 1874 he had read the report and, like Dr. Laws, had said, "That is a possible field of future work for me." He was unable then to offer his services, but when his furlough was due he decided to spend it in Africa with the Mission.

Laws was greatly attracted by this quiet, capable, warm-hearted man. On the camp table in the hut which they both occupied a book lay open. It was Stewart's Bible, well-thumbed, with an inscription by his mother upon it. Laws thanked God for such a colleague.

In the course of their talk Stewart told him that, not long before, a slave dhow landed a cargo of two hundred slaves on an island on the east coast, a barren and waterless spot. Owing to a sudden storm the dhow was compelled to sail without the slaves, but arranged for another to pick them up. It never came. When a ship called some time after, two hundred skeletons were found bleaching on the shore.

At Quilimane Isaac Wauchope passed out of the Doctor's hands. On his arrival in South Africa his story of sin was proved to be a delusion; he recovered, did good service in South Africa, and eventually, as a native chaplain, lost his life in the foundering of the transport *Mendi* during the European War.

XXII. A Terrible Night

Laws and Stewart left Quilimane on 8th January 1877 with a small fleet of boats and canoes. A week was spent paddling and poling along the Qua Qua. When the tide turned they usually ran on sandbanks, and the two white men had to be carried ashore and remain there until the boats were sucked out of the slime and dragged into deep water. At night they camped in grass booths on the banks. On the swampy stretch between the rivers, the Doctor's crew—who had never been at the coast before—became ill, and the rest grew discouraged and discontented, and open mutiny followed. The Doctor was patient but firm. Four days passed before he carried his point, but the delay in pestiferous surroundings did its work; he also went down with fever and was unable to shake it off.

On the Zambezi the strong current again and again baffled the boats. They hugged the bank and crept round the curves, but were continually seized by the swirling water and swept back. The only hope was to keep in the shallows, but this again grounded them on the shoals. Laws was too ill to direct operations, though at Shupanga he struggled up and went ashore to show Stewart the grave of Mrs. Livingstone; on re-starting he was in a state of collapse.

A sudden squall burst upon the boats, parting them, and the Doctor found himself alone. The wind roared across the flats and the rain descended in torrents. Unable to sit up, he lay on his back on a mattress at the stern, steering as best he could with the tiller ropes. The storm grew so violent that the boat was rushed to the lee of an island, where the crew held on to the reeds until the blasts moderated. By this time darkness was approaching and the Doctor was becoming worse. He looked longingly at the teapot, but all the provisions were in the other boat and there was no food or drink to give him. The men declaring that they saw a village on the opposite side of the river, he bade them paddle towards it. When they reached the bank the night had fallen, starless and black, and no huts were visible. All the crew, including "Old Man," one of the original pilots of the *Ilala*, scrambled ashore and disappeared.

In the damp darkness the sick man lay alone. He was soaked, sick, vomiting, suffering from dysentery, tortured by mosquitoes, wretched with a wretchedness beyond words.

By and by he heard the patter of feet, then some one slid down the bank and entered the boat and felt for the recumbent form. It was "Old Man." He had scoured the district, secured three sweet potatoes, roasted them, and came running with them, hot and appetizing, to tempt the patient. The kindly act touched the Doctor to the quick; he essayed to eat the food, but in vain; he could only thank the black man for his goodness and lie patiently through the long hours. The air was still again after the storm. Mysterious noises encompassed him: some he knew—the lapping of the water on the sides of the boat, the grunting of a hippo, the stealthy movement of a crocodile, the rush of some scared night fowl, and farther off the roaring of a lion; others belonged to the unknown and were the more disturbing. But the Doctor was too ill to care. It was the most miserable night of his life. He was only kept from despair by the thought, "God lives and He loves; my father lives and he prays."

Early next morning the journey was resumed, and in the afternoon the boat drew up at the landing-stage of Senhora Maria's house. Stewart was there. The Doctor shouted to him that he had been very ill. Stewart evidently did not hear, and came and stood over him.

"Ill—very ill," Laws exclaimed in what he thought was a loud voice.

"Eh? What?" said Stewart, and bent over to listen to what was in reality a faint whisper.

"Go to the Senhora and ask her if I can stay at her house until I am a little better."

The Senhora was absent at Senna, but the daughter, for whom the Doctor had prescribed on the pioneer journey, sent down a machila, opened up a large annexe, provided a bed with sheets and pillows, and did all she could think of for his comfort. Bitter days and nights followed. He drifted into delirium. Through his disordered brain swept scenes of the past: he was a student again, studying conic sections and wrestling with problems, and was found drawing imaginary curves with his feet on the wall. Mind and body grew infinitely wearied. One night there rang through the room the cry:

"Sam, Sam, bring me my revolver!"

At the first words Sam, the attendant, lying on the mat in the corner, jumped up, but hearing the request discreetly remained silent. The quavering appealing voice spoke again:

"Sam, I want my revolver!"

Sam pretended to be asleep, and the voice wandered on. Presently there came in quieter tones:

"Sam, a drink of water."

The boy was on his feet in an instant and brought the cooling draught.

On a slumberous afternoon the Doctor looked up at Stewart sitting beside him with quiet, anxious face; he was nursing the patient with all the gentle tenderness of a woman.

"Read me the Church of England service," he whispered, and Stewart did so; and the measured beauty of the diction, and sequence of petition, seemed to calm the sorely distraught brain.

Then began a perilous descent into coma. Struggling against the tendency he asked Stewart to obtain mustard and apply blisters to his neck and back and calves of his legs. Stewart thought the cure too drastic, but the Doctor insisted and he proved to be right. The deathly lethargy left him and profuse perspiration set in to an extent hardly credible to those who had never experienced fever, the moisture soaking through the mattress and dripping to the floor. During his convalescence an unusual commotion occurred in the courtyard; he learnt afterwards that a gang of thirty slaves, many of them children, and all thin and sickly, had arrived, but as soon as the slave-drivers were aware of the presence of "the English" they decamped.

When Senhora Maria returned she too went down with fever. On hearing this the Doctor rose, put on a dressing-gown, a pair of slippers, and a helmet, and, upheld by Sam on one side and a local native on the other, he crossed the courtyard and paid her a professional visit.

When the voyage was resumed Stewart busied himself preparing dainties for the invalid, and Laws pointed out the spots of interest. Their first walk was to the graves of Bishop Mackenzie, Scudamore, and Dickinson.

"A queer country this," remarked Stewart, "where the only places worth going to see are graves."

"Yes," replied Laws, "but they are the milestones of civilization towards the regions beyond."

Not being fit for the march along the cataracts the Doctor was carried in a machila, but in the cooler temperature of the hills he rapidly recovered. At Pembi he found a letter nailed to the wall of the old hut; it was from Dr. Stewart, saying he was higher up with Henderson. Then a boat came round the bend of the river. Crack went the Doctor's revolver, and back came a rifle shot;

A View of the Lake Shore, showing how the Huts are spread along the Beach

Five Chiefs who met Dr. Livingstone when he first landed at Bandawé
They are standing at the spot where he came ashore

The First Exploring Journey: A Halt by the Way

The Ngoni Embassy to Bandawé (p. 195)
Dr. Laws in the front row

it was Macfadyen in the dinghy, which conveyed them all to the *Ilala*.

"It is like coming home," the Doctor said, "and glad I am to be on board."

"We don't joke much in Africa," remarked Henderson, "but when we heard the tale of the Doctor's illness we teased him on choosing so suitable a place in which to be ill." Henderson had come to beseech Laws to proceed forthwith to Blantyre; but the latter maintained that Stewart, as the man of wider experience, should go first, and that meantime they should return to Livingstonia, and this was agreed to.

All the way up the river, despite his illness, the Doctor had been thinking of the interests of the Mission and collecting live stock and plants. He bought ten head of cattle at £3 each, and after infinite trouble managed to get three calves and a bull to Cape Maclear. He dreaded the tsetse fly, but hoped for the best. A number of dogs were also taken up. Some young mango trees were obtained at Shupanga, and pine-apple plants at Senhora Maria's, and these, taking hold at Blantyre and Livingstonia, were the progenitors of all others in the Nyasa region. It was ten years, however, before the mangoes bore. He also carried 300 cocoa-nuts, which were planted at Cape Maclear. Of these eighty sprouted, but thirty-three years passed before they yielded their first fruit. The Cape had now become a sort of nursery for new plants, with which the Doctor was constantly experimenting.

Other freight there was, more difficult to handle, in the shape of a cargo of boys. To his delight Chipatula and Masao had been persuaded to hand over a number of their sons to be educated at Livingstonia. "God," he wrote, "is answering my prayer: 'Send me to the Makololo.'" Even if these lads—none of whom had reached the age of twelve—did not become Christians, the training they would receive, he believed, would fit them better for their future positions. They brought with them a retinue of twenty servants, over whom they had absolute power; they were, indeed, expected to kill one occasionally in order to become accustomed to blood and death. All were undisciplined. Three, becoming home-sick, beat their slaves, and ran off, but were pursued and ignominiously carried back. Another attempted to escape by jumping overboard. "Yet," the Doctor wrote, "I do love these little ones, even the roughest of them; when they come up so confidingly it is impossible not to be drawn to them." With the advent of these lads the boarding department of the Mission began.

Their slave-servants were a problem: the Doctor did not like them hanging about, and put them into the school. Many elected to remain permanently, and of two, Albert Namalambé and Mvula, we shall hear more.

Industrial work was also instituted, the ordinary schoolboys being employed for an hour or two on outdoor tasks, such as making roads or cleaning the paths, while the sons of the chiefs went into the carpenter's shop. Thrice a week now, also, all the workers, of every class, were gathered together and taught regarding the articles they saw used or worn by the Europeans.

"How is it," the Doctor was once asked, "that the English know all these things?"

He showed them the Bible and said the secret lay there. "Our ancestors were as rude and ignorant as you are, but they obeyed the Book, and not only got peace in their hearts but prospered in outward things as well."

XXIII. Three Deaths

The first months of 1877 can be summed up in the words of the Doctor: "Our work is progressing slowly, silently, but surely. The people trust us and are gathering about us." Beyond Otter Point a village had been established, and the women were coming occasionally with produce for sale: their presence was due largely to the confidence they placed in the Doctor, and was a notable stage in the development of the Mission. "I am extremely busy," he wrote at this time, "and could I be in fifty places at once I should find no lack of something to keep me employed." When not attending to the needs of the Station he was sailing in the *Ilala* in quest of provisions and met with many adventures. A breakdown once occurred off a rocky part of the coast and the steamer had to be towed laboriously to harbour by the dinghy, a shovel being used as a paddle, and a boat-hook with piece of canvas stretched over a frame serving as an oar. Although there was considerable anxiety involved in the work there was also a measure of romance which appealed to his æsthetic side. He saw the Lake in all its moods—when it was asleep in the hush of the dawn and when it glittered in the moonlight; when it lay motionless in windless calm and when it was as tempestuous as the Atlantic—and the greater his intimacy with it became the more he came under its spell and loved it.

For a time Dr. Stewart was seriously ill, having various turns

of fever, which he persisted in calling by some other name and fought with dogged resolution. All admired his pluck, but the hour came when he had to give in, call Dr. Laws, who was engaged in building a powder magazine, and say, "You can put me down for seven days of thoroughly bad fever." "When Dr. Stewart admits that he is ill, then he is ill indeed," remarked the perspiring Laws, which proved to be the case. The attack left him in a state of extreme weakness and delayed his visit to Blantyre until the end of March, when he and his cousin proceeded there, Laws remaining at the Cape.

The next patient was Shadrach, to whom the Doctor had become much attached: few men in the Station showed more of the spirit of Christianity in his daily life. He was a victim to consumption and at times suffered from severe mental depression. Plans were made for sending him back to South Africa.

"I will go to Quilimane with him," said Black; "it is my turn."

"But you are not so strong as I am," declared Laws, "and you must not risk it. What of your fiancée if anything happened to you? I could never look her in the face."

There was, unhappily, no need for the friendly rivalry. Dr. Black one day felt feverish. He had intended accompanying the Doctor on one of his foraging trips, and asked to be called when all was ready. The Doctor went along and found him in bed reading his Bible. "I do not think you should go," Laws said. "You will be running a needless risk. Stay and rest."

"All right; I will do what you think best . . . you won't be long away?"

"I shall not stay an hour longer than I can help."

Two days later, at sunset, the Doctor returned, and found the patient suffering from hæmoglobinuric, or blackwater fever. He was drowsy and vomiting. "I am awfully glad you are back," he said, and sank into delirium. Laws and Dr. Macklin from Blantyre, who was at Livingstonia on a visit, Mr. Cotterill, and all the members of the staff, did their utmost for him. Laws sat continuously at his bedside, but his devotion was unrewarded, and on 7th May Black passed away. Next day, on the shoulders of his colleagues, he was borne across the plain to the foot of the hills, where at the base of a gigantic boulder of smooth granite he was laid to rest. A bronze tablet and medallion riveted to the rock still shows up clear and sharp amidst the surrounding tangle of vegetation, and the words "Faithful unto Death" summarizes to the infrequent

visitor the brief career of this gallant pioneer. To Laws the loss of such a loyal friend was a grievous blow, and it was some time ere he rallied from the shock. Already due to relieve the Stewarts at Blantyre, he hastened there and found Henderson gone. It was not possible now to carry out the original plan, and both Dr. Stewart and Laws returned to Livingstonia, leaving James Stewart to superintend the Mission on the hills.

Shortly afterwards Shadrach ruptured a blood vessel during a fit of coughing, and died from congestion of the lungs. He, too, was buried at the foot of the granite boulder. "He has been the most useful of the Kafirs," wrote the Doctor. "Possibly our hopes were too much set upon him and the service he would be to the Mission." Then with his uncanny prevision he added: "The apparently less efficient ones may be the ones God sees to be best fitted for His work." He referred to Koyi, who now took Shadrach's place.

A third death followed, that of John Mackay, a boatman in the service of the Blantyre Mission who, suffering from consumption, had come with Macklin for a change. Laws sat with him to the end, which came one morning at dawn, and he was buried by the side of the others.

These events created an uneasy feeling in Scotland regarding the site of the Mission, although only one was attributable to the climate. The Doctor refuted the idea that the Expedition had chosen unwisely. "Cape Maclear," he wrote, "was certainly the best place to select, placed as we were on entering the Lake." But the question of a better site had never been shelved; plans had already been made for a long tour in search of a healthier spot, if possible on a high elevation, and with a cool climate. "We can establish it this year," said the Doctor confidently, "and have the buildings well under way before the rains begin." What was chiefly influencing him was not the matter of health but the discovery that the tsetse fly infested the plain. The bull and three calves and all the dogs had died one after the other, and the Doctor had no doubt that a little brown fly found near the Station was the dreaded scourge. To Dr. MacGill, the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Presbyterian Church, he wrote:

"The results of the presence of this insignificant creature are:

(*a*) No domestic animals that can be used as beasts of burden can live here.

(*b*) Industrial operations are seriously impeded, many quite obstructed.

(*c*) Our usefulness in advancing the civilization of Africa is so much curtailed that :

(*d*) A new site for Livingstonia must be sought for.

But this must not be done in a hurry. Time and toil must be spent in searching for the best possible place."

In view of the work involved in establishing the new Station the members of the first party were asked to prolong their engagement for another year; they had proved themselves men of sterling character, were hard workers, could speak the language a little, and knew the habits of the natives. All consented except Johnston, the Doctor's staunch and loyal comrade, who had never quite rallied after the privations of the first year, and wished to return to study medicine.

XXIV. Black Ivory

Four problems, all difficult and perplexing, confronted the Doctor.

The first was presented by the slave trade, which, despite continuous pressure exerted by the British Government at Zanzibar, continued to flourish. Although the Sultan was in earnest in seeking to stop the traffic he had little control over his subjects in the interior. The presence of the *Ilala* on the Lake had, for a time, some effect, caravans arriving at the coast reporting that it had disorganized operations; but when it was discovered that nothing but moral force was to be used, the trade was actively resumed.

Beyond that range of hill country which the Doctor saw radiant with the dawn, or darkly silhouetted against the sunset, were wide haunts of terror where a Chief sold a man or a woman for a piece of calico or a handful of salt. Mr. Cotterill in his journeys repeatedly came upon gangs of slaves, mostly young people, and all half-starved; one band was in charge of a son of Mponda. On the slave paths he often saw the newly-dead bodies of those who had fallen out. Not far to the south of the Station a hundred victims one day crossed the Lake; an ailing child who could not be quieted was taken by the slave-driver and flung into the bush. It was picked up by a lad who had been at work at the Station and had a glimmering of Christ-love, and he carried it to the village, where it was cared for but eventually died. So well was the trade thriving that Makanjira had started to build more large dhows to cope with it. The Doctor felt his impotence as a messenger of peace.

"What we want," he said, "is a small English gunboat and a score of trained men—that would stop the trade."

What he could do within the limits of the restrictions imposed by the Home Committee he did. It was natural that the natives in their despair and panic should seek the protection of the Mission. A man whose friends were sold to the dealers and who feared the same fate for himself fled from his village and appealed for shelter. It was given. Another who had been wronged by his Chief came with his family. The news spread in the rapid way peculiar to Africa, and Livingstonia became a city of refuge. One morning at dawn a native arrived, saying that he and twenty-one men, women, and children had been marked down to be sold by Mpemba; but friends put them on their guard and they escaped by night in a large canoe, but were wrecked on a rocky island. Patching up the canoe he had left in the darkness, alone, and had managed to reach the Station. The *Ilala* was at once dispatched for the others.

According to native law these runaways ought to have been returned to their Chiefs, but there was not a single member of the staff willing to carry out such a requirement. What the Doctor did was to investigate the circumstances, and if he found the fugitives innocent of any offence he allowed them to remain. At first no notice was taken by the Chiefs of the matter, but by and by one arrived claiming some slaves who had been tracked to the Station. The Doctor brought them in.

"Have you any charge against them?" he asked the Chief.

"No."

Turning to the men, he said, "Do you wish to return to your village?"

"No!" emphatically; "we shall be sold if we do."

"Then," said the Doctor to the Chief, "they are free, and I warn you not to attempt to seize them forcibly. In order to do so you will first require to kill me and every white man on the place."

Another case was that of a woman who had been sold as a little girl, and resold and bartered several times. Then she was handed to the Arabs for cloth, but her child was retained. Escaping from the caravan she hid in the bush until danger was past. Love for her child drew her back to her master, who again sold her. Some vague rumour of the English city of refuge reached her, and she arranged with a man-slave to escape with him as his wife. Her master, the father of her child, traced her to the Station. At a court of inquiry she related how she had been cruelly treated and made to drink mwavé twice because her husband accused her of

being a man-eater. The latter acknowledged this and had nothing against her except that she had run away. The Doctor lectured him on the sin of slave-holding and kept the woman on the Station.

One day a refugee of a superior type was brought in by Mlolo, and from the information both supplied, the Doctor compiled a list of the current prices of slaves on the Lake:

A young girl at school, unmarried . .	56 yards of calico.	
A young woman with baby unweaned .	32 " "	
	4 " "	for the baby.
A strong young wife, without children .	24 " "	
A strong young man having good teeth.	40 " "	
An old man, not very strong . . .	4 " "	
A toothless old man	2 " "	

The Doctor had been studying the general situation and had come to a clear understanding of the factors underlying the trade. It was based, not on the will of the people, but on the need of the Chiefs and headmen. To the Chiefs it had become a matter of necessity to obtain guns, gunpowder, cloth, beads, and brass wire. These were the only imports into Central Africa, and they were brought by traders who were, as a rule, not pure Arabs but Swahilis, natives with a greater or less infusion of Arab blood, as well as half-caste Portuguese. Both acted for the wealthy merchants at the coast and were vicious with all the viciousness of Eastern seaport towns, satanic spirits who had been the curse of Africa for centuries. The imports had to be bought by exports, and the sole articles the country produced, the sole articles which the coastmen would accept for their merchandise, were white and black ivory—elephant tusks and human bodies. As a rule one would not be purchased without the other, for tusks would not have paid without free transport, and slaves added to their own value by acting as porters. Unable to devise any other alternative the Chiefs, with the simple logic of fatalism, accepted the position. In course of time the traffic had hardened into custom, and custom had become right, as it does in more civilized regions of the world.

The men who were responsible, therefore, were not the Chiefs so much as the traders and other agents whose procedure was invariably the same: they would enter the territory of a powerful Chief, become friendly and toady to his weaknesses, and supply him with what he wanted. When they had secured all the available tusks they touched his cupidity by offering him more if he would give carriers to convey them to the coast. He would then dispose of any of his own people he wished to get rid of, or those held in pledge for debt or had been kidnapped in war; but more

often he would raid the outlying villages of another tribe, who would retaliate. In this way the whole country was the scene of perpetual slave drives, followed by reprisals and larger warfare. A general feeling of insecurity prevailed. The advent of an armed Arab or two paralysed a community; the people crept about filled with suspicion and foreboding; no woman would go for water alone in case she was snapped up, children never wandered far from their huts; cultivations were neglected, only sufficient crops being grown to keep away starvation, for what availed industry when one might at any moment be seized and yoked and marched off to the coast?

Thinking over the situation the Doctor came to the same conclusion as Dr. Livingstone. If ivory continued to be the principal export legitimate traders would not be able to compete with the Arabs so long as the latter obtained cheap human transport. New native industries must therefore be established to provide payment for the imports; the economic status of the people must be raised to a much higher level. His mind turned to cotton as the likeliest product. The natives already grew a small quantity, but the price was higher than its real value. If a market were begun at Livingstonia more would soon be planted and the price be reduced and an export trade created. Other products, beeswax, rubber, iron, and tin, all of which he had seen, would follow. This implied a trading store at the Station, and he planned a suitable building and wrote to friends in Scotland to arrange for a five years' supply of calico to foster his scheme of cotton cultivation.

He was aware that such a project might shock the sensibilities of people at home and arouse opposition. "It may seem," he wrote to Dr. MacGill, "to be an alarming proposal to come from a missionary, and you may ask if I was sent out here to be a trader? As a trader seeking to fill my own pockets, certainly not, but as one buying and selling food for ourselves and the boys I am daily compelled to be." He was, in fact, a market-man on a large scale; he had now a population of over a hundred to feed, and had to range far and wide for provisions. On one journey he brought from Makanjira's:

Fowls, 75.	Pumpkins, 80.
Maize (green), 1870 lb.	Rice, 104 lb.
" (dried), 700 lb.	Ground-nuts, 40 lb.
Mapira and Kafir corn, 700 lb.	

And in a single year he had expended 15 miles of calico for all purposes.

"One requires to be on the spot to realize the necessity for a store," he continued to Dr. MacGill. "Picture our position. We are set down in the midst of a rude people who would be glad to get clothes to wear, but there is no supply within their reach. They have proved themselves willing to work and work hard that they may obtain a few yards of calico, but they have nothing with which to purchase other kinds of goods for which a definite price is required. With a little encouragement from us they would procure this in course of time. Are we to supply it or are we to stand aside and say, 'The people who sent us here tell us to buy food from you because we cannot do without it, but to buy the things you bring to send home as the price of the calico, shirts, knives, or spoons you wish, would be soiling our fingers and staining the holy garments of Christian prejudice in the country from which we have come'? . . . No one has complained of the manual work I have done: I have hauled ropes, driven an engine, sawed wood, while a medical missionary at home or in India would have been making pills or writing sermons. The nature of the case not only justifies but renders such conduct necessary."

XXV. The Wild Ngoni

Into the slow, sullen movement of village existence came another agony, the swift, arrow-like Ngoni raid—a savage war-chant in the night, blazing huts, spear-thrusts, frenzied slaughter, and a rapid ebb of naked warriors laden with maize, cattle, and goats, and every boy and girl they could lay hands upon.

This was the second problem. Bad as it seemed to be, it was an evil with which the Doctor thought he could cope: it meant a policy of conciliation, of the establishment of strategic positions along the Lake coast, then a cautious and peaceful penetration into the highlands behind. The first step was to come into touch with these wild hill-folk, and he was planning an early visit when one day to his astonishment a Ngoni minor chief or headman and his followers appeared at the Station. They had heard of the wonders of the place and had ventured down on a friendly visit.

Realizing the importance of the occasion the Doctor laid himself out to please and attract them. He was greatly taken with their fine physical development, their manly and independent bearing, and their courtesy. Of their history he already knew something, but it was from them that he gathered the first definite details of their tribal movements. The Ngoni were strangers in Central Africa, of Zulu origin, part of that great stream of migrants which was set in motion by the colossal operations of Chaka, whose career of wholesale massacre shook Southern Africa to its foundations in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Crossing the Zambezi, various divisions traversed Central Africa as far north as Lake

Tanganyika, plundering and murdering, with intervals of settlement, during which they subjugated the weaker tribes around them and incorporated the young men into their fighting regiments. They finally occupied the ranges of hills on the east and west sides of Lake Nyasa, those on the east becoming the intractable Mangwangwara, those on the west the fierce Ngoni under Chikusi in the south and Mombera in the north. It was these foreign soldiers of fortune whom, under the names of Mavite and Mazitu, Livingstone encountered so often during his travels in the Nyasa region. He was impressed by their qualities and their opposition to the tactics of the Arab slavers—for they did not to any extent engage in the foreign traffic—and believed they could be made the best allies of the British.

The visitors, who were followers of Chikusi, still spoke with the Zulu click, though some of the younger men used Chinyanja. William Koyi, the Lovedale native, was called, and conversed freely with them in the Zulu tongue. The Doctor instantly grasped the enormous importance of this fact. Koyi in his eyes became thenceforward one of the most valuable members of the staff; he would be able to take up work at once amongst the hillmen, and other Lovedale workers would follow. He was overjoyed at the prospect opening up, and asked the headman if he would receive a teacher. The reply was a warm invitation to come up and settle amongst them. The Doctor saw, however, that such men would be more difficult to instruct and train than the softer and weaker tribes in the plains, but once "cut and polished" they would, like his own Aberdeen granite, stand the weathering of both sunshine and storm.

He conducted them round the Station. With the dispensary and the rows of medicine bottles they were deeply impressed. In view of their bloodthirsty reputation the Doctor thought it well to show them a rifle and revolver, and how they were discharged, and were able to hit a small object at a distance. They, however, denied that many of the exploits of which he had heard were the work of the pure Ngoni. These had their regular campaigns, as they had always had, to exact food-tribute from conquered peoples with richer land, but many of the isolated raids and murders, they contended, were committed by lawless bands, the scum of the tribes whom they had absorbed. Without expressing any opinion on the point the Doctor noted this explanation to guide him in the future. He told them of the desire of the English to live at peace in the land, of their hatred of slavery, and of the Divine law that all should do to others as they would have others do to them; entertained

them royally on the best resources of the Station, and supplied them with shirts, blankets, beads, snuff-boxes, and plants of various kinds for their gardens in the hills.

XXVI. An Expert Criminal

The third problem was the question of civil jurisdiction. A large community now lived under the protection of the Mission, and with such a rude and undisciplined people offences of one kind or another inevitably occurred. Thieving was common, and graver crime might be committed and require to be dealt with. The Doctor early realized the anomalous position in which he was placed. He was settled in a barbarous country where there was no central authority to dispense justice. In his general relation to the native he was guided by the stringent rules handed to him on leaving Scotland; but he had to adopt some policy regarding the disputes and misdemeanours brought to him to settle. Blantyre was not troubled by any doubts on the subject. Instructions from Scotland impressed upon the staff that the Station was a little republic in which offenders against law and order should be punished according to the character of their crime. It was held that some such right was absolutely necessary, otherwise the colony would become demoralized, and the work frustrated.

The Doctor thought the matter carefully out. "While," he said, "we do not depend for our safety on Snider rifles but on Him who holds us in His hand, it will not do to let these people do as they think fit, for in that case property and life itself would not be secure. It is a difficult question, because the natives require to be dealt with with a firmness which to those at home would seem harsh, and there is always within one's breast a strife between justice and forgiveness. Firmness once shown, however, comes to be expected, and the occasions for adopting it become fewer and fewer. But I have no wish to begin to burn native villages as part of my mission in Africa." What he resolved to do was to adopt native law, to have natives hear the evidence, and to make them award the punishment, reserving to himself the right of veto should this prove cruel or excessive.

The Committee in Scotland had not lost sight of the matter, and about the same time again brought it before the Government and solicited their aid in perfecting the work that had been begun. "We earnestly beg the protection of Government for the Mission. We believe that protection will not be sufficient without the presence

at Livingstonia of an accredited agent of the British Government invested with adequate authority." But Lord Derby could hold out no hope of such an appointment, although he intimated that "the Government would be at all times ready to use whatever influence they might possess" to protect the Mission.

Late one night the Doctor was turning in when some of the Makololo boys appeared with the report that they had discovered some large pieces of stolen cloth in the bag of one Zandea, who had come with Ramo-Ku-Kan's sons. After the other white men had been roused a court of inquiry was held, at which it was decreed that the culprit should be apprehended. Arming themselves, the party proceeded to the hut where he was sleeping. Beside him on his mat lay a long knife belonging to Gunn. He was roused, bound, and led to the dining-hall, where he confessed to the theft and to others. It then came out that he had been guilty of serious crimes in his village, and had escaped by passing himself off as one of the servants sent up to the Cape. With the concurrence of the natives the Doctor decided to send him back to Ramo-Ku-Kan. The prisoner was horrorstruck, for the sentence was one of death. Nothing but a strong sense of duty induced the Doctor to pronounce it, but it was essential for the security and peace of the Station that stealing should be put down.

The *Ilala* was at the time weather-bound on the east side of the peninsula, and the Doctor and Gunn tramped with the prisoner across the plain and over the hills, but were unsuccessful in finding the vessel. They camped in a grass shelter and returned next day. Riddel and Gunn then started to convey Zandea across to another bay, where the steamer was said to be lying. On the way he gave them the slip and disappeared into the bush. Search parties were dispatched in all directions and he was tracked, caught, and brought back. The native residents now clamoured for his death, but to this the Doctor would not agree. A strong chain was fastened round each of his legs, and when it was found that he had nearly released himself, handcuffs made of loop iron bolted together were added. One night, wrenching off a nut with his teeth and breaking the padlocks of the chain, he set himself free.

Before clearing off he raided the various buildings and stole a miscellaneous assortment of articles, including clothes, tools, dishes, and a loaded revolver from the bed of one of the staff. It was the Doctor's custom to make a tour of inspection of the Station every night with a lantern: that night, providentially, he refrained. Zandea slipped down to the beach, pushed a canoe into the Lake,

loaded her up with his spoils, and paddled away into the darkness. At 1 a.m. his absence was discovered, and the alarm given, and a pursuit organized, but without result. Some days later news came from a friendly village beyond the hills that he was there and would be seized and detained. Johnston and Riddel and a party, all well armed, marched to the village and brought him to the Station.

How to secure so expert a criminal was a problem. It was solved by constructing stocks into which his feet were secured, while at night his arms were placed behind his back and a pair of stouter handcuffs fastened on his wrists. Then to Ramo-Ku-Kan a message was sent. "What do you want done in the matter?" Back came the reply, "Send him to me." Well guarded, he was marched to the beach and taken on board the *Ilala*, which conveyed him to what the Doctor thought was his doom. . . . On the river he escaped—handcuffs and all—and gained his freedom.

The fourth problem was caused by the occupation of the coast and lower Zambezi by the Portuguese and their obstructive methods and political ambitions. There was no clear understanding between them and the British Government, and their disposition was to do nothing themselves and to impede others who wished to open up the interior. They levied excessive duties on goods for the Lake, were dilatory in business matters, and, with several honourable exceptions, were not characterized by the highest commercial integrity. The Doctor found this problem a source of continual irritation and trouble.

XXVII. The Land of the Go-Nakeds

Preparations for the journey in search of a new site were going on when an intimation was received that Captain Elton, the British Consul at Mozambique, was on his way up the river with the object of inquiring into slaving operations in the Nyasa region, and then marching from the north end of the Lake to Zanzibar. He was also, at the request of the Foreign Office, to report on Livingstonia, the staff of which were asked to afford him all needed assistance. This news delayed the execution of the plan decided on, and it was proposed to combine the prospecting tour with the conveyance of Captain Elton to the head of the Lake.

The Consul arrived in August, with Messrs. Rhodes, Hoste, Downie, and Cotterill. As he walked to the Station he saw some waggon ruts on the roadway. "Are these wheel marks?" he said. "If they are it is more than we have had at Mozambique

even after two centuries." He was much impressed by the civilized appearance and general neatness of the Station, the number of the whitewashed buildings—fifteen in all—and the busy and contented population of boys in their clean cotton shirts. He inspected the school and gardens and grain-fields. "I am," he said, "charmed with what the Mission has done, for I know the difficulties that have had to be contended against." During his stay the first industrial exhibition was held, the manufactures being straw hats, bags, mats, and pottery, and he presented the prizes to the successful workers.

The Consul's following was a large one and the whole could not be accommodated on the *Ilala* if the Livingstonia party were also to travel in her, and it was therefore arranged that a number should be left at Cape Maclear and that Dr. Laws should return for them in three weeks' time. The steamer sailed on 17th September 1877, the Livingstonia contingent consisting of Dr. Stewart, Dr. Laws, Macfadyen, Simpson, Crooks, and Koyi, with half a dozen of the Station natives. There were altogether twenty-eight souls on board the tiny steamer, besides a large quantity of baggage, calico, and stores, and each night a number had, when practicable, to sleep on shore.[1]

Dr. Laws was in charge of the sailing arrangements and experienced an anxious and difficult time. On the 19th the boiler began to prime and it became necessary to anchor at twilight in Lake Chia, south of Kota Kota. After the shore party had landed the wind freshened from the south. Dr. Stewart had the first watch; Dr. Laws the second. The latter lay down, but feeling restless did not sleep. As the wind developed he rose, got the awning down, and strengthened the fires. Waves were now breaking, the anchors began to drag, and the vessel drifted slowly towards some black rocks to leeward. Then, with a suddenness characteristic of lake storms, the wind increased to hurricane force and the waves dashed over the vessel. Knowing that Hoste was an officer of the Union Steam Packet Company, Laws without hesitation turned over the command of the *Ilala* to him.

Hoste's first order was "Up anchors." Having become entangled amongst the rocks these could not be moved. "Cut the cables!" he cried. The jib-sail was set, full steam was turned on,

[1] There are two detailed accounts of this second circumnavigation of the Lake: one by Dr. Stewart, given to the Royal Geographical Society in March 1879; and the other in the *Lakes and Mountains of Eastern and Central Africa*, by Captain Elton, edited by Mr. Cotterill.

and there ensued a life-and-death struggle. For a few moments the issue was in doubt, but gradually the steam pressure told, and very slowly the *Ilala* drew away from the surf-beaten rocks. As she plunged forward the waves engulfed her, sweeping over the boiler and flooding the stokehold. Simpson became sick and one after another the blacks went under, all lying helpless with the water awash about them. Captain Elton was also violently sick and suffering from cramp. Laws, who had been at the helm, was relieved by Crooks and took Macfadyen's place at the engine, but the smell of the hot oil overcame him, and time and again he was up vomiting over the side of the vessel. Drenched and exhausted though he was, he clung to his post. At one time when a tremendous wave came curling towards the vessel he believed it was the end, and his thoughts sped homewards, but the *Ilala* rose like a duck to the top and glided over. Crooks, at the helm, became so tired that at one time he fell asleep, for which he was sharply reprimanded by Dr. Stewart. "But," says Laws, "after battling with wind and waves for hours the body seems to get worn out and one feels almost as if he did not care what becomes of one. I think drowning must be, after all, an easy death."

It was not till the afternoon of the following day that Kota Kota was reached. Here the shore party rejoined the steamer. The lost anchors were recovered after a search involving five days' delay. Dr. Laws found that the Jumbé whom he had met in 1875 was dead and the present ruler was his brother, a Mohammedan from the coast, with a quiet and thoughtful face. He and the Doctor had an argument about the proclamation of the Sultan of Zanzibar against the slave trade, which Jumbé looked on as a joke.

"The slave trade is good," he said; "it is my only means of making a living."

"You can trade in ivory," the Doctor replied.

Jumbé swept his arm round. "Have *these* people any ivory?"

"Well, we have come as teachers and have a school—if you send any of your boys down to us we shall be glad to teach and train them."

"That I will not do. Look at these."

"These" were three boys who were being taught Arabic.

"What need have they to go? I do not want them to learn English."

The *Ilala* proceeded to Losewa and then to the island of Likomo, with which the Doctor was less favourably impressed than he had

been on the previous occasion. He decided to place it outside the category of possible mission sites. "The west side," he said, "is best for us, and there is a great country behind." Here a misadventure nearly ended the career of the steamer. A heavy sea was running and the anchor dragged, and the Doctor decided to slip it and make for the open. Crooks said he would buoy it, but on his attempting to do so, the line fouled the propeller, and the vessel drifted helplessly, stern foremost, towards the shore. The Doctor rushed the other anchor over, but it failed to grip. Then some of the crew dived overboard and cut away the rope piece by piece, until the screw was free. The vessel was already scraping the sand, but inch by inch it was worked out, though it took two hours to get clear of danger. The Doctor went down with fever as a result of the exposure.

A visit was paid to Kitesi, a Chief on the mainland who, in the presence of his people, promised to be friendly to the English, and offered the use of Likomo if they wished to settle there. Like others of the harassed shore men, what he wanted was protection from the persistent attacks of the Ngoni. Stormy weather obliged the *Ilala* to run straight for Florence Bay at the base of Mount Waller, "a remarkable hill," Captain Elton wrote before reaching it. Its picturesque appearance, so unlike, with its stratified formation and beautiful colour effects, the neighbouring hills, attracted all the party.

Considerable delay was caused here by the illness of Dr. Stewart, who had blackwater fever, and was landed from the tossing *Ilala* and laid in the shade of a tree. Thinking he would not recover he quietly gave Laws instructions regarding his papers. Captain Elton remarked, "Dr. Stewart has a great deal of responsibility about the steamer, of which he, as well as Dr. Laws, should be relieved. It is not legitimate work, and prevents him concentrating his attention and care upon subjects of higher importance." The others had their fill of hunting, the district teeming with elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, crocodiles, hippos, leopards, lions, and hyenas. On a swampy shore farther north an immense herd of elephants was seen—some three hundred in number—sleeping in the grass or wallowing in the water.

The spot at the north end where the river had been detected in 1875 was again sighted, and the *Ilala* approached and anchored off the bar. It was the Rombashi, and, as the Doctor had surmised, it flowed into the Lake. In the dinghy he went in to explore. He found 3 fathoms of water and all the promise of a navigable channel.

This meant a safe harbour on the flat, unhospitable coast, and he returned with a lighter heart. The vessel crossed the bar in 6 feet, and steamed some distance between low banks of grass, to the consternation of the natives, a section of the Kondé tribe, who were seen hastily driving off their cattle. The course dividing, the *Ilala* kept to the broadest arm, but this gradually narrowed until the vessel was sailing through an avenue of still water with the luxuriant vegetation arching overhead.

The natives were with difficulty induced to approach, and when they did ostentatiously exhibited their spears, which had from four to six barbs on the blades. They were " go-nakeds " : nudity was the rule with the men, although some affected a plaintain leaf ; the women wore simply a small bit of bark cloth. Their heads were shaved and painted with red pigment ; many had their faces, bodies, and legs similarly adorned ; the women, with arms and breasts also washed in white, presented a hideous spectacle. They were the most savage and degraded type of African Laws had yet seen, though they seemed a pastoral people and had well-constructed huts. " They are like overgrown children," he wrote, " but with the passions and power of men unchecked by any moral influence." He told them about God and His Book, and the purpose of the Mission, but realized that great caution would have to be observed in dealing with them.

In view of the delay occasioned by the stormy weather Captain Elton decided not to wait on his second batch of men from Livingstonia but to proceed at once. Difficulties in regard to carriers arose, and a considerable quantity of provisions was sent back to the steamer, much to the dismay of Dr. Stewart and Dr. Laws, who foresaw that the lack of them would be felt on the journey. Elton died before reaching the coast, and Cotterill went on to England. The latter had a modest opinion of the efforts he had made to introduce commerce into the Lake region, but he was the pioneer and showed what could be done.

The friendly attitude of the natives changed towards the *Ilala* party : various incidents occurred which told the experienced leaders that a quarrel was being picked, and on one occasion it was necessary for the Doctor to display his revolver and discharge it in order to impress an armed band—a hint that the white man, like the lion, had strong teeth and sharp claws, and that it was best not to provoke him. It was at last deemed prudent to withdraw. Dr. Laws was loth to leave : the country with its background of magnificent hills seemed suited for mission work, and he

wished to explore its possibilities; but he desired before all to avoid hostilities. "We have," he said, "the satisfaction of knowing that we have not made the people our enemies, and that further intercourse with them is not foreclosed by any collision with us. As they get time to think, and the news of our upright dealing reaches them from other tribes, they will be the more ready to welcome us when we return."

On the journey south a minute inspection of the west coast was made and friendly relations cemented with the Chiefs. They all complained of the Ngoni who raided them unceasingly and carried off their cattle and grain, and they asked for war medicine to make their people strong and brave in battle. The Doctor disclaimed possessing any potion to impart courage—that lay in a brave heart. "We will give you cattle and ivory for it," the Chiefs persisted. "But we really haven't any." Nothing would convince them. "You do not want to part with it," they said reproachfully. One old Chief thought he would put the matter to the test. He asked the Doctors to meet him secretly outside a village at the dead of night, and when they came pointed to a young bull, tethered to a tree, and a tusk of ivory on the ground. "I will give you those for your war medicine," he said. Some Ngoni who had forsaken their tribe were discovered, and Dr. Laws asked Koyi to talk with them. They understood him at once. Procuring his New Testament he read the story of the Prodigal Son. The Doctor watched their faces, and saw that they took in the meaning. Koyi spoke of his, and their, old country, and told them how he had been with the English and had learned to love God and read His Book, and was now on the Lake as one of His teachers. They were deeply interested, and said they would endeavour to spread the news to the hills. The Doctor was more than ever convinced of the possibility of evangelizing these people by natives who knew their language.

Dr. Stewart tramped south 100 miles along the coast, and Laws took the *Ilala* to Kota Kota. There he saw a gang of men and women slaves chained neck to neck, but was powerless to release them. When Stewart rejoined the ship they discussed the question of the new site, and agreed that the most likely spot would be found somewhere in the middle section between Kota Kota and Mankambira's, but that a further examination would be necessary during the ensuing dry season. They then headed the steamer for Livingstonia.

There the prolonged absence of the *Ilala* had created intense anxiety. The three weeks had lengthened into six, and Riddel

speculated endlessly as to the causes that might have detained her. His stores were almost ended ; and at last he took one of the small boats and made his way to the Shiré, and thence to Blantyre. There he consulted James Stewart, who heard his story with dismay, and taking Walter, one of the Blantyre staff, hastened to Livingstonia, which he reached after five days' sailing. No word had arrived of the *Ilala*. Fitting out the *Herga* he started northwards, with Walter and Ross, on a quest for the missing steamer. It was a laborious and difficult task. Gales obstructed them repeatedly, and they had to take refuge amongst the reeds and swamps. One day a number of the crew who had been foraging for food along the shore came back with the tidings that the *Ilala* had been seen to pass south. Stewart, after verifying the report, turned homewards, but the gale was too strong and he had to run the boat ashore. "They will come back in search of us," he said confidently, and kept an eye on the Lake. By and by the *Ilala* came in sight, and guns were fired to attract attention. Laws, who was also on the look-out, heard the signal and saw the figures, and in a short time was welcoming Stewart on board.

Riddel had thought it his duty to intimate the non-appearance of the steamer to the authorities in Scotland, and a thrill of apprehension ran through the country. The Doctor's father, however, never lost faith that all was well with his son.

XXVIII. A New Year Dinner

Business matters at Lovedale required the presence of Dr. Stewart, and committing Livingstonia to the charge of Dr. Laws with the words, "God has brought you here ; you are doing His work ; keep at it," he left in December 1877, with the intention of returning in a few months. "I find it hard," wrote the Doctor, "to lift up the public burden laid upon me. I like obscurity and quiet." But with two years' experience behind him he faced the future with more confidence. To relieve Mr. James Stewart he proceeded at once to Blantyre. He had been suffering from fever and insomnia, but the change to the cool uplands worked magic. The Blantyre climate he loved : its clear spring-like days, its nights of wonderful beauty, the calm and peace that seemed always to brood upon the scene, both rested and exhilarated him.

Mr. Stewart had worked a transformation : he had laid out the Station in the form of a square ; buildings were rapidly going up, some terraces for gardens were being constructed, and regular

mission work had begun. On behalf of the Livingstonia Mission he had also projected a road from Ramo-Ku-Kan's to Matopé on the Upper Shiré, which was to pass through Blantyre and reduce the difficult 70-mile journey along the cataracts by one-half. The first idea was to make the track wide enough to enable a small hand-cart to pass, and thus allow three men to do the work of six, but on hearing of the undertaking the Church of Scotland joined in and bore half the cost, whereupon the breadth was increased to 10 feet. It rose 3000 feet in 10 miles, and in some places had a gradient of 1 in 6.

Dr. Laws carried on Stewart's work, but he made Dr. Macklin, "a fine bright, cheery young fellow," do as much as possible in order to train him for the management of the Station. "I can never forget," Macklin wrote to him later, "the kind brotherly way in which you drew me out of my shell and infused into me, by example as well as by precept, a fresh desire to go on with, and try to carry out, the work. Since I have lived with you new thoughts and stronger desires have sprung up within my breast concerning the good and glorious work that lies at my hands."

The Doctor also took part, along with Mr. Buchanan, one of the ablest of the staff, in laying out the new road, a task which gave him an experience that proved useful in after years. On Christmas Day he had a narrow escape from a leopard, and on New Year's Eve returned, fevered, to the Station. The New Year dinner was not a success. For the first time in Central Africa a Scottish haggis was cooked and dished up. The Doctor was very ill, and half an hour elapsed ere he could drag himself to the table. That half-hour was fatal to the haggis. Plum-pudding, followed by cheese and biscuits, from which the weevils had to be shaken, also appeared, but the Doctor was forced to retire, followed by the others, who were all in like case.

It was proposed to plant avenues of aromatic blue gums and other trees along the new road through the Station, and one day the Doctor said to Macklin, "Let us start our avenue by planting a couple of orange trees."

"Not to-day; it is too dry and the plants will be killed."

"I have a special reason for doing it to-day," the Doctor said.

"What is it?"

"A birthday."

"Oh, all right. Let us get the spades. But we might also mark the event with a dinner."

"What event?"

"Your birthday."

"I did not say it was *my* birthday."

Dr. Macklin whistled and looked inquiringly.

"I see," he remarked at last. "A lady! The spades! The spades at once!"

He threw off his coat and hurried out, the Doctor following, laughing. The precious plants were brought from the little nursery, holes were dug, and one was planted on each side of the roadway; and so the famous Blantyre avenue was begun.

Despite turns of fever the joy of living and working at Blantyre was such that when Mr. Stewart came to relieve him the Doctor faced the journey with some reluctance. When near Mponda's he was surprised to see Miller on the bank with some of the Livingstonia natives. They signalled to him. "It cannot be provisions," he thought. "I left them three months' supply. Some one must be dead."

"What has happened?" he cried.

"Thelwall shot himself by accident."

"When?"

"Sunday week."

Thelwall was the Roman Catholic artist who had come with the reinforcements and had made his headquarters at Livingstonia. While on a journey he had gone out with some villagers to shoot baboons that had been plundering their gardens. Firing at one on a hill he wounded it and it fell. Reloading, he advanced to dispatch it, but to save another shot he grasped the muzzle of the gun and hit the beast over the head with the butt end. The shock released the hammer and he was shot through the body. "I am dying," he said to his men; "go to Dr. Laws and he will see you sent home." He succumbed some hours afterwards.

The headman, who was subject to Mponda, would not allow the body to be buried in the village. It was placed in a canoe and conveyed in a storm to Mponda's. Mponda saw his opportunity; he would give no order for its burial until the gunpowder and wine were delivered to him. This the men declined to do. "Dr. Laws will settle that," they pleaded. Mponda was firm. Decomposition setting in, the point had to be conceded, and by a circuitous route the body was taken to a solitary spot behind the village and buried under a baobob tree. Dr. Laws went to see the grave and found a Union Jack flying from a branch overhead. He took it down.

"Mponda will use that in his next war-raid," he said.

Miller, who had come to take an inventory of the effects, reported that he had met a slave gang of thirty-eight men and women with the forks on, and had found a little child which had been torn from its mother and thrown away.

Not long afterwards the Doctor was back at Blantyre with Johnston, who was on his way home. They had been much to each other during these first trying years, and the parting was difficult. Walking down the road a little they both knelt, and the Doctor committed his friend to the care and guidance of God.

On these journeys up and down the river he had frequent encounters with lions. Once he saw eight hunting a waterbuck. He fired at one and all scampered off across the plain, presenting a wonderful picture of graceful strength, agility, and freedom. On another occasion, while on the foremast of the *Ilala* scanning the banks of the river in the interests of the pot, he caught sight of one and fired; the animal was confused and hesitated, not knowing where the peril lay, and the momentary pause gave Stewart and Riddel time to shoot. The lion fell, but struggled up and made for the shelter of the reeds. Again the Doctor fired, and this time the shot took effect.

One of the questions which the Doctor was now considering was his relation to the Free Church. The Committee wished to take him over as one of their permanent agents with all the rights of seniority. The United Presbyterian Board was loth to let him go, and he, himself, objected. He was then asked to join the Free Church under the Mutual Elegibility Act, but he could not bring himself to lessen his tie with the Church of his youth; and for a time the matter rested there.

XXIX. Man-of-War Discipline

Stealing at Blantyre and Livingstonia and on the river was a serious problem. On his way to the coast Dr. Stewart had written to Laws: "This thieving must be brought to an end or it will end us." James Stewart at Blantyre was a frequent victim; and when his box of best clothing was purloined he determined that when a delinquent was caught he would be severely punished as a lesson to others.

Early one morning in February 1878, Mapas, the Lovedale carpenter, then at Blantyre, was lying awake when he saw a shadow at the window. An arm was thrust in and he made a dash for it but missed, and the figure glided off. He seized a rifle and gave

chase in his night attire, and calling the headman both followed the trail of the fugitive through the tall wet grass and made up on him 8 miles from the Station. He proved to be a subject of Ramo-Ku-Kan and admitted his guilt. The Station natives insisted that he should be punished; the penalty under native law, they declared, was death. Stewart would not agree to this. "Ha!" said the natives, "the English talk plenty but they don't punish."

Stewart was still a voluntary worker and not under the official direction of either the Free Church or the Church of Scotland. The Blantyre missionaries had not been given any instructions regarding their dealings with the natives such as the Livingstonia staff had received; they were free to use their judgment according to the necessities of the situation; whilst Stewart had definite orders from Dr. MacRae, the Convener of the Church of Scotland Committee, though apparently not from the Committee itself, to exercise civil jurisdiction. What he did in this case was to sentence the man to eight dozen lashes and six weeks in the stocks. One of the Livingstonia artisans, Ross, was at Blantyre at the time, and asked to be excused his turn in inflicting the strokes.

Shortly after this the Doctor proceeded to Blantyre to hand over the Station, now well established, to the Rev. Duff Macdonald, who had come out to take charge. On this occasion he took with him Sam and Tom, who were returning to Cape Town. Both had proved useful members of the native staff, and had done their humble part in founding the Mission. But the Doctor was now out of linguistic leading-strings and their services were no longer required, and it was thought best that they should rejoin their wives in Cape Colony.

Mrs. Macdonald had accompanied her husband, the first white lady to reach the Shiré Highlands. The Doctor's quick eye noticed the improvement which her presence made in the home. "I could not have thought it possible," he said, "that a few vases of flowers would have made such a difference!" She was a good musician, and at night when she played and sang the natives crowded round the doors to listen.

Intimating the withdrawal of the Livingstonia staff from the Mission, the Doctor wrote to Dr. MacRae:

"In the providence of God the two missions have been brought into very close relationship in the past, and I trust there will ever subsist between their various members that mutual goodwill and hearty co-operation which is of the utmost importance to them both in the peculiar circumstances of the land in which we are placed.

There is a splendid field for work, the importance of which I do not think can be overestimated."

Although no crime had occurred at Cape Maclear sufficiently serious to warrant the infliction of a drastic penalty, the possibility of having to face such a contingency haunted the Doctor, and he wrote to Dr. Stewart asking for instructions, requesting him also to bring the matter before the Home Committee, as it might mean even a question of life and death for the culprit. He thought the responsibility for such a course should rest upon them and not on the missionaries. No reply coming to this letter he wrote direct to Dr. Main, the convener of the Free Church Foreign Mission Committee, a few months later, but again no attention was paid to his representation. So far as he had formulated his own policy it was this :

1. Regarding natives not under the control of the Mission he entirely objected to flogging or any punishment whatever being inflicted.
2. Regarding natives under the control of the Mission flogging should only be resorted to as an extreme measure for flagrant offences.

He set down Deuteronomy xxv. 3 as the limit of procedure in the matter.

In May a case occurred which brought the matter to an issue. Amongst the scholars were a number of schoolgirls, the care of whom gave the Doctor much anxiety. Women occupied a low social position in the country, and even within the precincts of the Station these girls were not safe. They were more intelligent and attractive than others in the villages, and were eyed avidly by every evil-minded man who saw them. One, of light complexion and pleasing appearance, being fatherless, was considered fit prey for anyone lawless enough to carry her off. This was done by a polygamist, who built a hut and took her there. The Doctor was angry with a terrible anger, such anger as Christ must have exhibited for those who wronged children—"it were better that a millstone were hanged about their neck, and that they were drowned in the depths of the sea." He went and rescued the girl and burnt the hut, and marched the man as a prisoner to the Station. The idea that the latter should have asked for the girl as a wife would, the Doctor knew, be laughed at in Scotland, but it was native law. All the people at the Station and neighbouring villages condemned the action, declaring also that the girl was too young to be taken. The Doctor's purpose was to raise, if he could, the native estimate

of woman's virtue and to make it known that no one could with impunity hurt a child committed to his care.

Placing the man in the stocks he went to Namkamba, a big, intelligent man with a look of power, who was the superior of the various headmen in the district, and explained what he had done.

"My object," he said, "is to protect the children in our care and to uphold and protect womanly purity, for that is what our religion enjoins. Anyone who touches one of the children touches me. If you or any other Chief send your children to school I am bound to protect them."

The Chief heartily agreed and expressed pleasure that the English desired to keep matters right according to African law. "I try to have none of this kind of thing in my village," he remarked.

"I want you to sentence this man then," the Doctor said.

"But he is not a subject of mine. I cannot deal with him."

"What would you do if you had a similar case?"

"I would tie him up . . . and then make him a slave."

"The English do not keep slaves, and besides we do not want him about the Station."

"Find out who his Chief is."

With much difficulty he was discovered, and the Doctor asked him to take up the case, which he did in concert with several other headmen. Their verdict was "Guilty." "We wish you to sentence him," they said to the Doctor, who refused. "You are the judges and you must award the punishment." One proposed thirty lashes, another twenty; the other four thought ten would be sufficient.

"You must agree on a common number," said the Doctor, and they decided on twenty. Then he invited all the men who had come from the village—for the case had been noised abroad—into the schoolroom, and related the circumstances, and all agreed with the judgment and approved the sentence. The lash was the last instrument with which the Doctor desired to be associated; "but," he said, "'animal offences' are perhaps best treated by 'animal punishment,' and it is my duty and has to be done." Koyi, who was very fond of children, and whose wrath had been roused by the case, said, "I hope you will allow me to give him two dozen."

The prisoner was taken out, and in the presence of his judges and a crowd of men the strokes were inflicted with a strip of hide, the Doctor standing by, hating the whole business but hardening his heart by thinking of the dishonoured girl and the need for safeguarding the others.

When thirteen lashes had been given he stepped forward. "Enough," he said. The punishment had been sufficient to impress the natives and show them that crime would not go unregarded. Applying ointment to the man's back he kept him in the Station, and discharged him, perfectly whole, next day.

In the ordinary course he reported the circumstance to Dr. Stewart, who was still his superior. "I hope," he wrote, "I may never have the same duty to perform again." Nor had he. It was the only case he personally had anything to do with and the only one he ever saw. Not long afterwards a man was accused of having sold one of the children who went to the school. The Doctor left the case entirely in the hands of the native jury of headmen, who sentenced the culprit to be flogged and deported. At the request of the Doctor the flogging was omitted and the man was ordered to be sent to Mpemba; but digging away the clay under the door of his prison, he escaped.

The majority of the complaints brought to the Doctor were of a minor character—cursing cases, quarrellings, domestic offences, and so on: sometimes he would be roused in the middle of the night by women seeking protection from their husbands; as a rule these were the result of the parties drinking moa or beer. The usual punishment was a fine paid in mapira or other foodstuff.

Although he allowed the natives to adjudicate the cases he often took the law into his own hands, and some of his dealings with offenders were not unaccompanied by a grim, even grotesque, humour. To cure boy scholars when they appeared the worse of beer he gave each a dose of mustard and water in presence of the school. Two despairing husbands one day brought their wives, who could not refrain from squabbling: one in her fury had bitten the other's fingers. After patiently hearing the different versions the Doctor procured some sticking-plaster from the dispensary. The one with the injured finger had it bound up and a strip of plaster fastened across her lips; the mouth of the other, being the fouler, was sealed with two strips. Both were dispatched to their homes under the escort of Riddel and Koyi, with orders that they were to return at sundown to have the strips taken off. The husbands, exploding with laughter, departed in huge enjoyment of the white man's effective cure for bridling long tongues.

The Doctor's mode of summoning delinquents was to send them an impression of a seal which he had obtained on a hint from Waller that it would be wise to close securely all letters passing through

Portuguese hands. He used red wax, which the natives imagined to be solidified blood, and they never disobeyed the order. On the seal were the words, "The Regions Beyond—I'll try." He was afterwards given the present of a signet ring with the same design, and this he used instead.

XXX. Word Nuggets

The Doctor felt the fascination of being constantly on the move; he would have liked to follow Dr. Livingstone's example, and always be marching forward into new scenes. There was nothing that he enjoyed more than sailing on the river, or along the Lake shore, camping at night on the land, sitting talking to the natives round a blazing fire, and speaking to them of the love of God and Christ. But he realized that this was not now what was most needed. What was going to redeem Africa was the organization of regular work: the slow, steady, building up of character, the continuous pressure of moral and spiritual forces. It was a harder service and not so attractive, but it was in the line of duty, which was sufficient for him.

He never relaxed his efforts on the Station even although he knew what he was doing would have to be done all over again at a new site. The place continued to present a scene of cheerful activity. There was now a community of some hundreds, every member of which had been tested by a period of residence before being allowed to settle. Mlolo, tried and proved by years of service, had been appointed capitao, and was the Doctor's right-hand man. But for the drought the gardens and fields would have shown a fine display of crops. The wheat was a failure, but there were acres of rice, ground-nuts, castor-oil beans, ginger, cabbages, tomatoes, cape gooseberries, chillies, pine-apples, and water-melons. Sixty gallons of oil were extracted from the ground-nuts. Apricot, peach, and banana trees there were in abundance, with fruit of good quality, while 150 healthy orange and 140 lemon plants, 34 cocoa-nut palms, many date palms, and over 300 healthy young blue gums testified to the skill and care of the missionaries. Tea was tried, but would not grow in the sandy soil.

The lost wheat crop did not affect the economy of the Station to any degree. While in the first year not a basket of grain could be procured from the natives, now in a single day more than a ton of grain and three-quarters of a ton of sweet potatoes would be brought for sale. "Thinking ahead," the Doctor bought up large

quantities so that he would not be at the mercy of sellers when a drought came. Flowers were also being experimented with, and it was a delight when from a rose-plant two red roses were obtained, the first grown in the Nyasa district.

Progress was being made in the industrial department, the boys turning out more difficult work, such as school furniture, doors, and shelving. For the girls the Doctor started a sewing class, and they also took a share in preparing the grain. Before the outdoor workers started in the afternoon he held a meeting with them and gave them descriptions of the outer world and its arts and manufactures. The new buildings were now being made of sun-dried bricks. The school, composed of boarders and day scholars, had a roll of sixty-five, but the average attendance was only about forty : the children had not yet learned regular habits. For two hours daily the pupils were employed in manual labour.

Confidence in the medical skill of the Doctor was growing : the relief from suffering received was, he believed, giving the Mission a place in the hearts of the people which would prove its greatest security and safety. His practice ranged from extracting teeth to the performance of serious operations. The natives could not yet comprehend the miracle of chloroform ; they spoke of it as "dying," and would crowd round the building and stand in open-mouthed wonder at the Doctor calmly cutting away at a man's body while his assistants mopped up the blood. He was teaching a boy to help him in dressing sores and other simple duties. "I hope to be able to train him to dispensary work. Of this I am convinced, that on native agency we must rely for everything in the future, and therefore the sooner we get them trained to the work the better."

The health of the European staff had improved, the Doctor attributing the fact chiefly to the frequent changes he arranged for them to the cool and bracing atmosphere of Blantyre. "We do not look on fever as such a terrible thing as some people at home imagine it is," he wrote. "We have good cause to know that it can be deadly enough, yet we do not think of it with dread, but go quietly on with our work."

Direct evangelistic work was constantly going on, but the great day was Sunday. Two native services were held, the second being of the nature of a Sunday school, at which the Doctor catechized the members regarding the earlier address. Attendances varied from 120 to 300, the smaller number occurring when the people were compelled to remain in their gardens to chase off the baboons.

For the children there was a Sunday school in the afternoon, and for the Europeans a service at night. What the effect of the teaching on the native mind was, the Doctor found it difficult to gauge. They seemed easily to forget what they heard, but it was significant that those who retained most were the men of character and worth in the community. One of these had a model home, conducted family worship, and asked a blessing at meals. Two were talking about some misdemeanour that had been committed. "When the Azungu are so clever and have so many things," said one, "how is it that they have no medicine to make people do what is right?" "They have," replied the other. "What is it?" "God's Book."

Feeling that he was now justified in extending the work, the Doctor one Sunday had a boat launched, gathered a volunteer crew, and, with Koyi, was paddled round to the nearest village, where Mpango was Chief. Gathering the people, many of whom were drunk, he held a service, the women peering round corners and through fences or calmly pounding their grain. This was the beginning of the itinerating work which came to bulk so largely in the activities of the Mission.

The other Chief, Namkamba, whom the Doctor had met before, was an extremely superstitious man. During the drought he sent a goat to the Doctor, with an urgent message for blue calico.

"Why blue? I have none."

"The Chief is making an offering and a sacrifice for rain, and the girl who is the priestess must be clothed in blue."

"Well, there is striped calico, and tell him that an offering to his unknown god will not bring rain. Prayer is the only power that matters, and the true God hears true prayer."

The Doctor went to see him again and showed him a small self-winding measuring tape. Unrolling it he pressed the spring and the tape disappeared. The Chief was puzzled; to him it was magic. He tried to wind it and failed. The Doctor then took hold of his finger and placed it on the spring. The mystery was solved, to the Chief's delight.

Following up his advantage the Doctor said, "I am glad you believe in a god of a sort. Our object here is to teach you about the true One. Would you like us to come and speak?"

A cordial consent was given and services were begun. After a time the Doctor appealed to the Chief to send the children to school. "Wait a little," the latter said. "A short time ago the children fled from you in horror; now they ask when you are coming; soon

they will look upon you as friends and wish to go with you. Just now they would be afraid."

The Doctor's regular hours of duty at this time were from 5.30 a.m. to 10 or 11 p.m., and he had little spare time for study. But he secured an hour in the early morning to go on with his translation work. He had now completed a considerable portion of Mark in Chinyanja. It was a difficult task, for, as he often frankly acknowledged, he was no linguist, and the language was poor in abstract ideas or terms which had a reference to civilized life. "I do not call this a translation," he said, "but it may be the first rough outline, which, disappearing, shall in better fitted hands be transformed to a living account of the life and work of our blessed Lord." A dictionary also was well under way, and at this he toiled with the most patient, methodical thoroughness. He often wished that he possessed the power of versification in order to translate some hymns, but when he essayed the task he found that the genius of native poetry and music expressed itself in the form of chanting. Endeavouring to translate the 23rd Psalm in this manner, he stuck at the word "shepherd." The only native equivalent he could obtain was, "A man who feeds sheep." Convinced that there must be a single word for it he waited and listened for months. One night he heard a lad telling his companions about a picture of David as a herd-boy which he had seen. "Mbusa," he said: that was the word, and the chant was completed. In a similar way he hunted for other words, and each new find was to him like a nugget of gold. It was ten years ere he found the term for "colour." Riddel was the first to write out some hymns, which the children went about singing to their heart's content. To the staff, however, mental work was not very attractive after their day's toil. Even a prize of £5 offered by the Doctor for the best essay on "How to advance Christianity and Civilization in the Nyasa District" failed to bring in more than one contribution, and that a poor one.

An event of much interest was the first marriage according to the Christian fashion, the bridegroom being Gulinga, a stoker of the *Ilala*, a fine, well-mannered fellow, and the bride a somewhat surly girl who had taken refuge at the Station. The ceremony took place in the dining-hall, and the Doctor put on his best clothes and his best tie for the occasion. He spoke to the couple and to the crowd who listened regarding the significance of the ceremony and the value of family worship. "I never," he said, "felt more impressed with the solemnity of the marriage bond as at this simple

ceremony." Gifts were made to the pair, such gifts as made them rich, and so affected the onlookers that others began to plan immediate weddings. One did go off at once in the quest for a wife, but failed. From that time onwards such unions became common. The Doctor did not restrict the ceremony to Christians : any single man and woman, desirous to live as monogamists, after due instruction and pledging themselves to maintain the simple relation, were married after the same manner.

XXXI. The Beginning of Trade

In Scotland the movements of the pioneers were being followed with deep interest : there was the glamour of a great romance about the work, and the reports and letters appearing in the magazines of the churches and in the newspapers were eagerly read. No difficulty was experienced in maintaining the funds, committees in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen having been formed, while many United Presbyterians subscribed in view of the connection of Dr. Laws with the work. The success of the enterprise had been noised throughout Europe, and there was much talk in commercial circles of exploration schemes, railways and roads, and trading concerns.

Livingstonia had opened up inland Africa to the world.

The Mission was fortunate in the Committee which managed its affairs. The original Livingstonia Committee in Glasgow had been found to be too unwieldy and a smaller body came into existence, composed of a number of men, not members of the Free Church, nominated by the parent Committee, and a number nominated by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church. This was called the Livingstonia Sub-Committee, and its proceedings were reported to the Foreign Mission Committee. Most of the members were well-known citizens of Glasgow accustomed to the management of large business organizations, keen, level-headed, large-hearted men who brought intelligence, sympathy, and personal energy to bear upon the work and its problems. Dr. Laws states that had he not been backed up so loyally and so royally by the Committee at home in the early days the Mission would not have been so successful as it was.

The Convener was Mr. James Stevenson, the Glasgow merchant prince, who was interested not only in Livingstonia but in the general development of Africa ; and it was largely to his influence, supervision, and liberality that so much progress was made. He had

an intimate knowledge of conditions in Africa and this made him sympathetic with the missionaries. "We sit here at home," he would say, "talking of big plans without having the labour, the exposure, the danger, the deprivation which they have in carrying them out." Of Dr. Laws he had a high opinion—"A special providence," he said, "has sent him to Africa."

"Big plans" he was constantly turning over in his mind, all directed to the opening up of Africa to civilization and Christianity. The obstructive tactics of the Portuguese below the junction of the Shiré and Zambezi directed his attention to the possibility of access to the Lake by a northern route. The mere suggestion alarmed the Portuguese, and transit charges were lowered. When he heard of the road being constructed from Ramo-Ku-Kan's to Matopé, *via* Blantyre, he grasped the importance of it and suggested that a shallow-draught steamer should be obtained to ply on the Shiré and Zambezi to complete the easy and rapid communication between the Lake and the coast. This the Committee agreed to, but it was felt that such a matter was connected with the development of trade, which the Mission could not undertake, and the hope was expressed that a company would be formed to take such functions out of the hands of the Committee and the missionaries.

The result was an offer by two young men, John W. Moir and his brother, Fred L. M. Moir—sons of a well-known Edinburgh doctor—to undertake the work. They had been out in East Africa engaged on a road from Dar-es-Salaam to Lake Tanganyika and knew something of tropical life. Through the efforts of Mr. Stevenson the Livingstonia Central Africa Company Ltd. was incorporated in June 1878, with the object of developing the trade and resources of Central Africa and introducing legitimate traffic amongst the natives, an arrangement being made by which they would work hand in hand with the Mission and promote its aims. The two Moirs, who were shareholders, were appointed managers, and reached Quilimane in September with a vessel, the *Lady Nyasa*, in sections, and a large quantity of Manchester goods to barter for ivory, rubber, and other produce. The *Ilala* was retained by the Mission but was to be used, under certain conditions, by the Company.

Poring over the map of Africa, the blank spaces of which were now beginning to be filled up, Stevenson planned further schemes. The London Missionary Society had begun operations on Lake Tanganyika, and finding the land journey from the coast inconvenient they proposed opening communication *via* Lake Nyasa. Stevenson's idea was that the two lakes should be connected by a

Mrs. Laws

Miss A. Nyasa Laws

Typical Ngoni Girls

A Living Fence: Seventeen Languages are represented here

road, and that the Livingstonia Mission should establish a station at some strategic point at the north end and on the route across the hills, and so link up the stations of the various mission agencies. The Trading Company could then transport the steamer, which the L.M.S. thought of obtaining, by the Zambezi and Nyasa route. Such a road he resolved to finance.

When the Moirs arrived up-river, Laws was much impressed by their ability and character. "Fine young fellows and true Christians," he wrote, and then, with his usual insight and foresight, "They will be of the greatest service in our work, and be a boon to the country," a prophecy which they literally fulfilled. In their dual capacity, at first, of missionaries and traders, they gave invaluable aid to the Doctor. Both were intrepid explorers, penetrating far west of Nyasa, and Fred became one of the greatest and most successful elephant hunters in Africa.

Their headquarters were on a pleasant eminence about a mile from Blantyre Mission Station, where they established a fort and stores. John wore spectacles, in which the natives saw themselves reflected, and, as was their habit, they seized on this distinctive feature, applied their word for things they saw reflected in water—"Mandala"—to himself, and then to the stores; to-day there is no more familiar word on the lips of the people throughout Central Africa. Fred's name was equally as appropriate: it was "Che Ndebvu"—Mr. Big Beard.

XXXII. A Critical Poison Test

Preparations for the next exploring expedition were being made by the Doctor with a thoroughness which left nothing to chance. He was determined that the results should be more complete than any yet achieved; he meant not only to examine the conditions along the western littoral, but to push into the highland plateau behind, and visit the Ngoni Chiefs in their strongholds. Upon the success of his plans would depend the future of the Mission and probably the political fate of the country.

For a time he cautiously felt his way, making advances to various Chiefs, and endeavouring to establish amicable relations with them. Very welcome was a message from the Mission's old enemy, Mpemba, who sent a tusk and a sheep, and said he now desired to be friends with the English. But Mpemba was at variance with Jumbé, and it was necessary to see the latter and ensure his good offices.

Jumbé received the Doctor surrounded by his Swahili councillors. They spoke of Captain Elton's death.

"Who is to be my friend now?" he asked.

"I will be, in all that is right," said the Doctor.

"That is well."

"I am going inland on a journey," the Doctor intimated, "and want you to store some goods for me."

"They shall be put in my house and be safe."

"It is a supply of provisions and barter goods that I wish to have in case I need them."

"Put them here," said Jumbé, showing a room in which were piled up thirty tusks of ivory. "I need cloth," he went on; "buy one of these."

The Doctor demurred: the Mission did not deal in ivory. Jumbé pressed him, and thinking that it would be advisable in the circumstances, the Doctor bought, on behalf of the Mission, one weighing 23 lb., for which he paid 187 yards of calico.

"One of my men," remarked Jumbé, "has just come in from the interior with 2000 lb. of ivory."

Not wishing to deprive the Station of the *Ilala*, the Doctor decided to utilize her as little as possible. Three depôts of provisions were, therefore, established, with one as a reserve. A frequent letter service was also arranged in order that no anxiety might be felt in case of undue delay. To test the efficiency of the camping arrangements, the Doctor and Stewart lived in the tent, which they were to share between them, for some days previous to starting, exactly as if they had been on the march. Koyi had the use of another, in which also the goods were to be housed as a precaution against theft. Two guiding principles the Doctor laid down: to proceed slowly and methodically; and to travel as comfortably as possible to ensure good health—wise rules which, if they had been more generally adopted in African journeys, would have saved many lives.

The party consisted of the Doctor, Mr. Stewart, Wm. Koyi, Fred, Mlolo the headman, eight armed natives as a guard, and thirty-eight carriers, representing altogether five different languages. Gunn was left in charge of the Station, with Riddel to conduct the school. Mlolo had a special reason for wishing to be one of the number; he cherished the hope of finding trace of his daughter, who had been captured by the Ngoni.

The Doctor's first objective was the headquarters of Chikusi, the Chief of Southern Ngoniland, amongst those western mountains

which he had so often regarded with interest from his retreat on the hillside. Leaving Cape Maclear on 12th August 1879, a landing was effected that night on the coast, 15 miles to the south-west of Livingstonia. All next day the party marched across a hot, parched, and deserted plain, the baked blue clay soil of which was imprinted with multitudinous tracks of elephants and hippos. Towards the low foot-hills the land became more fertile, and supported a large population of the original Nyanja, who had become subjects of the Ngoni and aped their manners and customs.

As they passed into the hill country the native track grew steeper until it became a stair, and then a ladder, and they had to climb up with the aid of tree roots and rocks. Emerging from the haze and oppressive heat they entered a clear bracing atmosphere, where at night they suffered from cold. As Ngoni with shields and spears crossed their path, indicating the proximity of villages, the tents were pitched side by side and the fires of the carriers made up a few yards away, whilst guards of men with rifles and fixed bayonets kept watch throughout the night. Continuing over a desolate country they saw, at an altitude of 5000 feet, a magnificent panorama of scenery; to the north and west the undulating tableland of Ngoniland, broken by granitic peaks, spread as far as the eye could see, and on the east and stretching north and south was the shining sheet of Nyasa with its bordering plains; southwards was the promontory of Cape Maclear, with the Mission Station and beautiful bay easily discernible; and, beyond, the massive peaks of the Shiré Highlands.

Amazed at the temerity of the strangers, and afraid to take the responsibility of helping them, the people they came across refused to supply guides, but the village of the Chief was ultimately found, situated in open country with a view all round of from 15 to 20 miles. The land, which was 4700 feet above sea-level, had been denuded of its trees, and the soil seemed poor, but there was abundance of cattle. The population, estimated by the Doctor at about 20,000, was wild in the extreme; all the men carried clubs, spears, and shields. For dress they wore only a bunch of feathers or a small skin, with rings of hide on their legs and arms. The younger, lithe and active, moved about in the clear cool air with the spring and agility of cats. As for the women, their sole attire consisted of a piece of bark cloth, some having also a sheep or goat skin thrown over their shoulders.

Two men were sent forward to the Chief to ask for a camping-place. No response being made, and the darkness falling, the

party entered the village, a circle of wretched huts, and rested beside the cattle kraal, the carriers huddling together in silence with strained, alert faces. The air was charged with tension and terror. Chikusi refused to appear, but had a surreptitious look at the visitors. One of his councillors at last came forward, and Fred spoke to him, but was not understood. Koyi then tried him with Zulu, and his face lighted up with interest. He was then informed that the white man had come in peace. They were shown a spot on which to pitch their tents, and the two leaders were glad to take refuge from the cold beneath their blankets. The thermometer registered 44° Fah. during the night. Next day the Chief was still afraid, and would not appear. Palavers went on with the councillors, all old, grey-haired men, with keen, intelligent, and resolute faces, who would not believe that the visitors had come in a friendly spirit.

"Show your goodwill," they said, "by sending a gift to the Chief."

"It is our English custom," was the reply, "to give the present to the Chief himself."

"You want to bewitch him! You must go away and take all your evil spirits with you."

Koyi endeavoured to explain their mission. "We welcome *you* as one of ourselves," they said, "but you are their slave, or else why are you with them?"

He told them the story of his life, of his wild boyhood, his stay at Lovedale, and his object in coming to Nyasa. So deeply interested were they that he had to repeat the narrative over and over again. He told the Doctor that these men were able to use all the Zulu clicks. It was probably the talk about Koyi that brought out the mother of Chikusi; she was accompanied by his sister, a woman of light colour with bright, intelligent face, and adorned with brass rings and bracelets of wire. They were each given a dress. Koyi found favour in their eyes, and they wished him to settle with the tribe. Whilst this talk was going on a message arrived that the visitors were to shift their tent to a hollow outside the village in the direction opposite to the route by which they proposed leaving. This looked suspicious, and they sat tight.

"Why did you not move?" they were asked next morning.

"Why did you ask us to move?" countered Koyi. "It did not show a friendly spirit."

"It is you who are not friendly; you have a double purpose in coming here."

"I am willing," replied Koyi, "to stand in the white man's place, and if anything wrong happens you can cut off my head."

Still they were not satisfied; behind the scenes a secret ceremony was taking place. To test whether there was any evil object in the visit the ordeal of poison was administered to a man. He vomited the mixture, which was, so far, satisfactory; it was next administered to a dog, which also rejected it; and then to a fowl, which did the same. There was peace, therefore, in the hearts of the white men. In a sense this weird African rite influenced the future of Ngoniland. Large parties of armed men had been quietly gathering in the village, and had the verdict been different the party, it was believed, would have been massacred and the Livingstonia Mission wiped out of existence.

At last came the intimation that the Chief would be satisfied if the customary gift was sent, and Koyi advising compliance, the Doctor agreed. One of the headmen was appointed Chief for the moment, and some calico, shirts, beads, knives, trinkets, and other articles to the value of £4 were handed over to him. In this odd fashion the compact of friendship was sealed.

That night the Doctor noticed lights moving about some of the distant villages; on asking the meaning of it, he was told that the people were out with torches hunting rats and mice to eat with their porridge.

On Sunday the Doctor worked at his translation of Mark's Gospel, and in the evening gathered as many of the people as he could round the camp fire and told them the story of the Prodigal Son. One headman was much impressed by the recital, and expressed his approval of the father's attitude of love and forgiveness by snapping his fingers and an occasional "yebo" of assent.

Next day came the State visit. Chikusi, a tall, excessively corpulent, sensual-looking man, with a perfectly emotionless face, took his place on an ant-hill; he wore a blue robe thrown loosely about him; round his ankles were some brass rings, and he carried a staff. The white men were directed to sit on stools some distance away, and the councillors ranged themselves closely round the Chief in order to intercept any evil influence that might emanate from them.

Not a word came from Chikusi; speaking was left to one of the headmen.

"We have come," said the Doctor, "on a friendly visit. We are all the children of the same Father. We are white, but we are men like you; if we cut ourselves we bleed; if we walk we get tired

and need rest ; if we hunger we have to eat. God is our Father—yours and ours. From Him we bring a Book with a message to all His people. He desires all to live at peace with each other. We are men of the Book, have been living on the Lake for years, and have made friends with many Chiefs. We teach children to read the Book and obey God's law ; to work in wood, and to know about the arts of civilized life."

" We are glad you have come," the headman gravely replied. " We welcome you as messengers from the Father of whom we know little. We have only one question to ask : will any evil, any sickness or death, come to our village on account of your visit, and will you, when you go, take away all your spirits with you, not leaving even one to plague us afterwards ? "

" Sickness and death," said the Doctor, " were in your village before we came, and there will be none because of our being here. The only medicine I use is in the treatment and cure of bodily ills."

" We are satisfied. You are greater than we. You are our fathers and we are your children."

Suddenly Chikusi rose and walked off, followed by a singularly lugubrious groan of respect from the assembled crowd. The councillors then pressed the visitors to remain another night that the Chief might have a good sleep after having seen them.

Later a messenger came from Chikusi.

" The Chief wants the white man's Bible."

" Why ? "

" He is told that it contains the secret which has made the English great."

" Tell him he cannot learn the secret from the Book unless he can read it."

The Doctor suspected that he would use it as a charm, and decided not to leave him one.

" Tell him also that in order that he may sleep sound to-night we shall stay until to-morrow."

While the negotiations had been going on Mlolo was conducting a search for his slave daughter, and to his joy discovered her in a neighbouring village. Her captor, however, refused to give her up. The Doctor therefore approached the Chief's mother, obtained her sympathy and help, and at sunrise on the day of departure a man was sent with Koyi and Mlolo to the village to arrange for the redemption of the girl. After some trouble a ransom was accepted, and at noon she was brought to Chikusi's, where the party were

waiting impatiently in marching order. The girl, who was only seventeen, was about to become a mother, and the Doctor slackened the pace and proceeded by easy stages, and latterly made up a hammock for her conveyance.

XXXIII. Coal

The party marched north, descending into valleys rich in maize, ground-nuts, and pumpkins, climbing ridges to the height of 5000 feet, crossing streams and passing through an occasional cluster of huts belonging to the remnants of a tribe conquered and planted there by Chikusi. Then came a 60 to 70 mile strip of wilderness, laid waste in war, and kept as a barrier between hereditary foes. For the next Chief on the hills was Tambala, a Yao, whose territory was stuck like a wedge into Ngoniland. His central stronghold was one of the most extraordinary sights the Doctor had seen in Africa. It was a gigantic jumble of precipitous hills, some of the crag-and-tail variety, and on the brink of every cliff, and in every nook and corner of the rocks, were pitched the limpet-like huts of the people. The majority of the villages were inaccessible save from one difficult side. Strings of women and children were climbing up and down the single steep tracks, carrying water-pots, and produce from their gardens, 1000 feet below.

Tambala was away on an ivory-trading expedition and Mlenga was in charge, a frank, agreeable man, who warned the Doctor not to inform the next Ngoni Chief Chiweré that he was going to visit Chipatula, as these two were hostile to one another. From this point the Doctor sent Mlolo's daughter down to Mpembe's with a request that she should be taken to Livingstonia. This was done ; she was placed in a canoe, and had a smooth passage across the Lake. At the landing-stage a native woman sauntered down, African fashion, to hear the news. She stared at the girl, and recognizing her own daughter, threw her arms around her, and then cast herself at Mr. Gunn's feet, blessing the white men for restoring her long-lost child to her. Three days afterwards the girl gave birth to a son. Later she was married to one of the lads at the Station.

The Expedition crossed the Lintippe and passed through another no-man's-land before approaching Chiweré's. Here trouble was experienced. Each village was governed by a true Ngoni, whose duty it was to detain strangers and send word to the Chief, and they were frequently stopped until satisfaction was given. So belli-

gerent were some of the headmen that they challenged the white strangers to fight. These Ngoni were mostly original stock, tall, erect, with a military bearing, exhibiting a haughtiness bordering on insolence, and yet superstitious to an extreme degree. The Doctor was much drawn to them ; he liked their manly independence and their courtesy, qualities so absent in the people of the Lake shore. As he walked behind the guides, the latter always called his attention to any projecting stone or stump or cavity in the ground by knocking with their clubs, and when pitching their tents they were taken politely to the best and highest spot away from the hollows.

When they arrived at the head village an old Nyanja man spoke to the Doctor. "Have you come to buy ivory?" he asked eagerly. "How many slaves will you take? I want some long-cloth." The Doctor did not conceal his disgust with one who thus engaged in a traffic that had shattered his race.

Very patiently the Doctor bore with the dilatory tactics of the councillors ; he had learnt from experience that hurry merely hindered progress, and that all came right if only goodwill and restraint were shown. They got away at last on the next five days' stage to Kota Kota. The earlier scenery was pleasant, the climate cool, and the soil fruitful ; they saw acres of peas in bloom, exactly similar to the English pea, a native loom at work, and peasantry using wooden hoes.

Then came the long winding descent to Kota Kota through a wooded region, and by well-worn tracks bordered by discarded slave yokes, and along elephant paths, the best in the country, to Jumbé's town. To the Doctor's surprise that potentate, with a retinue, advanced to meet him, led the party to his house, and ordered the tents to be pitched in his courtyard. The Doctor knew native nature fairly well by this time, and waited expectantly. At 3 a.m. next morning, Fred awoke him. "Jumbé is here and wishes to speak to you." Jumbé came into the tent, and the facts came out : he had been fighting some insurgent headmen, and confessed that, having to reward and feast his followers, he had been obliged to use eight of the trusses of calico left in his care ; he would repay what he had taken at once, and asked the Doctor to help him in the government of his territory. "We have not come here to fight," was the reply, "or to interfere in local quarrels, but to teach you to live at peace."

Jumbé's other news was disquieting. The whole country was in a ferment as a result of a general revolt of the Tonga shore tribe

whom the Ngoni had subjugated and enthralled; thousands of the vassals had fled from the hills to the Lake, where, under Mankambira at Chintechi, about 14 miles to the north, they were putting up a desperate fight. Mankambira had gained several victories, and was boasting that it was because of the war medicine he had obtained from the Doctor. This had enraged the Ngoni, and the situation looked dangerous for the missionaries. The carriers were alarmed, and all, with a few exceptions, refused to proceed and clamoured to return. The Doctor and Mr. Stewart tried to laugh them out of their fears, but in vain.

"We are women and not meant to fight."

"Come, don't be cowards."

"That is just what we are! We are tillers of the ground and not fighting men; we want to go home."

The loyal ones broke in: "We must go with the English, and where they die, we shall die, and where their graves are, ours shall be also."

"Oh no," said one. "I prefer being buried in my own village."

"You may be caught on the way and made slaves," grimly remarked the Doctor.

"We may be slaves, but we shall be alive. We have dreamed that if we go on we shall be killed."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "So much for the Nyanja," he thought. Aloud, "Go and take another night to think of it, and dream another and better dream."

But they were obdurate, and after much wearisome squabbling, the Doctor tried another plan: he determined to fight fear by fear. "Beware!" he said. "If you desert us you will make the English your enemies." This was a new and startling point of view, and it was effective in bringing them to their senses.

One day the Doctor was told that an English boat had passed, going south, some distance out. In it was Mr. Rhodes on his way from the north end, and hearing from some fishermen that Dr. Laws and Mr. Stewart were at Kota Kota he returned. Almost his first words were, "I have brought you a present which I am sure you will be glad to see." He held out what seemed to be a black stone.

"Coal!" they exclaimed. "Where did you discover it?"

"In a small stream a few miles to the south of Mount Waller; there is a seam 5 to 6 feet thick, and another smaller one."

"An important find! It will work wonders on the Lake if the area is at all extensive."

Koyi on seeing the piece said that while at Florence Bay in the previous year he had found a mineral like it in the gullies of Mount Waller.

XXXIV. Zulu Potentates

When the Expedition left Kota Kota, Jumbé ostentatiously paraded his friendship by accompanying it for some distance. The Doctor's object now was to find a good harbour for the *Ilala*, and he therefore kept to the shore and explored every stream, creek, and lagoon on the way. Game roamed over the land; one evening while out for food he came across a herd of elephants, and sent for Stewart and his heavy rifle. An exciting scene followed: one animal charged; at 10 yards, eight bullets crashed into its body, but it merely wagged its tail and trotted off. Another was wounded, but the dusk coming on and the roar of lions being heard they returned to camp.

Inhabitants along the coast were scanty; they were the remnants of the old population decimated by the Ngoni, and lived amongst the swamps and on islands and sandbanks, protected on the land side by stockades. Cassava was the principal crop, and this was not without its political significance. Maize ripened at a certain season, and it was then that the Ngoni raids for food occurred; but cassava was a slower crop, ripening at all seasons, and did not present the same temptation to the hill-dwellers. Apart from small fish, cassava, therefore, was the staple food of the tribes along the western shore of the Lake.

They entered the country of the Tonga, where women were seen wearing lip-rings made of quartz, some weighing from 6 to 8 ounces, and came to the village of Marenga—the Chief Dr. Livingstone thought would be friendly to missions—situated in the midst of a wilderness of thorny bush. The paths leading to it were full of secret traps; at every opening where it was thought likely the enemy might plant his foot, split bamboos, sharpened, were driven into the ground and cunningly concealed with leaves and grass. Three stockades of tree poles protected the village; the opening in the first was so narrow that it had to be enlarged to admit the head-loads.

A bold headland projected into the Lake here, protecting two bays, which the Doctor considered might be serviceable and were marked for future investigation. Farther north the river Lueia was explored by means of a canoe, but the bar at the mouth closed

it to ordinary navigation. Here Mankambira's new village of fugitives was established, more than a thousand huts, on an extensive sandbank, with an arm of the river and a marsh on the landward side, and defended by double stockades. Ngoni head-dresses and ornaments hanging on the bush bore out the Chief's claim to success in the fighting.

There seemed no doubt that Mombera was the supreme ruler of Northern Ngoniland, to judge from the way he was spoken of; his name was mentioned with bated breath, although others, Mtwaro, his brother, and Chipatula, were constantly referred to. Mombera dwelt somewhere on the high plateau beyond the range of blue peaks which closed in the western sky. He or Chipatula the Doctor was determined to see. Striking inland through cassava gardens the party ascended into a pleasant undulating district with well-wooded ridges and many streams. A Ngoni scout whom they stumbled across said an impi was encamped near, and after sending a message announcing their approach, the Doctor sought a strategic spot on the opposite bank of a stream. Across this he talked to the warriors, and the palaver ended in the whole body, 100 strong, with shields, spears, and clubs, escorting him for 10 miles, whooping, dancing, and singing their war-songs as they went to the village of Chipatula. Here, while they waited, a headman from the north, who had been defeated by the Arabs and sought revenge, proposed that the whole party should be murdered. This was debated, but opposed by the more responsible men, who said, "These are different from the Arabs; they come with a message of peace and not of war."

At last Chipatula appeared, an intelligent man of about thirty-five, with a kind but care-lined face, attired in a cloak of blue cloth, and a head-dress of red flannel with the head and red beak of a bird fastened in front. He gave the Doctor a warm welcome, and frankly stated that he was not the Chief. To him the purpose of the visit was explained in detail. "Our children," he said, "whom we have trained and cared for have lately run away to the shore —will you send them back to us?"

"We are sorry you have had trouble," replied the Doctor, "but we are strangers and cannot take part in local quarrels. If we took these people and sent them back we would be slave-masters, and we believe that every one is free to live where he pleases. If you really want them back, why not live at peace with Mankambira? Then the people would return."

"Yes; good."

"We have come to teach the children to read and the men to work. Look at this"—a table—"this was made by a black man. This is how he did it," and, taking a saw, the Doctor cut a piece of wood in two, much to the surprise of those around. "Why don't you train your cattle to work," he continued, "and save your hands from being blistered?"

"We don't know how."

"Would you like an Englishman to come and teach you?"

"Yes; but we don't know whether Mombera would like it. We shall have to consult him first."

Mombera again! This potentate began more and more to bulk in the imagination of the Doctor as probably the pivotal personality on which future relations would depend. He must get into touch with him. A friendly message was accordingly sent; and one also to Mtwaro, and these were cordially reciprocated; a cow from each followed, and acknowledged with various gifts.

The Doctor was well satisfied, but receiving a warning that the party might still be attacked he thought it would not be amiss to display their power. He brought out two revolvers and a page of the *Spectator*; the latter he fastened to a tree some distance away and asked Stewart, who was a first-rate shot, to display his skill. Stewart riddled the sheet. The Doctor then fired six shots in rapid succession. It was enough; a new deference and respect appeared in the attitude of the natives.

"We don't fight," the Doctor said, "except in self-defence, and haven't fired a shot at a single person since we entered the country, but——"

"The country is yours," they hastily exclaimed. "We are your children."

Holding worship, the Doctor asked Koyi to repeat the Lord's Prayer in Zulu. As Koyi was about to begin he heard one of the carriers whisper to his neighbour, "Who will watch while we shut our eyes?"

When the party left, there accompanied them ambassadors of peace to Mankambira.

Crossing the ridge at Mt. Choma a herd of elephants was encountered, and two were killed for meat for the carriers. A singular incident marked this hunt. When the first animal was shot the carriers fixed their camp beside it. The second, badly wounded, suddenly burst through the undergrowth near them; the men took to their heels, but one tripped and fell. The animal, screaming with anger at the fleeing men, rushed towards them, came

to the lad lying on the ground, stepped carefully over him, the blood dripping on his body, and continued its headlong career. It was hours before the lad recovered from the shock ; his voice shook as he said, " If it had not been for God I would have been dead."

Kuta Bay was the farthest point reached on the coast : thence the party turned southwards, ascending and descending the high wooded ridges and exploring the country in various directions ; the only spot suitable for a mission station was one on the slope of Mt. Kaningina, 900 feet above the Lake, commanding an extensive view of the Limpassa and Lueia valleys, but not without its drawbacks.

On arriving at Mankambira's a council of the chief men was held to hear the proposals for peace. " There may be peace," said the Doctor after a tiresome day, " but I am somewhat doubtful of it."

A day was spent in a long canoe trip to inspect Nkata Bay, a small, exquisitely pretty cove flanked by wooded hillocks, which the Doctor thought might form the harbour for a Kaningina station ; on returning, they had a difficult passage, the Lake rising suddenly under a breeze. As each wave came rushing at the canoe the man at the bow struck it with the flat of his paddle, " to make it pass below," he said. They arrived at midnight, drenched to the skin.

At this spot the Doctor bathed in the Lake. When just beyond his depth his eyes caught a hippo, with a young one on her back, a short distance away. She eyed him balefully for a moment, then dived. He struck out wildly for the shore. When his feet touched ground again he turned and saw that the hippo occupied the place he had left. She dived again, and he raced, splashing, to the beach. On looking round, the hippo was at the spot where he had stood. That night she came ashore prowling for the victim she had lost, and received the contents of the Doctor's rifle.

Proceeding south they crossed the Lueia. While standing on the south bank a crowd gathered, and one bright little girl seated herself on the side of a canoe within a few yards of the Doctor. A slight stir made him look round. Where the girl had been there was a commotion of water ; she had been seized by a crocodile and quietly dragged under. The creature remained below until the child was drowned, and then slowly rose to the surface, exposing her head and shoulders. The Doctor had his rifle ready but did not fire : the girl was dead, the animal itself was invisible, and if the body were afterwards found showing bullet wounds blame might be attached to him. The crocodile then drew its victim

under again. Next morning the body was recovered minus the head and shoulders.

Taking to the hills the party entered a rough and rugged country of interminable ridges and valleys. In one of the latter they had an illustration of the manner in which Africa has, through centuries, been deforested. Thousands of trees had been cut down to make room for gardens ; a few days previously, fire had swept over the valley, and the trunks had been reduced to ash ; their white ghosts lying on the blackened waste presented a hideous scene of waste and desolation. So toilsome and treadmill-like grew the march, now in the hot furnace of the valleys, now in the cold air of the heights, that the carriers rebelled and finally deserted, leaving the white men perched on the mountains 3000 feet high. Next day, however, they returned, and, like penitent children, begged to be forgiven. Many fertile tracts were seen, but all cleared of human life by the Ngoni.

Following elephant and buffalo paths they reached Kota Kota on 23rd October. Jumbé was still friendly in view of a mission settlement, but the Doctor said he must understand three things: (1) the Mission would not interfere in local politics ; (2) they were opposed to the slave trade ; and (3) they would teach the people about God and the arts of civilization. Jumbé accepted these terms. At the same moment two women were lying near in slave sticks and men victims were being marched in.

Stewart was left to examine the hinterland, and the Doctor proceeded in the *Herga* for Livingstonia. A gale coming on, he was compelled to haul up the boat on the beach. Next day, to his surprise, Stewart rejoined him with the news that Jumbé had accomplished a complete *volte-face*, had worked himself into a passion, and had refused guides, and ordered his headmen not to assist him in any way. Leaving the *Herga*, the party marched south. All hitherto had kept good health, but with rain pouring in torrents and the way lying through sand and marsh, illness developed amongst the men, and the leaders were also fevered. At Mpemba's they saw the Chief for the first time, a muscular, energetic, determined-looking man, of the Yao tribe, who received them cordially, as if seeking to make amends for his former hostility.

Boarding the *Ilala* they arrived on 9th November at Livingstonia, after an absence of three months, and a journey of 700 miles. The Doctor was profoundly thankful for the results of the expedition ; much of the success of it, he felt, was due to Stewart, who had in every respect been a perfect colleague, and to Koyi,

whose services had been invaluable in allaying the suspicions of the Ngoni. Each carrier received 24 yards of calico, and those who had done especially well a dress in addition.

XXXV. In Mombera's Cattle Kraal

The journey had increased the Doctor's knowledge of the geography of Western Nyasa and of the tribes occupying it, but nowhere had he found that combination of climate, soil, water, population, and harbour facilities which was required for a permanent mission site. On the whole, the country was a vast broken tract covered with tall grass, bush, and thin wood, the principal tree being the masuko, which, though picturesque in the mass, was unsuited for building and fit only for fuel. The Doctor did not give up hope, and was eager to continue and complete the investigation by an examination of the north end ; the rains, however, came on, and he had reluctantly to postpone the project.

In his detailed report to the Committee he refrained from recommending any precise spot, and suggested a three months' journey the following dry season to investigate the coast northward and as far inland as might be found expedient. Meanwhile he proposed establishing two observation stations, one at Maienga, the other at Kaningina ; the former, he believed, would prove the more suitable, though it had serious disadvantages. As soon as the report was dispatched he selected twenty of the most capable natives on the Station and sailed for Marenga's. The Chief came to his call.

" Do you," the Doctor asked, " wish us to stay beside you ? "

Marenga's face beamed his assent.

" Then will you sell us ground for a house and garden ? "

" The country is at your disposal ; choose any site you like."

The Doctor landed Mr. Stewart, Fred, as interpreter, four of the natives, and a large quantity of stores, and Bandawé, as the station was called, was begun.

At dawn next morning the *Ilala* proceeded to the mouth of the Lueia, where the two principal Chiefs, Mankambira and Kongomo, were summoned. To them the same question was put.

" Why do you ask ? " they said in surprise. " The country is yours. We cannot tell you to settle here or there."

" We are not robbing you of your country—it is yours."

" You can take whatever land you want," they insisted. " In any case we give it to you."

Accordingly he went on to Nkata. This was the spot where in 1875 the people had kept him a hostage while the Chief boarded the *Ilala*. Now he secured forty carriers without difficulty, and not one asked how much calico would be given, so great was their faith in the Mzungu. Kaningina was some 20 miles inland, and thither he and Riddel marched with Koyi, who, it was hoped, would be of service in bringing about good relations with the Ngoni. While building operations were going on he noticed a crowd of some hundreds of men, women, and children moving about on a nearby ridge, and asked who they were.

"They are from the Lake shore," was the answer. "As soon as they knew we were coming they followed us. They are taking possession of their old gardens and villages."

"And who are these?" he asked, pointing to a group on another ridge.

"Ngoni from the hills; they hail our arrival as a sign of peace."

So friends and foes were meeting in amity on their common battleground. The Doctor was pleased, and sent word to both parties to bring their children to school.

From Mombera came the message that he wished the Doctor to visit him. It was the opportunity the latter had been looking for, but there was a difficulty. Now that his service in the Mission promised to be permanent he had made arrangements for Miss Gray coming out, and obtained leave of absence to meet her at the coast. He must be back by August to accompany Mr. Stewart in the proposed trip northwards, and he feared the usual prolonged delays if he went to Mombera's. Koyi, therefore, was sent up to assure the Chief that the Doctor would see him as soon as his engagements allowed. Returning to Marenga's, Stewart and Laws knelt down and thanked God for the successful inauguration of the two stations.

Proceeding south with the mail the Doctor conveyed Miller, who was ill, to Blantyre. On the day after Christmas, as the people were gathering for the evening meeting, a shot was heard, and next morning the body of a village woman was found lying in the stream. Laws and Macklin found two bullet wounds and part of the flesh cut away. The event profoundly stirred the Station. Dr. Laws proposed that the Chief of the suspected murderers should be visited and asked to take up the case, and he, Duff Macdonald, and Macklin went to his village and obtained a promise that the matter would be dealt with. One evening the Doctor was asked his opinion of capital punishment.

The Manchewé
and
Kaziché
Waterfalls
at
Livingstonia

The Waters join
at the foot
and
proceed to
Lake Nyasa
(p. 271)

THE TENT TORN BY THE LION (p. 273)

A TYPE OF POKA HUT ON THE HIGH HILLS

"I have always held," he replied, "that wilful murder should be punished by death."

"Then in the event of the Chief not punishing this murderer what will happen?"

"It may be necessary for you to act in the matter, but I am very doubtful of the rightness or policy of such a course. Two questions suggest themselves: Do your Committee realize what their instructions regarding civil administration involve? How far, as British subjects, are you at liberty to act in this way?" Leaving these questions to be debated by the staff, the Doctor left Blantyre again on 11th January along with Mr. F. L. M. Moir and Miller.

When half-way to the river a native appeared one night and stated that a white man was lying very ill on the steamer. Without a moment's hesitation the Doctor left the others and set off alone in the darkness along a grass path soaking with dew and through a district infested with wild beasts, whose cries were often startlingly near. By 2 a.m. he reached the ship, to find all the crew quite well.

Proceeding to Bandawé to bring down Stewart to act at Cape Maclear during his absence, the Doctor found there an urgent invitation from Mombera. He suspected political motives, but thinking a visit might be fraught with important results for the Mission he put aside all personal considerations. Setting out from Nkata with Stewart and Moir, and picking up Koyi on the way, he reached the Chief's village after a four days' march. It was situated on an extensive plateau, the climate of which was cool and pleasant. Maize gardens dotted the landscape and cattle seemed abundant. A rainstorm came on as they entered the village, and Mombera was not to be seen, but his followers crowded round. There are teachers in the Mission who remember the scene. "We were children at the time," says one, "and were hidden away, because it was feared the white men would hurt us. I remember crawling between the legs of the old men and staring at Dr. Laws, who said, 'That is the first child I have seen,' and gave me two yards of cloth, which were soon taken away from me. The people believed that Lobarti (Robert = Dr. Laws) was a fish because he lived on the Lake on a steamer. The visit caused a great noise throughout the land."

Mombera appeared next afternoon, when a council was held inside the cattle kraal.

"Bayeté!" shouted the assembly.

The Doctor saw a short, corpulent man, with a shrewd face, and the old Zulu ring on his head, who gave him a quick, searching look. It was a case of two strong men taking each other's measure. In that glance liking and respect were born. The Chief said, "I see you," and at once became affable and friendly. He looked critically at the clothes of the visitors. "Are you ashamed of your white skins?" he asked.

The councillors did most of the talking, but Mombera said more than any other big Chief had done.

"We are disappointed that you have not come and settled with us," they began. "Why do you live at the Lake? Can you milk fish?"

"We live there because the steamer cannot come to the hills," was the Doctor's reply.

"But if you come here we will give you cattle. The Tonga are under us, though they have rebelled and run away. They say we are cruel; so we are, but not to our children. Our children we must have back. We would have gone and fought and driven the Tonga into the Lake had you not come and said war is bad. Send back our children and there will be peace."

"Our orders," said the Doctor, "are to take the gospel to every creature, to the despised Tonga as well as to the proud Ngoni. We must have a post on the Lake to give us supplies of calico and provisions: how could we get those if we lived here and the Tonga were your enemies and ours? We have not come to join in your quarrels, and cannot send back your children, but we are willing to act as peacemakers. Have patience. Remember you are the invaders and not the original people of the country."

"Well, if a white man cannot be sent will you give us a man like Koyi?"

"Yes; in time you will have a teacher."

This appeared to satisfy them and presents were exchanged. From that moment Mombera placed complete trust in the Doctor. He often sat and talked with him, was told of the world beyond, saw picture-books, and heard the story of Divine love. One of his wives, who had an unmistakable air of distinction, also came and chatted. She was curious as to the number of wives the Doctor had, and asked how many cows were given in his country for one. "We don't buy wives," the Doctor replied. "You could not get enough cows to buy one!" At which she was astonished. Moir was introduced to the Chief as one who loved

the Book and who was willing to trade with him in everything but slaves.

The wild song of warriors one day brought the white men out of their tents to see a band armed with shields, spears, and clubs marching behind two who carried the skin of a lion strung on a pole between them. The creature had been playing havoc amongst the flocks and herds, and, driving a number of cattle as a bait to its lair, they waited until it appeared, and then speared and killed it—not before it had destroyed five full-grown cows. The visitors were invited to the kraal to witness the celebration of victory, and seated themselves beside Mombera on an ant-hill. Marching two deep, the men entered in war attire, chanting and beating their shields with their spears. Laying the skin at the foot of the ant-hill, they formed a close column, three deep, and rested their shields on the ground. A headman walked up and down in front, and then, in succession, those who had had a share in killing the lion sprang out, rushed towards the ant-hill, shouting and flourishing their spears, whilst in the ring of spectators the women sang and clapped their hands in unison. At the same time a dozen young women, picturesquely decorated with blue and red cloth and beads, moved in front of the men, with a peculiar stiff gliding gait and an occasional jerk of the head; each carried a long wand in her right hand, by which, with a movement of the wrist, she imparted a trembling motion. The poet laureate of the tribe next described how the lion had been killed, and several of the oldest headmen addressed the assemblage. A general dance followed, in which the young women joined, the onlookers singing and clapping their hands. As rain began to fall, the visitors sent for their waterproofs and put them on, a proceeding which the Chief watched with curious interest. The warriors simply held their shields over their heads.

After witnessing such a display, the Doctor no longer wondered at the poor stand which the aboriginal tribes made against the Ngoni or the dread which the latter had inspired throughout Central Africa. "To the shore people," he said, "combination seems impossible, and it is with the greatest difficulty that any two of them can be got to work together in anything requiring co-ordinate movement."

Two Ngoni were ordered to accompany the Doctor back as the Chief's representatives to see the sights of Livingstonia and Blantyre and report.

XXXVI. The First White Lady at the Lake

Miss Gray proposed that she should travel by the east coast route, breaking her journey at Naples, where her brother was in charge of the Church's continental station; and the Doctor, taking a short health-holiday, could meet her there. It was to him a tempting plan, but the problem of Nyasa and its future was weighing upon his mind: to solve it aright he needed an experience and a knowledge wider and greater than he yet possessed. South Africa had been a similar field, and some acquaintance with the conditions there, and the methods that had proved successful, would be of the utmost value. Asking Miss Gray to travel *via* Cape Town and Port Elizabeth he resolved to take advantage of the opportunity this would give him to study life and work in Kafraria. "I am simply trying to do what seems to be my duty," he wrote—duty was the guiding principle of all his actions.

He left Livingstonia in February 1879, with Riddel, whom he had invalided home, and the two Ngoni men. On arrival at Blantyre he found Captain Benzie, who had come to take charge of the *Ilala*, and had brought out from the Doctor's father a sack of potatoes. Half of those the Doctor handed to Mr. Duncan, the gardener at Blantyre, who planted them; they were the first English potatoes in the country.

He was told the sequel to the Christmas murder. Two men had been arrested and charged with the crime. On Mr. Macdonald again applying to the Chief concerned to judge the case according to native law, the latter declared that jurisdiction went with the territory and the English were responsible. A native jury was, accordingly, empanelled, presided over by Dr. Macklin, and the verdict was death. One of the prisoners escaping, the people accused the missionaries of interfering with the course of justice, and clamoured for the immediate execution of the other. In the Blantyre Journal the entry for 20th February reads:

"Manga was executed by a volley from half a dozen rifles at nine o'clock in the morning. A thief that we had in the stocks was taken down as a spectator and was greatly frightened."

This occurred four days previous to the arrival of Dr. Laws, who was startled at the occurrence. He would not have shot the man, he said, but held him prisoner and asked the advice of Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar.

Another entry says :

"James George Macdonald, born at 6.10 p.m. Drs. Macklin and Laws very attentive, and watched by turns all night."

It was the first white child born in Central Africa, and the Doctor baptized it. "This," he wrote, "was my first baptism, and I do not think I ever realized the solemnity of the ordinance as I did that day. I do not think I ever beheld with such pleasure a mother's unspeakable joy."

Four days after he left the Station a man was flogged, and died : in Dr. Macklin's opinion he had a diseased heart.

A rapid journey was made down the river, the new steamer *Lady Nyasa* being passed on the way, and in March the Doctor was at Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, feeling strange at being amongst so many white people again. With the object of introducing British currency into Central Africa, he obtained £25 in threepenny and sixpenny pieces, and £7, 10s. in copper. At Lovedale, where he arrived on 6th April, he learned to his consternation that Miss Gray had not received his letter of instructions, and still proposed coming by the Mediterranean and east coast route to Zanzibar. Knowing the difficulty and peril of such a journey, he sent a message by mail to Madeira, where the cable then terminated, to be telegraphed to her, begging her to take the Cape route. This, he fancied, would reach her in time.

Then he devoted himself to a thorough study of Lovedale methods. The printing-press was a special attraction, and he determined to secure one for Livingstonia. Dr. Stewart, who was at home, opposed the idea, saying that printing could be done more cheaply at Lovedale ; he also opposed the Doctor's plan for procuring horses, woolled sheep, and other stock. Perhaps, naturally, he assumed that he had controlling power over Livingstonia ; but in March the Committee, acquiescing in the Doctor's decision regarding the Mutual Eligibility Act, and anxious to retain him, agreed that he should remain a member of the United Presbyterian body, and be maintained by the Laing Trustees, and appointed him the official head of the Mission.

The Doctor also wrote to the Committee warmly endorsing an application by Mr. James Stewart to be placed on the permanent staff of the Mission. This meant a pecuniary sacrifice to the latter of nearly £500, but his heart was in the evangelistic and scientific work in Africa, and the Doctor was eager to have him as a colleague. "In this notably cantankerous country," he wrote, "we have never

had a cross word between us"; and he rejoiced when the Committee appointed Stewart as second in charge.

Another letter went to the Foreign Mission convener discussing with a remarkable breadth of view the whole conditions on the west side of the Lake, and the prospect of work amongst the various tribes. It is interesting for the references to what he called "the future Livingstonia. The city that is to be—shall it be a Lake city or on the hills?" He did not think sufficient data had been collected to decide, but he inclined to a hill station, in view of the need for continuous intellectual vigour. "This has to be borne specially in mind, in view of a training institution for a future native agency for these regions which, from a missionary point of view, is one of the first objects towards which we must work." The next few years he thought would settle the question.

He heard that Miss Waterston, who had now qualified in medicine and graduated at Dublin, had been appointed his medical assistant and was on her way out. This meant that on his trip to the north end he would have to leave the two ladies shortly after they arrived at Cape Maclear. He mentioned the fact in a note to Dr. Stewart, who wrote to the Committee opposing the scheme. "I do not think it would be very wise, or at least very kind, to leave his wife and Miss Waterston on their reaching the Station. They might suffer from imaginary fears if not from realities, even with other white men on the Station," which indicated that he did not know the character and courage of these two ladies.

Before leaving Lovedale the Doctor issued a printed appeal "to all Kafir-speaking Christians in South Africa," asking that they might constitute themselves an undenominational missionary society which would support evangelists and teachers and industrial workers amongst the Ngoni, and that a number should go forth at once. He had great faith in the South African native. They did not stand the climate of Nyasa so well as the Europeans, but until Livingstonia could develop its own native agency they were the natural teachers and evangelists in Ngoniland. As a result of the appeal a number agreed to go, but on his arrival from Scotland Dr. Stewart would not consent to the arrangement on account of "the backward state of the funds."

Travelling through the Transkei the Doctor made special inquiry regarding the history of the mission stations, and learnt that the Chiefs had respected and assisted those missionaries who did not interfere with their authority, whilst those who grasped

land and power had their work in a great measure thwarted, a fact he noted to guide him in his future dealings with the Ngoni.

At East London he heard that Miss Gray, not having received his message, had come, after all, by the eastern route. Hastening to Quilimane he found that she had arrived, had joined a party which included two ladies for Blantyre, and had gone up the river in the care of Dr. Macklin. While at Quilimane he took the opportunity of inquiring into the connection of the Portuguese with the slave trade. The impression he formed was that the Government at Lisbon, and to a great extent the Quilimane authorities, really did wish an end to be made of the traffic, and did not themselves carry it on or countenance it. But the natives under their rule at Quilimane and in the interior were deeply involved in it : so much so that slaves even held slaves. The Government were aware of the fact but were powerless to interfere, since any attempt to repress the traffic issued in rebellion, as had been the case in the previous year when Mazaro was burned down.

He also carefully studied the political attitude and aspirations of Portugal, discovering a movement to survey the hinterland as far as Blantyre and the Lake with the object of laying claim to it. He wrote at once to the Committee on the subject. "I presume," he said, "that in the event of any assumption of Portuguese authority being made in our direction it will be our duty as belonging to the British nation to protest against it. I hope the Committee will give me as early as possible their opinion." The letter was forwarded to the Foreign Office, and a question was asked in Parliament which elicited the reply that the Portuguese Government disclaimed any such intention.

Laden with plants and seeds and everything which he thought might be useful at Nyasa, the Doctor started on the up-river trip, having as a companion Mr. F. L. M. Moir, as well as Mr. R. King Hall, son of Admiral Hall, and Mr. Alfred Chirnside, an Australian, who had come for hunting. War blocked the river and a four days' delay occurred. Mr. Moir fell dangerously ill, and the *Lady Nyasa* struck on a sunken rock and had to be run ashore and unladen. The patient was landed at Senhora Maria's and there nursed back to health.

The lovers met at Blantyre and were married in the little thatched schoolroom on 28th August and reached Livingstonia on 5th September. Mrs. Laws found the quarters of the Doctor rough and dreary-looking—a box in one corner, a chest in another, a bare, rickety table in the centre. By evening the place was transformed,

and for the first time the glow of a lamp illuminated the interior and a white cloth covered the table. When one of the staff came in he exclaimed, "Why, this is paradise!" The natives were immensely interested in her coming, and danced for two whole nights in her honour.

Mrs. Laws was the first white woman to reach the Lake and to live on its shores. During these past years of waiting she had had a considerable, though silent and unknown, part in helping on the Mission, and now she entered with zest on the task of taking a practical share in its work. Within three days she was in the school —she was a born teacher—and was hardly ever out of it except when she was on her back with fever, to which she proved susceptible. Picking up the language with ease she began to train the women and girls, held a sewing-class, and had them turning out shirts and jackets in a few weeks. It was no light task, for her pupils were gipsies of the wildest type.

Her one anxiety was to avoid recognition, and a special request was sent home to the Committee that no notice should be taken of her activities in any form whatever. "The work," wrote the Doctor, "is done without any desire for publicity." It was the same spirit which prompted him to minimize his own efforts, and he was often annoyed to find extracts from his letters published at home. "I have done so little compared with what there is to do and what has been done by others that any appearance of proclaiming my work from the housetop is distasteful to me in the extreme."

The protest of Dr. Stewart did its work. The Committee would not forbid the Doctor proceeding on the northern trip; they left it to his judgment, but reminded him that he was responsible for the safety of the ladies, and suggested that Stewart might make the journey and survey the country between the two lakes.

Stewart accordingly left on 10th September with Koyi. At Nkata he found Mr. John Moir, who had been on a long march to the headwaters of the Loangwa. As soon as he saw him he said, "The question of who is to be my companion is settled." The three men proceeded to Mombera's, but were received with silent hostility. Neither the Chief nor any of his headmen would see them. "It seems," Stewart wrote to Laws, "that they do not wish to have anything to do with us, that they are tired of waiting, and intend now to take their own way, which seems to be war ere long. Evil counsels are in the ascendant." Returning to Karonga's at the north end they met the *Ilala* with the Doctor and Mrs. Laws, and carriers and provisions. A few days previously the Keith Johnston

expedition had passed on its way to Tanganyika and left word that its leader had died and that Joseph Thomson was now in charge. Stewart met Thomson when he reached Tanganyika. The latter was lying fevered in a hut when he heard the sound of guns, and rushed out to see a white man who, advancing to meet him, touched his cap and with a twinkle said, "Mr. Thomson, I presume?" Recovering from his surprise Thomson answered, "Yes, that is my name, but, good gracious, who are you?" "My name is Stewart." "Ah, a Scot, of course!"

The news about Mombera was ominous, and the Doctor feared the situation would not be improved by the decision he had now arrived at to withdraw from Kaningina. The position there had been growing more and more untenable: every one disliked the place; the people were deserting it through fear of war, food was scarce, the road to the coast was impassable during the rains. In October, Miller was ordered to abandon the station. It was with the utmost regret that the Doctor took this step, for he realized the importance of maintaining even a slight link with the Ngoni. But he was handicapped by difficulties not of his own making. He had pressed for Lovedale recruits, for only such were serviceable in Ngoniland; a bare handful of the people there understood Chinyanja, and that imperfectly. Koyi was now away home on furlough, and there was no one to take his place. Had Dr. Stewart permitted the departure of the volunteers all would have been well and Ngoniland would have been occupied. To visit Mombera without an interpreter and without a teacher to be stationed permanently would be futile. All he could do was to watch the situation closely and wait his opportunity. "What we need to do," he wrote, "is to push forward right into the country rather than hold half-way posts, and to take an as-sure-as-death-grip of the site when we do." Meanwhile he recommended that Bandawé be made the central station and base for the work in the hinterland.

XXXVII. The Blantyre Controversy

There was trouble at Blantyre. A letter from Mr. Duff Macdonald stated that the rebel headmen of a friendly chief had attacked a mission party and plundered the goods; and some days afterwards Macdonald himself, and another member of the staff, were fired on. "What do you think we should do?" he asked Laws.

"The general principle, I think," the latter replied, "is to avoid

bloodshed and any line of action likely to lead to it. . . . For your own sake be cautious. To overpower the natives with the arms you have would be a comparatively easy matter compared with fighting the public at home for the rest of your life "—wise words which, if their spirit had been heeded, might have saved Macdonald his position.

Dr. Macklin also wrote asking the Doctor's opinion on the matter of civil jurisdiction. The latter thought the choice lay between an entirely passive policy and a regular colony. In the one case the staff might be murdered and their goods stolen ; in the other they would have a civil constitution suited to the habits, customs, and modes of thought of the tribes, which, administered by Christian men, would be an unspeakable boon to the country. But whether the missions should undertake this work was another question. " Personally my opinion is that the less a missionary has to do with the government of the country as an active agent himself in its administration, the closer will he get to the hearts of the people and the greater influence will he have on their lives." His idea was that the Trading Company should take up the work as a temporary expedient until proper government was installed. In this same letter to Macklin he referred to the " sickening sectarian differences " in Scotland: " We are well rid of them here, but their existence at home always leaves the danger that their shadow will turn up here in an uncomfortable fashion." Which proved to be the case.

The two hunters, Chirnside and Hall, had been greatly exercised over the Blantyre assumption of civil jurisdiction, and on arriving at Cape Maclear they asked Dr. Laws what he thought of the cases of punishment which they recited. Some of these were new to him, and with his usual caution he expressed no opinion on what was an *ex-parte* statement, endeavouring rather to lessen the animus they exhibited towards the Blantyre staff. Some time later reports began to appear in the South African and home newspapers regarding these cases and caused great uneasiness amongst the friends and supporters of the two missions. Hearing something of this the Doctor wrote to a friend : " Mistakes have been made in Blantyre, no doubt, but no one is infallible, and I am sorry to find that there is in some quarters a tendency to exalt Livingstonia by throwing mud at Blantyre. We have often difficult enough questions to face here, and only God's gracious providence has guided us through some of the perils which have given trouble at Blantyre."

The Livingstonia Committee took up the matter again and asked the advice of Sir Arthur H. Gordon, who told them that if by a wild

stretch of fancy one of the flogged men were to prosecute his assailants in the Supreme Court of Cape Colony, under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act they would probably be convicted of illegal assault. As to their idea of a consul, such an official, he said, would have no more authority over the natives than the missionaries—and they had absolutely none.

With the prescience that he often displayed the Doctor wrote to Dr. Smith, the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, a long letter in which he gave a sketch of the position of the mission in relation to the natives. This was in view of the removal to Bandawé, where there was no central native authority to which disputes could be referred for decision. He began with an account of the free grant of land at the Cape by Mponda, who, like all the other Chiefs, had regarded the Mission as entirely independent and self-governing. The impression that it was living under the wing of a powerful Chief was not correct. Its territory was small and well defined. But, at Bandawé, where the conditions would be much more complex, what was the policy to be? He put it thus: "Is the Livingstonia Mission to be regarded as a mission like the early ones to the South Sea Islands, trusting to God for protection, though outwardly at the mercy of the natives when they think fit to rob or murder its members, or is it to be regarded as a Christian Colony, having its foreign relationship and internal administration?" He would not admit that the latter would be any less Christian than the former—he thought it might show the practical benefits of Christianity more rapidly, but he questioned whether it would be possible to get the Christian public at home to comprehend this. It was a difficult matter for the Committee, he knew, to decide, but he felt they should realize his position. At any moment a murder might be committed and he would be face to face with the question of inflicting punishment. They were like an army on the march in which punishment for crimes had to be short, sharp, and decisive. "It must be borne in mind that to banish a man here means most probably that he will fall into the hands of the slave-trader, and thus we would practically adopt a native mode of getting rid of some kinds of criminals and give our sanction to the infamous slave trade which we, by our words and actions, loudly condemn."

Serious crime was more likely to happen at Bandawé, to judge from the conditions already existing at the observation station. Man-stealing, slave-raiding, squabbles, fighting went on perpetually. The layman-missionary in charge was daily being appealed to and was slipping into the position of an autocratic chief, administering

justice, inflicting punishment, and generally mixing himself up in local affairs. It was an extraordinary situation : here was a solitary white man wielding the power of life and death over a savage people whose language he did not understand and whose fierce passions were unrestrained by any moral principle. When the Doctor learnt what was going on he wrote as an instruction : " When any dispute is brought to the Station for decision it is right to advise on the matter if possible ; but in matters entirely inter-native the executive function should be left to themselves, not undertaken by the Mission."

It was this state of things which made him uneasy as to the future. At Cape Maclear every member had been tested and was bound down to respect the rules of the Station and submit to the discipline enforced, and increasing watchfulness and firmness had hitherto repressed any tendency to riotous conduct. But it would be different where petty Chiefs were living in juxtaposition and civil war and terror was rampant. His own view was that the exercise of magisterial functions would hinder his work as a missionary. " In the eyes of the native the head of the Mission is apt to be looked upon more in the character of Chief than as a teacher and friend to whom they can come for instruction and guidance. The combination, of course, does not produce the same jar in their minds which it would probably do in ours, because they are accustomed to their own Chiefs exercising both functions. They are apt to look upon me when I visit them as the Chief of the English, and though this may command respect and gain a hearing it prevents me getting at them in the unreserved manner I would like."

He came to the conclusion that the best solution of the problem would be for the Trading Company to take over a large tract of territory at Bandawé and act as administrators, or, as an alternative, that Mr. Stewart should be invested by the British Government with authority as a consul. With regard to settling substations among the Ngoni his policy was fixed : it was to respect the authority of the Chiefs who were strongly established, but to secure from them the right of refuge on the Mission Station. In all this he had no desire, he said, to shirk any responsibility, nor did he think that in dispensing justice he was lowering himself as a missionary : he felt simply that it hindered the evangelistic side of his service.

While this communication was on its way to Scotland the Blantyre and Livingstonia Committees there were conferring. Dr. MacRae, of the Church of Scotland, held, as he had always done, that a mission should be regarded as the nucleus of a State,

and that civil jurisdiction should be undertaken by its members. The Livingstonia Sub-Committee opposed this conception: such an assumption of power would be inconsistent with the missionary character of their enterprise; but as some restraining principle was necessary they approved of Dr. Stewart's plan of deportation. Nevertheless, they realized that considerable latitude must be allowed to the staff to exercise their discretion in special cases. The Church of Scotland Committee fell in with this view, and a letter, exceedingly kind in spirit and wise in its instructions, was sent out to Mr. Macdonald. "Your position," it definitely stated, "must be understood as excluding the power and jurisdiction known as self-government."

The matter might well have ended there, but Mr. Chirnside published in London a pamphlet in which he formulated in detail a series of charges of inhumanity against the Blantyre missionaries, the chief of which were based on those already referred to. This brought the subject prominently before the Press and the public; the attention of Parliament and Government was called to it and an acute controversy followed. The Livingstonia Committee, having Dr. Laws' letter now before them, adhered to their former decision as to deportation, although it meant the slave-stick or a spear-thrust and made the missionary an accomplice in the act. They, however, again approached the Government and asked for the appointment of a consular authority, mentioning Mr. Stewart, as the Doctor had suggested; but Sir Charles Dilke, Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, gave them no satisfaction.

In order to investigate the various flogging cases the Church of Scotland Assembly dispatched a commission to Blantyre. It reported to the Commission of Assembly in March 1881. That body bitterly deplored the practices which had been in vogue, condemned the assumption of civil jurisdiction, and recalled Mr. Duff Macdonald and the other agents implicated. Instructions were also sent out on the same lines as originally furnished to the Livingstonia staff.

Incidentally some of the responsibility for what had occurred was thrown by the Commission on the Livingstonia leaders, a charge which caused much annoyance to friends of the Mission but was in due time rebutted by both Dr. Laws and Dr. Stewart, the former receiving a communication from the Committee expressing their gratification with his "eminently satisfactory explanation," and assuring him of "their confidence and prayerful sympathy in his most difficult position." To the Doctor the whole

episode was extremely distasteful; he urged that no comparisons should be instituted between the two Missions, and that whatever required to be said in the interests of truth and justice should be said in a generous and Christ-like spirit.

For a time there was a coolness between the respective staffs, and less coming and going, but the feeling speedily wore away and the old kindly relations were resumed and never afterwards broken. Blantyre rose out of its trouble pure, strong, and courageous, and entered upon a course of development under devoted and sagacious leaders which made it ultimately one of the greatest mission forces in the non-Christian world.[1]

XXXVIII. Fugitives

Closely allied to the question of civil jurisdiction was that of the relation of the Mission to the slave trade and the right of the missionaries to receive runaway slaves. "Am I to be a pacifist in this also, or am I to interfere?" the Doctor asked himself. He was inclined to agree with the home instructions, though it was not always easy, as an incident at this time showed.

He had given Gunn, the artisan-evangelist, and Ross a holiday, and while on shore not far from Mponda's village they had come across a slave caravan which included women and children. Mponda was then making up a slave gang for the coast, and this party was evidently on its way to join it. While the two white men talked quietly to those in charge their carriers took the yokes off the slaves and set them free. The drivers made no protest and seemed glad to get away without being punished. Only the women accompanied Gunn and Ross to the Station.

The Doctor could not but express disapproval of the proceeding as a clear violation of the instructions of the Committee, but on reporting the matter to that body he pointed out the very difficult position in which the missionaries were placed:

"However much non-interference is correct theoretically—and I uphold it as the best order that could have been given on the subject—there is still in the breast of every free-born Briton such a hatred of the horrid traffic in human flesh and blood that when one comes across a gang of poor, half-starved, way-worn fellow-creatures on their way to the coast, and is morally certain that a

[1] As late as 1904 the L.M.S. found it necessary to pass a resolution that "in the judgment of the Directors no missionary should be involved either directly or indirectly in the flogging of adult natives for offences of any kind."

word from his lips or a flash from his eye is enough to set them all at liberty, need it be wondered at that the temptation to do what is in the moment good for these creatures should overcome the patient waiting which the judgment of calmer moments pronounces to be the better and surer plan to obtain ultimate success ?"

The Committee neither condemned nor condoned the action of Ross and Gunn ; they merely expressed satisfaction that no collision had occurred, and recommended the greatest caution in future.

On the matter of giving asylum to fugitive slaves the Doctor had advanced from the simple policy adopted in the earlier days, and he now objected to receive a slave simply because he was a slave. " Even though the British Government were in possession of the country it would be folly for them to extinguish domestic slavery all at once. Popular opinion must advance a long way before the country is fit for such legislation." Nor would he receive a runaway on the strength of the statements he made. Slaves were, as a rule, a demoralized and vicious class who introduced most of the trouble into the little community, and he would have been glad to reject them all were it not that he wished to get hold of the children. His experiences made him sympathize with Moses in his task of leading the children of Israel. " With this generation I can do nothing. I shall have to wait for a new generation before entering the promised land ! "

To the staff at the various stations he gave the following instructions :

" The original instructions that active interference with the slave trade by force initiated on our side is to be avoided, must be strictly complied with. In the case of a slave coming to a mission station for refuge and protection, let him have it on condition that no crime can be proved against him within a month after his arrival ; and that he is willing to work out his ransom. This should be, in a given case, the price paid for the slave by his master, or, if this cannot be ascertained, then the current prices of slaves in the district. When the price is paid for, it should be paid over to the master on application by him for it."

The idea of compensating the slave-holder he adopted from the example of Britain. To make a fugitive work out his ransom was also a test of his sincerity ; if he did not think his liberty worth a little self-denial to procure, he was, in the Doctor's opinion, unworthy of it.

The Committee approved generally of these rules, and again referred to their original instructions. Soon afterwards the Doctor

received a friendly letter from Consul O'Neill, Captain Elton's successor, stating that, acting on the instructions of the Foreign Office, he had informed the Blantyre missionaries that they had no legal right to receive fugitive slaves. This, he added, would naturally also apply to the Livingstonia staff. "It is certainly our desire," the Doctor replied, "to do nothing contrary to the laws of our country"; but he urged the home Committee to secure the right of sanctuary, so that any person coming to the Station for refuge should not be molested while there. This would give the missionary time to intercede with his Chief, for he was thinking not so much of slaves as of those fleeing from the poison ordeal.

The Committee accordingly communicated with the Foreign Office, and from Lord Granville received the following letter:

"The only rights which missionaries, or persons similarly situated, can claim, are those which are conceded to them by the Chief in whose country they settle. Considering the strong feelings of resentment which a direct interference in disputes between slaves and their masters is certain to excite, Her Majesty's Government can only advise the exercise of great caution, tact, and patience in order to gain in time the noble objects which the Free Church of Scotland has in view."

XXXIX. The Shadow Again

The arrival of Miss Waterston in November to assist in the medical work, and manage a boarding-school for girls, proved but a slight incident in the history of the Mission, for, finding insufficient scope for her abilities, she resigned and went to Lovedale, and later to Cape Town, where she established a successful practice. A greater blank was caused by the departure of Macfadyen, Simpson, and Miller, the comrades of the Doctor from the beginning, all good and true men and strenuous workers even in the enervating atmosphere of the tropics. Macfadyen ultimately became a doctor in Glasgow, and Simpson a planter in the Shiré Highlands.

Herbert Rhodes also passed from the scene, but in a tragic way. He had brought up a quantity of rum and other articles for trading purposes, and while sitting with Ramo-Ku-Kan in a hut, the spirit by some means caught fire, and Rhodes was enveloped in flames and severely burned, dying some hours later.

Towards the end of the year the Doctor had a sharp attack of fever, but this did not prevent him carrying out the instructions of the Committee to explore north-east Nyasa. Mrs. Laws accom-

panied him as she often did on his trips up and down the Lake. He sought for a harbour along the base of the Livingstone Mountains, but there were only open bays. In some of these he saw villages built on stilts ; and on one of the platforms a cow was quietly feeding. Farther south he discovered a well-sheltered anchorage and called it Amelia Bay, after Mrs. Laws' sister. A storm developing, he ran for the Rombashi to pick up the spoils of F. L. M. Moir's hunting ; he had shot twenty-five elephants. The Doctor took on board 1456 lb. of ivory and a young elephant, which in the rough weather going south became very sick. It recovered when the vessel was storm-stayed for two days, and became very lively. Fed " on the bottle " it sucked up a bowl of milk through a filter tube. The natives seemed astonished at the sight of an elephant allowing itself to be so easily handled. The animal reached Blantyre, but died there.

Searching for a rhinoceros, the Doctor got nothing but ticks, which, during three stormy days when he had to stay by the wheel, bored into his legs and brought on ulcers. Mrs. Laws, though not a good sailor, was always one of the bravest and pluckiest on these occasions, assisting the Doctor in every way, and sleeping contentedly on the open hatch : more than once when the rain was lashing down she covered the engine works with her skirts to keep them dry. One dark, tempestuous night the Doctor went toward where she stood clinging to the rigging. " Well . . . afraid ? " he asked. " No ! " " Why ? " " Because you are at the helm ! "

On one of its next voyages down the river the *Ilala* struck a boulder in the Upper Shiré, indicating that the level of the water continued to fall. The Doctor predicted that if the process went on Lake Pamalombé would become a marsh like Morambala, the Upper Shiré become unnavigable, and the *Ilala* be confined to the Lake. Mr. Stewart's view was that there was nothing unnatural or permanent in the situation, and that it was probably due to a smaller rainfall ; but the Doctor proved to be right.

The ensuing rainy season was unusually unhealthy, and recalled the circumstances of the pioneer year. The Doctor and Mrs. Laws and the others were subject to a low tedious fever which enfeebled the body and wore out the brain, making them less able to resist the severer attacks that came with the change-over of the seasons. Food was also scarce, the boys and girls being glad to gather the locusts which came in clouds, strip off their wings and fry and boil the bodies and eat them with a little salt, while soap, flour, and other European supplies had run done. To add to the difficulties one fowl-

house after another was raided by leopards, which killed as many as forty fowls in a night. On account of the people being afraid to move out after dark, the native services were held at an earlier hour.

Returning from Blantyre and suffering from fever, he found Captain Benzie, of the *Ilala*, seriously ill at Matopé. He took charge of the steamer and pushed on by day and night to Livingstonia, watching the patient the while, and doing all he could for his comfort. The case was hopeless. Towards the end the captain's mind cleared, and he asked the Doctor to bring a Bible and read the 23rd Psalm. He was buried beside Dr. Black at the foot of the granite boulder. "A good quiet man," said the Doctor; "one who faithfully discharged his duty."

In April Mr. Gunn succumbed to blackwater fever, which developed with frightful rapidity. All night the Doctor sat up with him, and next day endeavoured by every means to reduce the temperature which was literally burning him out. In his delirium Gunn relapsed into the Gaelic of his youth, and sometimes broke into a snatch of song. "When he died," said the Doctor, "strong men shed tears whose eyes I had never seen wet before." On the following morning at daybreak, some three to four hundred natives were sitting in front of the house with their hands on their mouths in mute sorrow. "If any eulogy were needed on his life and work it was furnished by the presence of these people." As the *Ilala* was hourly expected from the river, the burial was kept back for her arrival, but in her continued absence the body had to be interred. When next morning the steamer came gliding into the bay, her flags as usual went up to the masthead. Then, as if the Union Jack on shore at half-mast had been observed, there was a momentary stir, and slowly the flags fluttered down, and remained also at half-mast in silent sympathy. When Stewart came on shore and heard the news, he sat and cried like a child. Gunn had been a most useful member of the staff, so useful that the Doctor had sought and obtained for him a larger salary. The latter was much moved by the event. "Five graves at Livingstonia and I am spared! God grant me new zeal, enthusiasm, and plodding earnestness and perseverance."

On Sunday the Doctor was worn out, and so dull and heavy in mind that he could not put two ideas together, and he did what he had never done before: he had resort to another man's brain, giving Spurgeon's 1500th sermon, and speaking to himself as well as to his little flock. For some time he and Mrs. Laws

had to carry on the Sunday school and the day school in addition to their own duties. They had been repeatedly urged by their friends to take furlough, but the Doctor pled for delay in the interests of the work. "I want to see Bandawé started first, then there will be something to appeal for."

These deaths gave a painful shock to the friends of the Mission, and caused Dr. Stewart to send to the Committee a strong letter of remonstrance and reproof for not changing the site; he stated that until some decision was arrived at, he would delay the return of Koyi and the dispatch of more workers. The Convener, however, pointed out that Dr. Stewart had postponed the settlement of Bandawé and Ngoniland by not sending out the native converts pressed for by Dr. Laws, and gently hinted that the relation of Lovedale to Livingstonia should now be one of co-operation and not of control. Dr. Laws admired his former colleague too much to take umbrage at his attitude; he even suggested that Dr. Stewart should be allowed to revisit the Lake, and examine the Bandawé site in order that the staff might have the benefit of his experience. But he also told the Committee that they were not going to get rid of fever by removing the Station to another place on the Lake, since no part of the coast enjoyed immunity from it.

XL. The First Convert

A census of the Station taken in 1880 showed that the little community consisted of 141 men, 202 women, 119 girls, and 128 boys —590 in all. Life moved on so quietly and slowly that an onlooker would have thought no advance was being made. Progress was marked by almost imperceptible incidents or by a slight development in the character of the work. The advent in the school of eight boys from Marenga's was an event. "I trust the *Ilala* will bring many more such cargoes," said the Doctor; "it is a development I have looked forward to ever since I came." These boys were sent by their parents for two months, that they might test the intentions of the English and return and satisfy them that all was well. There was courage in the act, for the idea was prevalent that the salt meat which the missionaries took out of casks was black boys and girls who had been lured to the Station and killed and preserved.

There were now five different tribes represented in the school and an equal number of languages spoken, though Chinyanja was generally understood. The Doctor loved the lads; he found them

obedient, kind to one another, and generous, sharing with each other whatever gift of food was given to them. He watched the growth of their character with anxious solicitude ; but knowing their difficulties and temptations wrote about them with diffidence, and never sought to bring them forward in any public way in case of disappointment and failure—he was never sure even of the best. One evening when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was being observed at the English service he gave an invitation to the boys and girls to participate. "This," he said, "is a rite not restricted to any nation or colour." Nineteen boys and nine girls responded.

Two of the boys became apprentices in the carpenter's shop. One was promoted to buy the native produce and measure out the food for the scholars and keep an account of his dealings. Another was set to work in the store department to look after the ground-nuts which provided the oil for the *Ilala* ; this was a reward for good work in school and meant to be a stimulus to others. Three of the bigger boys became monitors. These he gave one shilling per month, with which they clothed themselves ; as they advanced and earned more they bought their own soap and then their quilt and blanket. The handicraft work had become more elaborate : cabinets for the dispensary, house-fittings, windows, frames, and doors, and common furniture were now being made. Other young men had become sawyers, brickmakers, sailors, and enginemen.

But the lad of promise was Albert Namalambé, whom the Doctor had been watching closely for some time—one of the Nyanja servants of Ramo-Ku-Kan's sons who had elected to remain after the latter went back. A diligent scholar, he had become dux of the school and then head monitor, although a boy of nine or ten in Scotland would have surpassed him in literary acquirements. Gradually the Doctor handed the Bible lesson over to him. "I have listened," he said, "to some of his appeals to the scholars to believe in Jesus and obey God which for pointed earnestness I could not wish to see excelled." Albert began to take part in the native meetings, and often he and the other lads would sing and pray in the hall to a late hour. By and by the Doctor took him to the out-stations, where he helped in the services and gave many a straight and fearless talk to the people, much to the Doctor's delight. "They can find plenty of excuses," he said, "to ignore the white man's teaching, but there is no way of escape from Albert's searching words."

The boys were accustomed to take the Station boat to Mpango's, but it occurred to the Doctor that this was associating in their

minds a European agency with the spread of the Gospel, and wishing to impress upon them that native modes of travel were equally serviceable he directed them on one occasion to use a canoe. All except Albert seemed afraid of spoiling their white Sunday pants and a crew of Bandawé lads had to be requisitioned. Always neat and tidy, Albert was also thrifty. Five shillings in threepenny pieces were stolen from his pocket, and fearing further thefts, he brought 17s. 3d. to the Doctor and asked him to take care of it. The Doctor, who was surprised at the amount, opened an account for him, and this was the beginning of the Savings Bank connected with the Mission.

Never seeking to influence Albert towards making a definite decision he waited patiently for the spontaneous surrender. It came in February 1881. One day he said to the Doctor, "I have made up my mind to live as a Christian and wish to profess my faith in obedience to our Lord's command. My only doubt is whether I am fit, and I want you to decide."

"Albert," replied the Doctor, much moved, "your daily life is the answer."

He was baptized in the crowded schoolroom on 25th March, a red-letter day, as the Doctor observed, in the history of the Mission. The Doctor explained the ordinance, and then Albert, in a humble and respectful but manly way, told the people how he had been led to obey God's law and to witness to his faith, and ended by pleading earnestly with all to give themselves to Christ.

During the Doctor's absences Albert conducted many of the services, and when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed he was one of the little company of seven who sat down at the Table.

Other boys were groping after the light. One prayed for months three times a day, wrestling with God to obtain peace and to enjoy the same happiness that Albert possessed. He went to the Doctor. "Why," he said, "am I not so happy in heart as I ought to be?" The Doctor endeavoured to give him further instruction and knelt with him in prayer. Others, again, did well for a time and then were caught in the maelstrom of inherited habit and left the Doctor disillusioned and sore.

With the object of improving their physique he endeavoured to interest them in English games, but they showed no keen desire to play: it seemed too much like violent and unnecessary exertion.

The boys were on the whole of a higher type than the girls, but the latter proved skilful in their own line: the sewing-class sent into the store as many as fifteen and twenty dresses per week; while

others became adept at washing, ironing, and similar household duties. More important still, Mrs. Laws was teaching them habits of cleanliness, neatness, and punctuality which had previously been foreign to their nature.

The medical work was steadily increasing. The Doctor never cared to give statistics, since they savoured of boasting, but he recognized that the people who supported the Mission had a right to know the facts and he accordingly began to keep a list of his cases. In 1880 he had 776 patients, 495 of whom were new, the others had returned for treatment. They were now coming from distant districts: one woman was brought from Chikusi's; another was carried twenty miles to the Lake shore and then paddled in a canoe to the Station. An interesting case was that of a woman who had attempted to kill a snake; it spat into her eye and an ulcer developed on the corona—the Doctor himself had a narrow escape from such a danger, a snake in the store spitting into his face and the saliva landing on his cheek just beneath the eyes. There were also numerous surgical cases originating in bullet wounds and clubbing.

In his spare time he steadily continued his translation work. He finished St. Mark, begun five years before, and again revised it, with the class of senior boys, for the fifth or sixth time, for he was never satisfied with any piece of work unless it were as perfect as possible. In February 1881 he sent the MS. away to Lovedale to be printed. "God bless it," he said; "to Him be all the glory." The first edition of 1000 copies on its journey up-river was destroyed in an attack made by the natives on a Portuguese station. At the same time he was busy with St. John and St. Matthew and his dictionary of Chinyanja; and in view of the work at Bandawé he had begun Chitonga, had the nouns classified, a table of concords ready, and a vocabulary of 500 of the most useful words gathered.

A part of his work which few ever took into account, but which formed one of his most irksome duties, was the business correspondence of the Station. The mail went down the river to Quilimane every two months—it cost £10 each time—and he had always a large number of letters to write and accounts to make up. In order to accomplish the task he had sometimes to give the school a holiday and sit on until two and three in the morning. The up-mail always brought scores of letters and papers, and caused a sleepless night at the Station.

He was at this time brought into contact with the Universities Mission, which had been working its way inland from Zanzibar towards the Lake. One day a native came with the news that a

white man bound for Livingstonia had arrived in a canoe on the other side of the peninsula. The *Ilala* was sent for him, and when he arrived, he proved to be the Rev. W. P. Johnson from Mataka's. There had been a famine in his district, he had run short of food, and had been reduced to a single meal of beans per day; in his dilemma he made for Livingstonia, travelling through the rains with a boy and no equipment but a pot. He was in a low state of health, and suffered from severe ulcers on the back of his hands. The Doctor was a shrewd judge of character, and saw that here was a remarkable man, singularly brave, simple, selfless, and devout. He remained until his sores were healed, took part in the services, and visited the out-stations. Admonishing him to take better care of himself, the Doctor supplied him with provisions and carriers, and conveyed him down to Mponda's, whence he intended footing it through the unexplored region between that point and his station. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two.

XLI. Failure or Success?

In March 1881 came the letter from the Home Committee sanctioning the establishment of Bandawé experimentally as the principal port on the Lake, and whatever sub-stations in the highlands the Doctor might deem necessary. James Stewart was also commissioned to undertake the construction of a road to Lake Tanganyika, 10 feet wide, Mr. Stevenson giving £4000 for the purpose, and also to establish a station on the plateau. The Doctor's first act was to order 30,000 yards of calico and 5 cwt. of beads, valued at £500, as a fund to begin building operations; his next to occupy Bandawé on a settled basis. On the 29th, accompanied by Mrs. Laws and a band of workmen, he left Cape Maclear. It was a morning of exceeding beauty. All the staff, the scholars, and the labourers gathered on the beach. As the steamer swung slowly round, her flag was dipped three times by way of farewell, and cheers broke spontaneously from the assemblage. Looking on the row of substantial buildings, the Doctor said to himself, "Visitors ignorant of our past history will criticize the appearance of the place—these permanent brick houses, stores, and school, they will say, were too expensive. But they have all served a real purpose, and they will still be useful, for work will always be carried out here."

Up in the jungle on the hillside the baboons sat and witnessed

the departure, and their raucous barking was more like jeering laughter than ever. It seemed to say, "We told you so." And in Scotland many human beings counted the Mission a failure. They tabulated the first five years by methods of book-keeping:

Liabilities.	Assets.
5 European graves.	1 convert.
5 years' expenditure, £20,000.	1 abandoned station.
5 years' hardship and toil.	

A single Christian, one station which had proved a white man's grave, given up; and everywhere seething masses of heathenism, slave drives, war raids, tribal fights, and poison ordeals. Surely it was a pitiful fiasco!

So ready are men to base their judgment on appearances and to estimate moral progress by outward prosperity, forgetting that the things which are seen are temporal, and that the things which are not seen are eternal. Cape Maclear was a complete success. It had been the right and natural place for the first Station; had it been planted elsewhere, the whole Mission might have ended in disaster; it had proved a safe observation post and a quiet training-ground, away from the main lines of native activity and traffic, where the little community had been free from entanglements with Chiefs and people; it had enabled a permanent footing to be gained for Christianity; it had opened up Central Africa to civilization and trade. Having served its purpose as a base, it had now to be relinquished in face of a further advance and a new phase of operations.

Without Cape Maclear there might have been no Livingstonia Mission and no British Nyasaland.

PART THREE

THE YEARS OF PERIL

I. New Conditions

The Mission was facing a new and different set of conditions. From being situated in a secluded backwater of the Lake it had come into the open and planted itself in the midst of a teeming population, where it was in immediate touch with the fierce tribal forces of savage Africa.

Bandawé was a point on the eastern shore where the level sands, stretching for many miles, rose into higher ground, and then into a projecting conical hill called Makusi, covered with great masses of loose rocks and overrun with tangled vegetation. The beach immediately to the south—where Dr. Livingstone landed—sloped up to a height of 107 feet, and it was here, along the top of the ridge, that the Station was ultimately established. Underfoot was a deep grey sand which made walking difficult, and a hard road impossible. The plain behind was a wilderness of tall grass, bush, and cassava gardens; and in the distance towered the great rampart of blue hills which supported the plateau where the Ngoni dwelt. In front was the vast and lonely Lake, now bright with sunshine or moonlight or dark and raging under the stress of the south-east "mwala" when the tremendous breakers beat upon the shore with a crash that could be heard miles inland.

Since the revolt of the Tonga against the Ngoni, the prestige of the latter had considerably suffered; their headmen who ruled on the plains had been compelled to retire to the hills, and their war parties did not always carry back the tokens of victory. It was the case of a vassal people fighting desperately for life and freedom. Yet the Tonga, soft and untrained, were no match for the virile hill-folk in their disciplined strength, and it was but a question of time ere they would be crushed again or swept out of existence. Warfare was now going on perpetually; the story of each month was one of raids, attacks, and massacres; the ordinary attitude of the people was that of tension and dread, of unceasing vigilance

and of instant readiness for flight. Their fears had been greatly increased by the news that a rising of the Tumbuka tribe, on the hills, who had emulated their example with less success, had been followed by wholesale massacre.

Apart from the conflicts with the Ngoni the various sections of the Tonga were incessantly quarrelling amongst themselves; beer fights, murders, mwavé ordeals, mutual jealousies and ambitions kept the country in a fever of unrest. "I have begun," wrote the Doctor, "to fight a wickedness and degradation of which the people at home have no conception."

What was his attitude to be? The confused period of pioneering was over, he saw more clearly the real principles underlying missionary work, and he now looked at things more from the point of view of the natives. Their thoughts and customs were different from those of Europeans: laws considered equitable by the latter pressed heavily upon them, whilst what was a trivial offence to a white man they regarded as heinous. Chiefs also had their rights, and were naturally jealous of their powers and the integrity of their territory, and opposed those who interfered with their position or set up a rival state. He decided to have nothing to do with civil jurisdiction and to exercise authority only over his own people, the pupils in the school, the industrial apprentices, and the crew of the steamer: all others connected with the Station would be subject either to the Chiefs or to a headman who would be recognized by the latter, and no refugee would be received There was, of course, the possibility that such a plan would not work, that the natives themselves would not act upon it, and it would assuredly not prevent disturbances. "There may be persecution and suffering," he wrote. "This Christ tells us to expect, and promises grace and strength to endure. But by giving our strength to the inculcation of Christian principles we may, I think, look confidently forward to young Nyasa taking up the work. . . . Popular opinion arising from Christian education and enlightenment no African Chief, any more than any European sovereign, can afford to ignore."

Calling the Chiefs together—Marenga, Chikoko, Chimbano, and Kampela—he asked them in the presence of their people if they wished the English to settle amongst them. They replied that they did.

"Then we shall buy the land we require, paying in calico what it is worth. We shall not interfere with your affairs. We have come to teach, not to fight. You must settle your own quarrels

as if we were not here. If anyone attacks you, you must defend yourselves. Then we shall receive no one who runs away and comes to live with us. And, lastly, we shall expect you to punish criminals according to your own laws. Are these conditions accepted ? "

They were.

The Doctor set about to clear the bush, lay out the Station, erect buildings, the bricks for which were manufactured out of an ant-hill, and begin a garden.

One day a native came running into the place ; he proved to be a slave who had escaped from a gang in the neighbourhood. " I am very sorry, but you must go," said the Doctor, and the man, a tragic figure, disappeared. To the workers around who were surprised at this policy the Doctor explained that he had now no power to make the Station a city of refuge. Another runaway appeared saying he had been sold by his Chief and had broken from the gori stick. Again, " I am sorry," the Doctor said, " but we cannot assist you." " Let me stay the night," the man pleaded. Even such a request the Doctor had to decline, and he had almost to drive him away. Then one came crying, " Only redeem my daughter and she and I will be your slaves for life." These things moved the Doctor greatly, but his own freedom of action was now in bonds.

On the first Sunday he hoisted a white flag on Makusi Hill to inform the people that it was God's day. The rain swept down in torrents, but Marenga and some of his followers attended a service, one of the old conversational character at which picture-books were shown. It was hard for the Doctor to begin his work all over again, but it had to be done, and as it was his duty he did it. The natives were much interested in a natural history work on account of the picture of fishes which, as fisherfolk, they recognized, and on subsequent occasions invariably asked for the " fish-book."

Frequent visits were paid to Cape Maclear to complete the measures for evacuation. Mlolo said he would prefer to remain at the Station ; he was a polygamist, but practically a Christian, only loyalty to his wives preventing him putting one away and making an open profession. " He has been my trusty counsellor for many a day," said the Doctor, " and I have no hesitation in placing him in charge of the property and general oversight of the Mission." To Mlolo and the other leading men he pointed out that the time had arrived when they themselves must administer justice. He outlined the constitution of a native court which would have jurisdiction over the district and would meet in the schoolroom

every Wednesday afternoon to judge cases ; the poison test must be entirely discarded, and no mfiti (bewitcher) was to be recognized, except, he remarked with a twinkle, moa (beer). All decisions were to be made known to whoever was in charge of the Station. Mlolo, Mpasa, and Kabanda—the last an old witch-doctor—were nominated by the Doctor ; they in turn nominated one each, and the additional three nominated another, thus making a court of seven. Mlolo was elected President.

With scrupulous regard for native rights the Doctor took Mlolo down to Mponda in order that he might ratify the arrangement. The old slaver, whose regard for the Doctor had increased with the years, at once agreed, and added that he would also gladly assist in the settlement of any trouble.

" Now," said the Doctor, " we are entirely clear of any civil jurisdiction, and that is an immense relief."

Returning on foot to Cape Maclear to rejoin Mrs. Laws he crossed a terrible plain of evil-smelling mud, and at dusk, entering a village, he made for what he thought was the Chief's hut. Several coast traders barred his way and hurried him off to another, which proved to be the one he was seeking. Mlolo, however, discovered the reason for the haste : twenty slaves in yokes lay at the first hut, part of a gang on their way to Mataka's and the coast. When he reached the Cape he asked Mrs. Laws if anything had happened. " Nothing," she replied, " except that a leopard came one night and looked at me through the window."

Many indications showed that the slave-traffic was again in full swing. The missionaries were constantly meeting caravans and noticing dhows crossing the Lake packed with victims, many of them boys and girls half-starved and ill. On nearing the coast it was the custom of the slavers to become circumspect : they fed and clothed their slaves and passed them off as hired servants. " It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Mission has done much to arrest the slave trade," the Doctor wrote to Dr. Stewart. " On our first arrival the slavers were put to confusion, and a temporary panic occurred amongst them, but as soon as this passed they went on as before, though they were careful to give our settlement a wide berth. For the future we may be spectators and informants regarding the slave trade and teachers regarding its evils, but no more, since it is now established that we have no legal right to receive slaves." But he kept Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar informed of any movements of caravans that came to his notice. " The information you send me," wrote Sir John, " is most valuable."

On one occasion the Doctor had an encounter with an Arab dealer. The latter, angry at being interfered with, raised his rifle menacingly, with his finger on the trigger. The Doctor glanced down the bore and then, opening his vest and baring his breast, he fixed upon the man a calm, steady, unafraid gaze, and said, "Shoot." The rifle was lowered. On being reminded long afterwards of the incident, the Doctor laughed, and with characteristic modesty said, "I must have been pretty sure that he would not fire!"

It was at this time also that an incident, slight in itself, but fraught with important consequences to Central Africa, occurred. Amongst the go-naked tribe at the north end of the Lake a quarrel was followed by one party asking the coast Arabs to assist them in attacking the other. Armed help was readily given, and when hostilities were over the Arabs found themselves rich in slaves and in practical possession of a large area of country, where they settled in a more permanent manner than they had hitherto cared to do. The Doctor heard of this when he took up Stewart, along with two assistants, to begin the road to Tanganyika. At the north end Mr. Fred Moir appeared, cool and intrepid as usual, with sixty dead elephants as the result of his hunting.

In October the transference of the head station was complete. Albert, the schoolboys, and the workers were removed to Bandawé, and a good, not overbright, but kindly lad was left at the Cape in charge of the services and another of the school. The Doctor, however, did not expect miracles, and it was not long ere deterioration set in, so that he arranged to shift the lads frequently to Bandawé. One satisfactory result of the absence of European restraint was to sift the heart-Christians from the lip-Christians and to create a real, if small, community of disciples.

Vigorous work began at Bandawé, although the staff was miserably attenuated, consisting simply of the Doctor—the only medical man on the Lake—Mrs. Laws, an agriculturist, and a carpenter, the latter about to return to Scotland. The school was held in the open air at the side of the new house. Only half an hour's notice was given, but forty children appeared, and day by day large numbers were added, being placed in the charge of Albert and other Cape boys. No inducements were held out to the scholars, but occasionally as a reward for good attendance a bit of cloth, a teaspoonful of salt—a great luxury to them—a fish-hook, or a needle was presented. So ignorant were they that they imagined each copy of the same book was different and had to be separately learned. They were inclined to thieving, and had to be watched:

when some school-books were given out they tore off the covers and used them as loincloths. One boy caught stealing from the store was taken there by the Doctor, who showed him a mortar and pestle, into which he slipped some chemicals from various bottles. "Stir," he said. The boy obeyed, and the stuff began to crackle and then exploded. "Now," he said to the affrighted youngster, "take warning. You don't know what will happen if you enter this store."

Mrs. Laws took charge of the girls and soon had a class of over a hundred, which was held in the shade of a tree. All were of the rawest type, dirty, dull, suspicious, haunted by fear. It was essential first to teach them personal cleanliness: regularly their slates had to be taken to the Lake and washed. A more difficult task was to instruct them in the simplest domestic matters: this required a toil, patience, and firmness which only Love made possible.

The Sunday services proved rather trying to the Doctor. Over a thousand persons gathered in the clear space outside the store, but there was a natural movement towards the shade of the trees, and this produced close packing. The majority were unwashed, and the smell of the red paint and rancid fish oil which covered their bodies in a shade temperature of 92° F. was not pleasant to a fevered man. He was sometimes sceptical of the motive which drew so large a crowd. "They are converts to calico," was his private opinion, "and that does not mean converts to Christianity." Services were also held in the villages, as many as ten to fourteen being taken by the Europeans and native lads.

Distant thunderstorms were a warning of the coming rains, and the construction of the houses was hurried forward, as many as two thousand bricks being made in one day. The Doctor assisted the artisans in all the work and took his share in laying the bricks. "I am keen," he wrote, "for getting the young teachers into a regular course of instruction in manual labour of some kind, however simple. I have therefore taken Albert, Dan, Meranga, and Jodi on the work of bricklaying with me, telling them my reasons for doing so, namely, that they might be strong in body and fitted to impart manual instruction as well as mental to the scholars." He was also busy in the garden, planting maize—this did not do well on account of the light sandy nature of the soil—orange, lemon, guava, mango, and coffee trees, which throve, and are to-day as prolific as they were then, but English vegetables were a failure, the heat being too great and the cool season too dry. The wheat was devoured by grasshoppers, which proved a plague for years, though

the Doctor persevered, having noticed that native pests gradually disappeared with the advance of civilization. He pleaded for gardeners to be sent out, realizing that the economic position of the Mission would in the future depend largely upon their efforts.

II. A Midnight Alarm

The Tonga Chiefs came to the Doctor reporting incessant raids by the Ngoni. Five hundred refugees, camped on the broad beach in *masasas* or grass booths, furnished ample evidence of the fact. The children were suffering from cold and exposure. Would the Sing'anga—the Doctor—not come to their assistance?

"I am not your Chief," he replied. "Why don't you defend yourselves? It is time for you to unite and repel your enemies."

He took up some wisps of reed. "Look," he went on, "I can bend this easily. It is like you Tonga just now. "But"—he lifted a bundle of the same reed and endeavoured to break it—"you see I cannot bend these. Be united and be brave. But if this is not possible, try and get some of the Ngoni to come and visit me, and I will see what I can do to bring about peace."

The number of refugees steadily increased: there was a camp of over two thousand living in booths in the bush, and the Doctor went out to those and held a service. "Why should your God allow the Ngoni to trouble us?" was their cry.

As the days passed, the excitement developed and spread: the whole district was seething with unrest, alarm, and dread: reports came in hourly of the movements of the Ngoni. Terrible stories were related of their cruelty to the children they had taken in tribute: it was said that they tied obstreperous ones to branches and kindled fires beneath them; or placed them in large earthen pots and boiled them with maize. Criminals were fastened to the ground and smeared with honey, and the red ants came and ate them alive.

In desperation Chikoko came again to the Doctor. "What can we do?" he wailed. "You cannot hold a mirandu [conference] with a wild beast; you can only go to it with a gun. The Ngoni are like a snake: we are like a frog. When the frog sees a snake he goes off hop, hop, hop, to save himself; that is how we do. If we had guns and powder it would be different. We must have them. We want you to give them to us."

"That," replied the Doctor, "I cannot do. We have brought the gospel to the Ngoni as well as to you, and if we fought them how could they receive us afterwards?"

"But they will kill you and steal and destroy your goods."

"God can protect us."

Towards midnight a deserter from the Ngoni camp was brought to the Doctor. He stated that the Ngoni were marching on Bandawé with the object of wiping out the white men who were protecting their Tonga enemies and of plundering the Station.

"Now," said the Tonga Chiefs exultantly, "the Sing'anga and his followers will have to fight, and they will win!"

The missionaries held a meeting and prayed for guidance and protection. On the following day, the Doctor, though suffering from fever, resolved to get into touch with the advancing impi. He called Albert and Mvula—one of the slave servants who had come up from the Makololo, now one of the carpenters, a steady and faithful lad—and told them his purpose. "Will you come with me?" he asked; adding, "I don't order you to come—I am going unarmed, and so must you, and you are free to decline."

"If your heart is to go," said Albert, "we will go with you. As well die with you as here when the Ngoni come."

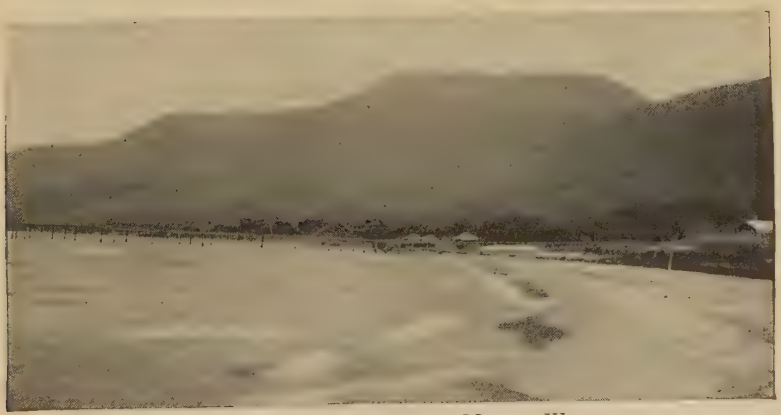
They started off, the Doctor ill and weak. At Chikoko's village he was forced to lie down. There was not a soul in the place, but down in the bay some fifty canoes were ready for flight. Struggling onwards again he gathered what evidence he could regarding the invaders. He suspected that they had been short of food and had come to raid the gardens, and would return when their object was gained. Unable to find them he returned.

At midnight he was awakened by a beating on the window. It was the two artisans with a story from the boys, who stated they had found some of the paths about the Station "closed," that is, strewn with leaves—the African scout method of guiding attacking forces—and therefore the Ngoni might be expected at daybreak. The Doctor, who was in the sweating stage of fever, rose, packed boxes with Station documents, clothing, calico, and other articles, and sent them, along with school children from Cape Maclear, down to the *Herga* at the beach. "The crew are to stand by the boat," he said. "When I give the order, Mrs. Laws will be escorted to the shore, and before I leave I will set fire to the Station." Then all sat down to watch and wait. Mrs. Laws and Sutherland, the agriculturist, as well as the Doctor, were suffering from fever.

"Why," asked the Doctor of the natives, "are we so anxious not to fight the Ngoni? What do you think is our reason?"

It was Mvula who answered. "When Jesus was put to death

Huts of Refugees at the Manchewé Falls (p. 271)



The Jetty at Florence Bay, with Mount Waller behind

ONE OF THE CAVES IN WHICH THE POKA LIVED, WITH WATERFALL IN FRONT (p. 272)

"CLOSE ON 7000 PERSONS PACKED INTO THE ENCLOSURE" (p. 294)

by bad men He had power to destroy them, but did not do it because He loved them."

When dawn came further investigation was made, and it was discovered that the leaves had been placed in the paths by some of the boys at play.

This explanation, however, did not relieve the tension. It was Sunday. During the service, which was held in the new house, a large crowd was standing outside and looking through the doors and windows. When the Doctor said, "Let us pray," the audience bowed their heads, those at the door drew back, and a number of the women ran away. The men inside heard the noise, looked up, and seeing the fleeing figures, supposed that an impi was upon them, and in a moment the place was a pandemonium, every one scrambling out by doors and windows and uttering shouts of terror, and leaving the missionary alone. He had learned not to be disconcerted by such incidents any more than by the dogs which frequented the services and sometimes would fight and engage the entire attention of the congregation, who would urge them on by whistles and yells.

Shortly afterwards a raid occurred and several men were killed and huts burned. The Chiefs again waited on the Doctor. "We are now hearing God's Word and obeying it. War, you say, is bad. We do not want to fight, but live in peace. If you do not help us we shall all be killed and you will be living in a wilderness. As for the Ngoni, they are too wicked to receive God's Word."

"You want us to go and fight the Ngoni?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, yes," eagerly, "that is the very thing."

"Well, we are not going to do it. We have orders from England, and Christ has commanded His Word to be taken to all tribes."

"If the Ngoni come the Tonga will steal your guns—I mean borrow your guns."

"We shall not lend our guns, and as to stealing them, are you ready to take our bullets also? We sleep with our arms and will be ready for you."

He exhibited a brace of revolvers. "Will you catch the bullets when these are fired at you?"

"Oh no," said Chikoto hastily.

Baffled and spiteful, the Chiefs called off all their people from the Station, warning them that the first one found working for the English would have his house burned down, and ordered the schoolboys to leave school on pain of a beating. An attempt was also made to steal the cattle. But this attitude did not last long;

with sorrow on their faces the Chiefs came with peace-offerings and renewed their friendship.

III. A Peace Mirandu

While these events were happening the Doctor was looking anxiously for the *Ilala*, which was long overdue. When she appeared, at Christmas, she brought a story of disaster. Steaming at full speed down the Shiré immediately after the pilot had called out 1½ fathoms, she had struck on a rock and settled down alongside the bank. By diving, the cargo was got out and the rent in the bottom plate stuffed with bark cloth. After being baled out she was floated to a small creek, where sheets of tin were fastened on, making her sufficiently seaworthy to proceed to Matope to be docked and repaired. It was the first serious mishap sustained by the gallant little steamer in her historic career, and was the last worry which the Doctor had in connection with her, for she was shortly afterwards transferred to the Trading Company under an agreement which gave the Mission the use of her when she was not otherwise engaged. In her log-cabin was found, in the Doctor's handwriting, a number of "standing orders," giving detailed instructions to the Captain. The *Ilala* was to be looked upon as a movable mission station, and family worship was to be conducted in English and Chinyanja. One paragraph read :

"The Captain and Engineer or other European aboard will endeavour to do their utmost for imparting evangelistic instruction to the native portion of the crew, considering it their highest honour to be the instrument in God's hand of leading those working under them to the knowledge of Jesus Christ as their Saviour. That this object may be attained let the language and bearing of each European be marked by the courtesy of Christian gentlemen both towards each other and towards the natives."

To Captain Gowans, who passed with her to the Company, the Doctor wrote : "I would still ask you to carry the instructions in the log-book into effect, not as your master but as your pastor, asking you as a Christian seaman to be as much ashamed of lowering the Christian flag on board your ship as you would be to pull down the Union Jack for any other flag in the world."

With the *Ilala* came Dr. and Mrs. Hannington, welcome recruits to the staff, also the faithful Koyi back from furlough. The latter brought with him a boy named Charles Domingo, whom

he had picked up, a helpless waif, in Quilimane, his father being one of the cooks with the African Lakes Company—they were obliged to keep two, as one was usually drunk. This boy was taken into the Doctor's house and trained by Mrs. Laws.

" Well, Koyi," said the Doctor, " I am thankful to see you again. Now we shall reach the Ngoni."

The opportunity came a few days later, and the Doctor seized it. A raiding party was reported at Mt. Kowirwi, and Koyi was dispatched to find it. When he met the outposts one young man insolently danced the war-dance in front of him.

" Be quiet," said Koyi ; " my business is with Mombera—he is not likely to let a boy like you interfere in it."

The party was in charge of a headman named Magoda, whom he knew, and Magoda stared at William as at a spirit ; for a time he doubted his identity. Then he expressed unbounded delight and hastily dispatched a messenger to Mombera to stop a projected expedition to Bandawé. " William Koyi is here, and is coming up from the Doctor with a message. I have given him three guides." Koyi learned that the Doctor's surmise had been correct, and that the reason for the frequent raids on the plains was the absence of food in Ngoniland.

The Doctor, having complete faith in William's caution and discretion, dispatched him, along with Albert, to Mombera. Albert returned with a letter, in which Koyi reported that the scarcity of food-stuffs amounted to a famine. On account of the Doctor's long delay in visiting the country and the false statements spread by the Tonga, there was a strong division of feeling regarding the English, half the tribe being disposed to be friendly, the other half being decidedly hostile. When William himself returned he brought Chipatula and his brother and some other sub-Chiefs and a message from Mombera. The latter had thought the Doctor had deceived him, but after hearing Koyi's explanation his old feelings were renewed and he begged to see the Doctor again. Meanwhile he had sent ambassadors to meet the Tonga and hear the Doctor's word of conciliation and peace.

The visitors were entertained and shown the wonders of the Station, and on Sunday they sat at service side by side with their sworn enemies. A great mirandu was held, to which came all the Chiefs of the district, accompanied by their followers. Long lines of men, three deep, marched up to the Station : those armed with guns first, next those with spears and shields, and then those with bows and arrows. The Ngoni squatted on the verandah of the

Doctor's house on one side, fourteen Tonga chiefs squatted on the other, with the Doctor, Dr. Hannington, and Mr. Stewart between, while 500 warriors sat on the ground in front.

The Doctor said they had met on neutral ground, face to face, to hear the message from Mombera ; the speaking was in their hands, but let them speak as men and not as children. By making each orator sit on a chair, and passing it from side to side, he contrived to avoid the confusion of an ordinary mirandu.

One wise Ngoni greybeard advised them not to go back to the old days and old troubles—that was like digging up rotten foodstuff ; they should rather forget these and find a sensible way out of their present troubles.

The conference went on until the setting of the sun, when the local men began to fidget and a few to steal away. No definite decision was arrived at ; the Tonga declared they would like peace, but would not again become slaves of the Ngoni, and a further conference was proposed. Such result the Doctor knew would not stand the test of an hour, and he thought it wise to send Koyi as an escort to the envoys on their return journey.

The year 1881 closed in gloom. News arrived from the north that while twenty-four of Stewart's men were on their way to the landing-place they had been attacked, nineteen being killed, amongst them some faithful Livingstonia lads, who had accompanied the Doctor on his long journeys, and also one who had been his first scholar at Cape Maclear. Stewart had remained for three days at the spot to succour any in peril, and had also been attacked. This incident led to the withdrawal of the expedition for a time, and the restarting of the road from Karonga's.

Bandawé seemed an even worse situation for health than Cape Maclear ; fever was endemic in the district, and the Station was seldom free from illness. The heat was so intense that the native workers had bleeding at the nose, and the sand burned the feet even through thick boots. The Doctor was often incapacitated, and the long-thought-of furlough now seemed nearer, though, apart from health reasons and the desire to see his father, he would have preferred to remain, the very thought of a congregation of pale faces making him shiver. His plans, however, were upset by the illness of Dr. Hannington, who had never been well since his arrival. " I am afraid," he wrote, " that I will have to give up furlough and remain at my post."

IV. Strange Days in Ngoniland

Anxious though the Doctor was to visit Mombera, in order to bring about a truce between the Ngoni and Tonga, and to establish a mission that would perfect the peace, it was not until 18th April 1882 that he was able to leave the Station. As Dr. Hannington's condition was far from satisfactory, he decided to take him with him to the hills for a change. Koyi was also of the party. They had not proceeded far ere Hannington became feverish, and a machila was improvised to carry him. The Doctor himself was far from well, but held on. For several days they travelled over rough country, ascending the while, until they reached the cold heights that edged the plateau where the mist swept up and eddied about them in clammy wreaths. On the seventh day, fevered and exhausted, they arrived at Chipatula's, situated near a hill called Mt. Nyuju, from which they saw, beyond the Kisutu River, the cluster of huts and kraal which constituted Mombera's village. After setting up the tents and resting, the Doctor ascended the hill and obtained a view of the great tree-clad Ngoniland plateau, broken, here and there, by curious abrupt hills shooting up like thumbs out of the level.

It was intimated to Mombera that the Doctor had arrived, and that he wished to be received by the tribe as a whole, and not merely by a section, and would, therefore, like to meet all the sub-Chiefs. Mombera, it was stated, was ill, but was summoning all the councillors of the tribe. For nine weary days the party waited. One of the Doctor's occupations was a study of the Ngoni's migrations. Koyi said the language was more akin to that spoken by the Anaxosa round Lovedale than by the Zulus in Natal. Many words had been adopted from the tribes through whose lands they had wandered, but they had retained sufficient of the old tongue to understand the Kafir Bible when it was read to them.

One night a hyena came prowling about, and the Doctor rose and looked out. In the bright moonlight he saw the animal investigating the pots at the cooking-place. Telling Dr. Hannington not to be alarmed, he took his rifle, and as the hyena lifted a lid to see what was inside he fired. In the morning the boys came saying, "Blood, blood." The Doctor told them to follow up the trail, which they did, and eventually speared the wounded beast and brought it to the camp. Dr. Hannington wishing to have the skull, the Doctor ordered the boys to hang the head on a tree in order that the ants might clean it. That night came the "how-oof, how-oof" of

a hyena, then another, and another, until the whole countryside seemed to be alive with the creatures. It turned out that the boys had hung up the whole body instead of the head, and the hyenas had been walking round and round the tree. "They were making mourning for their dead friend," was the native explanation.

When the summons came to the indaba (conference) both the Doctors were ill, but they proceeded to the kraal where they were kept for a time in the blazing sunshine, and then told that as "too many people were about" the council would be held in a hut. Passing an armed guard at the low doorway they crept in, and found thirty of the principal men gathered in the confined space. Mombera was not present, but was represented by Mtwaro, a handsome, intelligent man.

"You are here," said Mahalule, the Chief's foster-father. "We will listen to you. Our fathers gave us these shields and spears and all that we have, but if you can show us a better way we will take it."

The Doctor began by expressing sorrow at Mombera's illness, and thanked them for their friendly reception. Showing them a Bible, "We come," he said, "with this the Word of God. The book is not a charm; it alone can do no good. Maize in the field is good; cooked it is better; but it is only when it is eaten that it gives a man strength. So with the Book. Read and taken into the heart it makes a man happy and strong; obeyed by a nation it makes it prosper. A nation may cast it aside and flourish for a time, but it will at last sink and be destroyed. We wish to tell you what is in the Book, to tell your children how to read it, to give medicine to the sick, and to be the friends and helpers of all."

In turn the headmen expressed the friendliest sentiments, but the gist of all the speeches was that the Tonga were their subjects and must be subdued, and that the white men must leave the Lake shore and come and live with the superior race in the hills. There would be no difficulty in communicating with the Lake: a road would be made with their spears. When the Doctor came, he would find that the Ngoni also had their troubles. He would be like a newly-married wife come to her husband's home who soon found out how he was placed.

Mahalule also likened the Doctor to a husband who had married two wives, and, having done so, he should settle the differences of the two.

"True," replied the Doctor, "we have married the Tonga and the Ngoni, but, like a good Ngoni husband, we will allow the wives to patch up their own quarrels."

What with the heat and the stuffiness, the atmosphere of the hut became unbearable, and by the time the sun set and the council adjourned, the two missionaries were almost in a state of collapse.

Next morning Mombera was present, looking ill. The same ground was gone over and finally a pledge of protection was given by an aged councillor. This was implemented by a present of cattle, a sort of dowry accompanying the marriage between the two parties, and the missionaries reciprocated by presenting to Mombera some blankets, cloth, knives, beads, a mirror, and folding-chair, and lesser gifts to the other men. The Doctor was then formally notified that he was one of themselves and could come and go as he wished in their country.

In their tent the missionaries were discussing arrangements to leave on the following day when the Doctor saw his companion looking strange and beginning to sway. Catching him, he placed him on the camp bed; his breathing ceased, his heart stopped, and he was practically a dead man. Turning over the body the Doctor gave it a pat, and another, and then felt the heart: it began to beat, and by and by the patient came round. But what with the fever, the weakened action of the heart, and other complications, he gradually sank, and the Doctor had grave doubts of his recovery. He kept special messengers flying to Bandawé with news of his condition, and at last dispatched an urgent summons to Mrs. Laws to bring up Mrs. Hannington. "I earnestly hope," he wrote, "that she may see him alive. I would hope for more than this, but the prospect is dark. Though it may be the more tiresome take the shortest road. Bring medicine."

The two ladies, with Albert as guide, started immediately and pushed on swiftly over a very rough and dangerous track, heedless of wild beasts—at one place they stumbled on a herd of eleven elephants—bridgeless rivers, blazing sunshine, and severe headaches. Once came a breathless messenger with the word, "Come on as quickly as possible." Then later another, "Don't march so rapidly—Dr. Hannington is better and gaining strength. Send the medicines." These were given to the messenger, who travelled all night and arrived at three next morning.

When they reached Nyuju Mrs. Laws was suffering from sunburn, her neck being so deeply affected that it never afterwards regained its natural colour. A shed was erected for the Hanningtons and the Doctor and Mrs. Laws occupied the tent, a communication cord going from the patient through the tent and being

fastened at night to the Doctor's arm so that he might be called if needed. He and Mrs. Laws slept on mattresses on the grass, and one night the latter heard a hyena sniffing close to her arm. On another occasion a leopard jumped into the kraal amongst the cattle, and at the same moment a tug at the string took the Doctor to the side of his patient.

Dr. Hannington was too ill to undergo the risk of travelling, and the weeks ran on. Mrs. Hannington, Mrs. Laws, and Koyi were all occasionally prostrate with fever. The Doctor himself was often down, yet he began the work of a regular station. Services were held in the kraal to which Mombera came but was exceedingly restless while the court jester cut curious capers and made grotesque facial contortions. A school under Koyi made remarkable progress, the children proving intelligent, one of the cleverest being a daughter of the Chief. With nothing but an axe, an auger, and a saw, and despite turns of fever and dysentery, the Doctor constructed a wattle-and-daub house into which Dr. Hannington was removed. It was the first mission house in Ngoniland.

One day the little son of Mombera came over from the village across the river to see the strangers. Mrs. Laws welcomed him, and with a motherly gesture placed her hand on his head. He became ill, suffered from a severe headache, and a native doctor was called in to see him. The cure was blood-letting. To open a vein was easy, but how to stop the flow the practitioner knew not, and the child bled to death. The superstitious Ngoni believed that he had been bewitched by Mrs. Laws, but Mombera, though troubled in mind, would not listen to such a charge, and set his face like flint against any reprisal.

Soon afterwards, however, he sent a startling message, curtly ordering the school to be closed "as he did not wish the children to be taught before he himself knew the News." It was the command of a tyrant and had to be obeyed; in the circumstances it was also a calculated insult, but the Doctor, making allowances for barbaric training, resolved not to quarrel. He sought an interview, which was refused. Koyi was more successful, but the Chief was obdurate.

"Then do you wish us to leave?" Koyi asked.

"If you go," was the rude reply, "it is because you want to go."

The evangelist returned looking disappointed and crestfallen.

"Something is going on behind the scenes," he said.

The Doctor did not know what to do. "God's ways are best,"

he wrote at last. "We do not give up hope and we shall try again. Koyi wants to be left, as he will have more freedom of speech were I not here, and what he says will not implicate me. In all those delicate negotiations he has been my right hand. He is doing true pioneer work of a very arduous kind and has his heart thoroughly in it."

Leaving Koyi alone in the midst of a sullen population the party in June made their way back by a longer but easier track for the sake of the patient, and reached Bandawé in safety. Sutherland was then sent up to Koyi with supplies.

Not long afterwards a headman of the Ngoni died. A meeting of the council was called and the two events, the death of Mombera's son and the death of this man, were debated. The missionaries were accused of being the cause of both, and the matter was put to the test, Koyi and Sutherland being held prisoners until the result was known. Two fowls were procured: one was made to represent the Ngoni and the other the missionaries, and mwavé in water was administered to each. Both vomited the poison and lived, and Ngoni and missionaries were considered blameless. But there was much discontent among the younger warriors, who suspected that the coming of the white man's religion would undermine their savage practices, and they were all in favour of murdering the missionaries and so securing complete freedom to wipe out the Tonga. Mombera, however, remained immovable, and to his steadfast opposition Dr. Laws and his companions owed their lives.

What was the secret of this strange despot's attitude? There is no doubt that it was his affection for Dr. Laws. The two strong men had drawn to each other, and the Doctor had taken a place in the Chief's heart which no hostile influence could shake. His change of position was really a strategic move in the interests of the Doctor. He had to please two parties, one friendly to the Mission and the other, the hot-bloods, opposed, and he tightened and slackened the reins of licence in a way which, while it seemed puzzling to the missionaries, was in reality their salvation, and in the end led Ngoniland into peace.

Much to the Doctor's regret he had to invalid Dr. Hannington home. "He has proved himself well fitted for the work," he wrote, "and has endeared himself to all." The Doctor convoyed him as far as Blantyre and returned in August.

V. Native Impressions

It was Sunday at Bandawé. In a village near the station there was uproar and confusion : the passions of a community were let loose, and anger and fear hurried the people on to a dark deed. A man was accused of some crime : the casual statement was made that he must be a wizard, and instantly the place was in an uproar. He was seized, and mwavé was forced upon him. He drank it and died. The fury of the people knew no bounds. They seized their clubs and hoes and whatever instruments they could lay hands upon, rushed upon the corpse, and beat it and hacked it to pieces. It was then dragged outside the village and lighted wood piled about it, for such evil-doers must be consumed by fire.

At the same moment a Christian service was going on at the Station and the second convert of the Mission was being baptized. This was Mvula, already mentioned, who, although unable to read, was an earnest and devoted disciple of Christ and one of the Doctor's trustiest men. Remembering the wish of the Rotterdam lady who had helped him into the University the Doctor suggested to Mvula that he might take the new name of James Brown, which he did, though he continued to be known also by his native title. Albert came up from Cape Maclear to be present, and after the ceremony he went up to Mvula and said happily, " Now I no longer stand alone."

On another Sunday later, in a downpour of rain, a crowded service was held at which three more lads were baptized. Each gave an account of his past life and of his conversion and invited others to acept the Christian way of living. Sitting looking on, intent and wondering, were some Ngoni messengers from the hills. Albert was again present, with face aglow. But there was none in the large gathering so quietly glad as the tall grave man who administered the vows to the converts.

At Mwanda's village two men were accused of an offence and both accepted the poison ordeal. One died, the other vomited and recovered, and in revenge for his humiliation organized an attack on Mwanda. From the Station the missionaries saw the village in flames and heard gunshots. One man was killed. Retaliation followed and the affair went on for days. At the mirandu the Doctor spoke strongly of the wickedness of the business and of the folly of the ordeal. Taking two glasses of water he added a substance to each.

" That is mwavé," said the Chief.

" No," rejoined the Doctor ; " it is iron."

Into one glass he dropped strychnine and into the other tartar-emetic.

"Now the water in these two glasses seems alike, but if you drank one you would die; if you drank the other you would live. In the same way your mwavé ordeal can be manipulated by those in charge of the matter. Is it not so?"

"True," they admitted, and actually mentioned the name of the drug which was used to cause a person to vomit.

"We do not like the ordeal ourselves," the Chiefs confessed frankly, "but the people believe in it and demand it and we cannot refuse to give it."

The Doctor recognized the difficulty: in Africa, as elsewhere, legislation could not move in advance of public opinion; but he thought the Chiefs might quietly use their influence, and after a time, when the schools had done their work and enlightenment spread, could combine to put down the practice. How strong a hold the superstition had was shown by the fact that Fuka, one of the most sensible of the Chiefs, being accused of sorcery, demanded to be tried by the ordeal, and was with difficulty persuaded from carrying out his intention, though he insisted on a dog and fowl undergoing the test.

Walking along a native path the Doctor met a funeral. First came a woman carrying a basket of flour, a handful of which she threw on the ground at the cross-paths. Other women followed, then four men carrying the body wrapped in a mat and swung on two poles. Behind were the mourners, heads, faces, and hands painted red and white, carrying baskets and pots on which a cross was represented, indicating that the body was that of a woman. This was a simple burial. Two days after this a Chief died not far distant, and forty of his slaves were killed and buried along with him.

The boys looking on at these things are now men, some of them occupying positions of honour and usefulness in the Mission. "Dotolozi" (Dr. Laws), says one, a school inspector, "came when there was great trouble. The land was forest; elephants, lions, leopards, and hyenas roamed about. We were afraid of being sold: every headman sold people to get cloth and ammunition. The Ngoni had control of the district and we had to pay a tax of food. The Tonga young men they took away to train were brave and were always the chief fighters in the raids made on the tribes in the west. They rebelled and came back to the Lake and built stockades on the shore: we used to hide ourselves among the big caves on the other

side of Makusi Hill. When Dotolozi came it was different. We thought he was a fish and had no bones, but we saw him lift a box—so big—and we changed our minds. He was a charmer: he charmed the whole district, so that the Ngoni could not come near. There was a story amongst us that at night he walked about the villages without being seen. Some Chiefs came from Chintechi to ask the Doctor to make rain, and their enemies wanted to waylay and kill them, and followed them all the way back; but the Doctor went with them and was always between them and the line of fire. We did not know what praying meant, and when the Doctor said, 'Let us pray,' no one would shut his eyes, for our big men told us not to do so; and so we looked through our fingers, in case anything should happen. We still pray for the Doctor everywhere on Sundays. If he had been a young man like some to-day who make much of difficulties and have little courage there would have been no gospel in Tongaland."

"The Doctor," says another, a pastor, "was a tall man, with black hair, and we called him the 'Sing'anga wamkura,' the great doctor, for he was a great figure to us. There might be trouble, but when he came everything was at an end; even among the Chiefs if they were fighting when he came all was over. I remember once when there was a dispute between two Chiefs, Dr. Laws heard of it. When he appeared they had started to fight, but he went between them and said 'Stop!' and they stopped. The conditions were exactly the same as those described in *Mary Slessor of Calabar.* Now in the land at large his name is a household word and we have a song about him. My own children now and again say to me, 'Father, sing us Dr. Laws.'"

VI. Massacre

"The Doctor is my friend; yea, more, he is my right eye, and before I send an army to fight the Tonga I will send him word."

So ran a message from Mombera. Next day a body of Ngoni ambushed a party of peasants in their gardens and left over thirty bodies stabbed to the heart. Late that evening continuous gun-firing was heard. In the moonlight the Ngoni had stolen down, passed the Mission garden, not purloining anything, but killing four of the workers, and attacked the village of Fuka, three of whose wives were amongst the slain.

Towards sunset on the following day Tonga scouts detected the enemy and raised the cry that they were approaching Marenga's,

and in a moment the population was in flight, some making for the woods, others streaming to the beach and Makusi Hill. An armed watch was set at the Station.

The strain was so intolerable that the Chiefs once again appealed to the Doctor to interfere. "There is no other way of securing peace," he told them, "except by sending up messengers to Mombera."

Another mirandu was therefore held, but all the proposals involved securing the Doctor's countenance and aid, and he refused to be drawn into any arrangement. "Don't lay hold of my legs," he told them. "Act for yourselves and leave me neutral—that is the best way of which I can be of use to you as mediator."

After long debate the Chiefs decided not to send up messengers; they would rather unite, build one large village, and resist their oppressors.

"Then you invite war," was the Doctor's comment.

"Will you," said Chikoko, "stand by and see our blood shed by the Ngoni when we have not harmed them, and not help us to resist?"

"Even in that case I cannot help by armed intervention, though I will assist the wounded on both sides."

The Chiefs were as good as their word. They ordered their people to abandon their villages and concentrate in large centres, and very soon within a distance of 10 miles to the south of the Station over 20,000 were huddled together, while at another point farther north over 10,000 were gathered. Some Chiefs nearer the hills were so tired of what seemed an endless and hopeless struggle that they gave in their allegiance to the Ngoni. Such faint-heartedness incensed the others, who expressed their resentment by attacking them, and the situation grew more and more complicated.

The Doctor was profoundly sorry for these harassed people. Ever since the Ngoni had invaded Central Africa, the Tonga and other tribes had been the victims of systematic robbery and assault. He thought it probable that much that was weak in their character could be explained by their misfortunes.

Skirmishes followed at frequent intervals, though not always with victory to the hillmen: at Kota Kota they were thoroughly beaten, and a brother of Mombera was slain.

Sutherland having returned, Koyi was holding the position at Mombera's. He was often ill and tired and lonely in the midst of scenes that would have depressed anyone; beer drinks and obscene

revelries were frequent, the village would be flooded with armed men, war dances went on, secret councils were held. "I need sometimes," he said, "to pull my hat well down on my head to prevent the hair rising and lifting it off." But he was determined not to forsake his post in case the Ngoni would visit their displeasure on the Mission. What upheld him was the constant counsel and encouragement of the Doctor, who never lost sight of the conviction that the only true foundation for the work was the goodwill of the people. "Faith and patience, William," he wrote, "these are the two things which will turn the country upside down. You are doing noble work, and God is blessing it and honouring you as His instrument. The angels in heaven might envy you your task."

When William sent down his first letters they were accidentally burned on the way. On the second occasion the messenger tied them to the cleaning rod of his gun and, at a sudden alarm of game, shot them into fragments. Koyi grimly placed his next dispatches inside a large brick which he marked "fireproof" and said, "There, carry that to the Doctor; it will teach you a lesson to have more care."

He once sent down some Ngoni for provisions. On being given a box to carry, one said haughtily, "I am a soldier and do not carry boxes." The Doctor looked at him with the flashing eyes which earned for him the name "Eyes of War," took the box, and placed it on the man's shoulder and pointed to the path. The proud warrior marched off, but at the first village commandeered a Tonga, and at the point of the spear made him convey the load to Ngoniland.

The Doctor did not believe that the raids in the neighbourhood of the Station were the work of Mombera; they were probably isolated efforts on the part of the less responsible sections of the tribe, and he never lost his faith that all would yet be well. So sure was he that permission would yet be granted to carry on work that he sent up Sutherland again with a plan for a brick house, and instructions to proceed as quickly as possible. Sutherland was another of the quiet heroes of humble life whose qualities of courage and endurance are never known until they are placed in circumstances of responsibility and strain. Mr. J. A. Smith, a teacher now attached to the Mission, also paid a visit to the hills. But it was Koyi who gained the confidence of Mombera and the people. So great was his influence that at his services in the kraal over 1500 persons would be present, and the Doctor had to warn him that they might be there by the Chief's order, and he did not wish

hypocrites but Christians. "You will get the children next," the Doctor confidently told him—"all in good time. Let us not hurry on too fast, but have patience and prayer in unstinted measure."

VII. Looking Forward One Hundred Years

With clear vision and superb faith the Doctor was looking far into the future and planning out, wide and deep, the foundations on which the structure of Livingstonia was to be built. The Home Committee must have been astonished to receive from him at this time a scheme as complete as it was comprehensive, which required them to form a mental picture of the conditions and needs of the country for at least fifty years ahead. If what he outlined seemed too big to be wrought out in that period, he boldly asked them to think of a hundred years.

The aim in his mind was to train up in Central Africa a Bible-reading and a Bible-loving people, intelligent and sensible in their outlook, and skilled with their hands. To realize this he contemplated a mission comprising a line of central stations 30 miles apart on the Lake shore, another line parallel to these 30 to 40 miles inland, and so on. The idea of parallel stations came to him from the black parallel ruler lying on his desk; he took it, opened it, placed it on his large map, and said, "That is how we shall advance." On each station would be one primary school, and there would be eight similar out-schools under the supervision of the missionary. Even this would provide only half the number that would eventually be required. Every alternate station would have a secondary school, which would be partly technical. Then there would be a great central institution or college, and perhaps in time, two, to cover the higher educational and industrial needs of the people. Out of the primary schools four classes or grades would come: those fitted by inclination, character, and habit to be (1) teachers, (2) evangelists and pastors, (3) commercial and industrial workers, and (4) agriculturists. The medium of education would depend on the British or Portuguese occupation of the country: if British, it would be the vernacular in the primary schools (except perhaps in the case of arithmetic); in the secondary schools vernacular and English, and in the college English, but not to the exclusion of other languages.

The financial aspect of the scheme was worked out to the minutest detail; the estimated cost for all the buildings—churches,

colleges, schools, and houses—would amount to £117,000, and the annual upkeep and salaries to £22,450.

With all his enthusiasm and idealism the Doctor was essentially practical. He knew that he could not outrun natural development. The people were ignorant of their own ignorance, and one had to begin at something earlier even than the primary school and try and give them a desire for knowledge and instruction. That was the stage at which they were now working. But gradually his scheme would come into operation, and meantime he did not believe in sending boys to Lovedale to be trained, as the Home Committee wished. "I think it better," he said, "that we should aim not so much at sending them to Lovedale as developing Lovedale here."

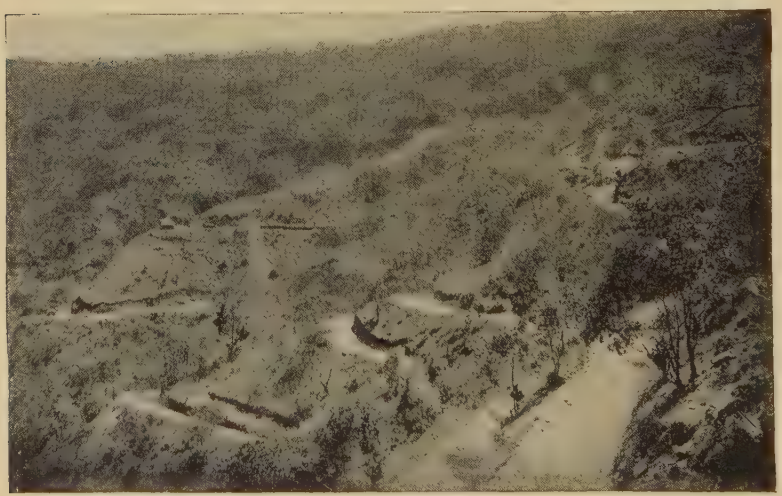
His object in sending forward such a scheme was partly to show the Committee that they had enough on hand without claiming the east side of the Lake. In the quiet and dispassionate way in which he treated all problems he pointed out the difficulties of working that field with its Mohammedan population. They were not ready to occupy it; to do so would involve huge additional expense, and the *Ilala* was not now available for unfettered movement. Apart from these obstacles they could not ignore the rights of the Universities Mission. The latter had proposed extending their coast work to the Lake even before the Livingstonia Mission had been established. They had first organized a station at Masasi not far from the coast-line, and had gradually worked their way inland to Mataka's and were now prospecting on the Lake shore. They were bound to begin there; it was essential for them to have a receiving-place for goods brought by waterway. No possible objection could be taken to such a step. The Lake was a natural boundary between the two spheres if it could be agreed upon. He had no patience with those who were jealous of another mission "cutting out" the Livingstonia enterprise. "The more I study the circumstances of the Mission," he wrote, "the more strongly do I think we ought to confine ourselves to the west coast, the north and south ends, and the back country inland. Here we will find a practically unlimited scope for our energies for many years to come. There are thousands of miles to the west still unvisited and unoccupied, and we should not claim a district which we are not able to occupy; this would be keeping from the natives what Christ wished them to possess."

He had the opportunity of discussing the matter with his friend Johnson, who turned up at Bandawé in September 1882 so ill that

An Organ being dragged up from the Lake, 1900

Another Organ being taken up, 1905

LIVINGSTONIA PLATEAU



A VIEW ON THE LONGMUIR ROAD

he had to be carried up from the beach in a hammock. The more the Doctor saw of this simple-minded tireless missionary the more he liked him. "He is the true apostle of the Lake," he often said. Johnson walked about the illimitable regions of savage Africa with the fearlessness of a child and the scant equipment of a native.

Laws frankly stated to him that he was still under orders to occupy the eastern side, but that he did not think the Livingstonia Mission could honourably do so. As if some foreboding crossed his mind he added with his usual sturdy independence of spirit, "I am willing to co-operate with Christians of any other denomination—but I call no man master." How clearly he read the future was shown in a letter at this time to the Rev. Horace Waller: "If your Committee could give an assurance that you would keep to the eastern boundary it would simplify matters. Even such an arrangement would have to be considered temporary, as in the course of years native Christians would be moving about and would naturally take the form of worship and Church Government to which they have been accustomed." What moved him always in the matter was not petty sectarian feeling but the desire to save the native from the bewilderment which artificial ecclesiastical differences caused him.

VIII. A Bitter Cry

One of the Doctor's aims was to develop the spirit of self-help in the people. A minor event in the early part of 1883 was the sale of the first Tonga primers to schoolboys at the price of a fowl each. It was a small beginning, but soon afterwards the congregation agreed to support Charles Kondé, the evangelist, at Cape Maclear, at the rate of three shillings per month for three days each week, the other three being allowed him for garden work. This was the first evangelist supported by the native church of Central Africa. Contributions for the purpose came in beads, grain, eggs, and fowls, as well as in coin, and the allocation was done by the natives. School fees were first taken from teachers, who gave sixpence per month from their wages in order to learn English; but ordinary school fees were much longer in coming.

It required more patience to develop concerted action on the part of the general community. Time and again the Doctor urged upon the Chiefs the need for better public roads. "But who will pay us for the labour?" they always asked. "No one," replied the Doctor. "Let each man bring in a tree, each woman a bundle of

grass and some clay, each boy a ball of bark for binding. Then let every one give three days' work : the Mission staff will do the same, and the thing will be done."

The Chiefs agreed, except one who was drunk. To him the Doctor said, " It is for your benefit, not mine. See "—he kicked his foot against a stone—" my boots protect my toes : it is you and your children that need a good path." The demonstration appealed to the Chief, who joined in, and the work began.

The Doctor then asked them to build schools in their villages. Two large ones were soon up under the superintendence of Albert ; they cost the Mission nothing, and the people, taught to regard them as their own, took a pride in maintaining them.

For a time the school work was interrupted by three of the girls being seized by the uncle of one while they were on their way home and sold as slaves to Jumbé. The latter took one as a wife and resold another, and the third died.

The rainy season again proved a trying one. Sickness, fever, and languor mastered the staff. " It is heavy work," said the Doctor, " fighting against the ever-returning sickness, and proves a heavy drag on the progress we would like to see our work making."

Even the elements seemed to conspire against them. Bandawé justified its native name of " the home of the thunder " : electric storms, terrifying in their intensity, played about the Station ; cold, dismal days and nights of wind and rain made everything mouldy and every one wretched ; severe earthquakes shook the buildings. Of more moment was the danger from wild animals. Man-eating crocodiles took a heavy toll of human victims, and leopards and hyenas prowled nightly about the Station and killed off the fowls.

The cruelty of nature and man kept the Doctor busy. Many frightful cases of laceration were brought in. One man who had been seized by a crocodile had deep wounds stuffed with charcoal and burned leaves, and another had his filled with sand, this being the native form of treatment. Spear and gunshot wounds were numerous. One day a man was carried into the house. The Doctor was lying ill, but he rose and found that the leg had been smashed and a chunk of flesh blown away. There was nothing for it but to amputate at the hip-joint.

" No, no," said the patient. " I don't want my leg taken away."

" Then you will die," replied the Doctor. " You are half dead already."

But neither he nor his friends would consent to the operation, and the Doctor could only bandage the wounds and give an opiate. As the man lay bleeding to death he cried repeatedly, " I am going, white man ! . . . Where am I going, white man ? "

" Ay, whither away ! " echoed the Doctor sadly, and for days could not get the words out of his mind. If only that bitter cry could ring through Scotland !

In another case where a bullet had broken a thigh bone and amputation was also imperative, the patient said, " But how shall I walk ? How shall I hoe my garden with one leg ? "

" Better," suggested the Doctor, " hoe your garden with one leg than go to your grave with two."

This man recovered and moved about on crutches.

Some of these cases would not have been undertaken in Europe without trained assistants and consultations with specialists, but the Doctor had to rely upon his own knowledge and skill and the help of whoever happened to be at the Station at the time. One operation of a kind which he had never seen performed was done by lamplight. The patient seemed likely to succumb, but the Doctor prayed earnestly that he might recover. " I am anxious he should do so not only for his own sake but also for the sake of the Mission." Removed to the quiet seclusion of the Doctor's study, he did recover, and, said the Doctor, " We thank God for his recovery and trust that the success of the operation may be the means of enlarging His Kingdom."

During 1882 there were 3104 native cases, 2304 of which were attended to at the Station. As patients kept coming all day long, the Doctor put up a Red Cross flag to indicate when he was in attendance. This medical work was not without its hazards. During an epidemic of ophthalmia he was infected and for a time was incapacitated from work and suffered severely.

At this time he started a magazine. He had long been desirous of having one which would be a means of conveying intelligence concerning the Mission and become the repository of information regarding the country and its people ; but there was yet no printing-press, and such a journal could only be in manuscript form and have a local constituency. Nevertheless, he made the attempt. He called it first the *Livingstonia Magazine*, but this was altered to *Aurora*. In an editorial foreword he outlined the wide scope of its interest and gave suggestions for papers which proved that he had not a little of the journalistic faculty. " What we want," he said, " are actual facts recorded as speedily as possible. These

are of greater importance than the manner in which the matter is written. A plain record of facts in the ordinary language of every-day life is what is most desirable." A paper on co-operation in the second issue—which proved the last—is interesting as containing the germs of all his subsequent mission policy.

At night he bent patiently over his translation of the New Testament. " If any work on earth should make a man humble," he said, " I feel it to be trying to translate the Scriptures." But at last the draft was finished, and in May he wrote to Miss Melville, his old Sunday-school teacher, giving her the news. And as he always did, on every task being completed, he added, " To God alone be the honour and the glory."

IX. Henry Drummond

Close upon midnight on 19th September 1883 the Doctor was asleep. A sudden call woke him. He heard the word " steamer," and rose and dressed and went down to the Bay, where he found the ship's dinghy and a note stating that Dr. and Mrs. Scott and the Rev. James Bain, new recruits for the Mission, along with Prof. Henry Drummond, were on board. Drummond ? The Doctor was taken by surprise : no word of his coming had reached him. Hastily scribbling a line to Mrs. Laws to prepare for guests he went on board and welcomed the strangers. As all walked up the long path to the Station the dim light idealized the surroundings, and Drummond remarked on the beauty of the spot. At the manse a fire had been kindled and food was ready. The party were accommodated comfortably for the night, but the Doctor and Mrs. Laws slept on the top of the storeroom table, and the latter was up by three o'clock baking bread for the party.

Drummond, it appeared, had been sent out at the instance of Mr. James Stevenson in the interests of the Trading Company, to make a scientific investigation of the Nyasa and Tanganyika regions, a gigantic task which, fully carried out, would have taken him many years. The particular section he wished to study was that between the two lakes where Mr. Stewart was actively constructing the Stevenson Road. It was now fairly well known and had been frequently traversed. Mr. Fred Moir and an engineer had shortly before conveyed the L.M.S. steamer *Good News* in 400 sections over the track to Tanganyika. It was on this journey that Mr. Moir met a slave caravan, 3000 strong, with a dancing, singing escort, and accompanied by the leader, a courteous white-

robed Arab with gold-embroidered *joho* and silver sword and daggers. The slaves were in gangs of a dozen, fastened with chains or the gori stick, all bending beneath loads of ivory or grain, and the women with babies in addition. Hyenas followed the huge rabble like sharks a ship, looking for cast-off victims.

Drummond had called in at Cape Maclear and seen the first settlement. His description of the spot in *Tropical Africa*, evidently jotted down at the time and left unaltered, gave to the outside world a totally wrong impression of the situation and did the Mission considerable harm. It set the keynote for subsequent travellers, who wrote in the same commiserating strain and conveyed to their readers the same sense of depression and failure.

Having "bumped" on the way up at a wooding station, the *Ilala* went on to Nkata for repairs. When she returned two days later her ensign was at half-mast. A gale was blowing and the waves were thundering on the beach, but the Doctor was anxious to know who was dead and ordered out the boat. The first attempt to launch her failed. A second attempt was made. Taking off his boots and handing his jacket to Drummond he scrambled in. "Now!" he cried out to the men. The boat was shoved off but could not keep her bows to the waves, which forced her broadside on to the beach. The Doctor leaped into the water and was hauled to land.

Seeing the difficulty the Captain raised up a square piece of tarpaulin and through a telescope those on shore made out the word "Stewart." Later they learnt that some men from the north end had brought the news. Stewart had died after three days' illness, while superintending the construction of the road at its most difficult and unhealthy section. To Laws the loss of his tried and efficient colleague was a severe blow, and he grieved with the deep and silent sorrow of a strong man. There was none of all those he had worked with whom he missed more. They would sit for hours together without speaking, and Mrs. Laws was often concerned and would say, "Have you two quarrelled?" It was the silence of perfect friendship.

"Ever since I met Stewart on the Quilimane River," he wrote, "I found him to be the same staunch and loyal friend. Calm and self-possessed in the hour of danger he was the man one could trust in an emergency, and his steady hand had more than once been my best help at the operating-table. I learnt how cool his nerves were when we were being charged by buffaloes and elephants. Quiet and undemonstrative in character he disliked anything of

the nature of boasting. All he did, being the outcome of a living faith in Christ, made him that true and constant friend which our work together in storm and sunshine, trial and triumph, sorrow and joy, proved him to be."

The Doctor maintained then and afterwards that the remarkable services which Stewart had rendered were inadequately realized in Scotland. The road he had been constructing was finished to the top of the plateau, and a good native path leading thence to Lake Tanganyika his work may be said to have been done.[1]

Drummond's midnight impression of the beauty of Bandawé did not survive the revelation of the day, but he was greatly impressed with the work going on. On Sunday morning he gave an address at the native service, the Doctor interpreting. "A grand sight," Drummond said, "five or six hundred present, all squatting on the ground and listening with all their might." In the afternoon Communion was observed, nine Europeans and three natives sitting down at the Table. Drummond conducted the English service in the manse, giving "The Greatest Thing in the World," and in the evening introduced the missionaries to two new hymns, "Peace, perfect peace," and "O Saviour, bless us ere we go."

He was struck by the extraordinarily difficult task of the missionaries. "Supposing," he said, "one day a small boat of strange build and propelled by means unknown to civilization came up the river Thames containing half a dozen Esquimaux; supposing these men pitched their tents in Battersea Park and gave out that they had come to regenerate London Society; supposing they took England generally in hand and tried to reform its abuses, and above all tried to convert every subject of the country to the god of the Esquimaux—that is very much the problem which our missionaries have to face in Africa."

He described in his book how it was being successfully solved: "The bright spot on Lake Nyasa is Bandawé, the present headquarters of the Scottish Livingstonia Mission. It is only a lodge or two in a vast wilderness, and the swarthy worshippers flock to the seatless chapel on M'lunga's day dressed mostly in bows and arrows. The said chapel, nevertheless, is as great an achievement in its way as Cologne Cathedral, and its worshippers are quite as much interested, and some of them at least to quite as much purpose. In reality no words can be a fit witness here to the impression made by Dr. Laws, Mrs. Laws, and their few helpers, upon this singular and apparently

[1] Stewart's sister was the accomplished wife of Dr. Vartan, of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, Nazareth.

intractable material. A visit to Bandawé is a great moral lesson; and I cherish no more sacred memory of my life than that of a Communion service in the little Bandawé chapel, when the sacramental cup was handed to me by the bare black arm of a native communicant." This communicant was Charu, who had been twice sold for a sack of native potatoes, a courteous little man. One day on approaching the manse door the Doctor's dog barked at him, and Charu at once fell to his knees, clapped his hands, and said, "Mo'ning, Mzungu." Another communicant whom, along with other trustworthy lads, the Doctor gave to Drummond to assist him in his expedition was Mvula—James Brown. Of him Drummond says:

"I remember the first night of my journey, after a long day's march, lying in the tent after I had thought the men had all gone to bed. Outside the tent I heard a strange noise coming from one of the camp fires, and I peered out. The forest was flooded with moonlight, and I saw Mvula kneeling on the ground, and around him was a little group of Bandawé men who understood his language, and he was having evening prayers as Dr. Laws had taught him. I listened and tried to catch the accents of his petitions. Little as I knew of the language I could at least make out this petition at the close of the prayer, for what was to him the whole known earth. He prayed for Bandawé, he prayed for 'Blantyra,' he prayed for Tanganyika, and for 'Englandi.' That proves to me that the Mission is a genuine thing. This man was not what you call a pious convert; he was a commonplace black. I trusted him with everything I had, and I tested him in many critical ways, and on many adventurous occasions, but Mvula's character never broke down."

Mr. Bain accompanied Drummond to the north end and settled at the new station established by Mr. Stewart at Mweniwanda, 4000 feet above sea-level and about 50 miles from the Lake.

X. Panic

The arrival of Dr. Scott made it practicable for the Doctor to take his long-postponed furlough; he felt he could no longer defer it, much as he loved the work. "Now that the infant Church of Nyasa is born I can meet my father. Thanks be to God, I can tell him now of His goodness. The Kingdom of Christ moves forward, oftentimes making milestones of its ambassadors, but ever forward to victory!"

Reports from Ngoniland, however, convinced him that it would be wise to see Mombera before he left, and taking Dr. Scott with him he set out on 24th October. On the evening of the following day a native came into camp saying that an impi had set out for the Lake. Some of Marenga's men with the Doctor instantly left for

the shore with the news. Next day, while crossing a high ridge swept by a keen, cold wind, the advance scouts were sighted. The Doctor ordered his carriers to close in and deposit their loads. Sitting on these the party awaited the Ngoni, who came on in single file. A grim savage band they were, each armed with a stabbing spear, two throwing spears, a killing or dispatching club, and a stout skin shield. Younger lads carried provisions. As they passed they shouted their war-cries, whistled, and danced. "Why do you come up now when we are going to pay you a visit?" they cried. "When you return you will find no wives to cook your porridge."

The Doctor watched them in silence, counting them one by one: there were 140 in all. Then he went quietly on his way.

When he arrived at Mombera's he sent Koyi to the Chief with the message: "Why have you dispatched a war party to the Lake when we are here and the ladies are alone? Send a messenger to order them not to touch the Station."

"It is not my expedition; they have got out of hand and gone without my leave," was the reply, "but I cannot well interfere. In order, however, that you may get away at once I will receive you to-morrow."

The meeting was friendly, Mombera evincing great pleasure at seeing the Doctor again. This was the one hopeful element in the situation. But the Chief was in the hands of his councillors, aged men hardened in lifelong habits, and without them he confessed he could do nothing. The usual indaba followed. It required all the Doctor's immense patience to traverse the same old ground, but on this occasion he laid the emphasis more on the teaching of the children and pled earnestly for permission to open schools. It was the crucial question. The councillors put the matter thus: "Suppose we allow the children to receive your instruction, will they be able to accept it and yet continue cattle-lifting forays when they grow up? If, also, they learn more than their fathers, will they not despise our ignorance, be disobedient, and refuse to join us in our raids?" Very simply and clearly the Doctor tried to lead them to a higher and nobler conception of tribal life and activity.

In the end no decision was arrived at, but he felt that the wedge had penetrated a little further into their dense, dark minds, and he left with the conviction that it was only a matter of time ere Ngoni-land would become one of the greatest triumphs for the Gospel.

Hastening to Bandawé he found the Station upset by alarmist rumours. The impi was still in hiding on the hills and the Tonga had deserted their villages in the expectation of an attack. Next

morning early, Fuka's village was rushed, an old sick woman who had been left, killed, and the huts and the new schoolhouse set on fire. As soon as the smoke and flames were seen, panic-stricken women and children by the hundred came tumbling pell-mell over the fences into the Station.

"Mkondo!" they cried. "War! War! War!"

"If the Ngoni come here," said the Doctor, "the butchery will be horrible."

He rounded up the fugitives. "Run!" he cried.

"Where shall we run to, white man?"

"To Makusi Hill," was his response. Shepherding them there, they disappeared amongst the matted jungle.

Ngoni approached the Station, where the Doctor was standing, but passed on. Later a body of Chintechi men, 400 strong, appeared and demanded that the Doctor should fight by their side to repel the invaders.

"You must fight the Ngoni or us," one young blood shouted.

The Doctor ignored him and talked with the headman, and ultimately the whole body moved off. By this time the Ngoni were retreating towards the hills.

Sutherland was now sent up to be with Koyi permanently, the Doctor hoping that the leaven of their quiet influence would prepare the way for better things. The last message was that the restlessness of the warriors was increasing, and a great war-raid to the rich region of the north was being mooted. "The cattle at the north end are feeding on bananas," was the song in the villages.

On 1st December the *Ilala* came from Karonga, bringing amongst other passengers Prof. Drummond and Mr. W. Griffith from Tanganyika, the first of the L.M.S. missionaries to use this route. Drummond had not reached his objective, Lake Tanganyika—had never been nearer it than 140 miles. Though he had encountered no more than the ordinary difficulties that beset the African traveller, he decided to return ere the rains caught him, and came back with Mr. Fred Moir and another elephant hunter. It was while he was with Mr. Bain and Mr. Munro, the engineer, near Karonga, that he received the mail which told him of the phenomenal success of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Here, also, as he wrote to Laws, he saw James Stewart's grave: "He lies under a great baobab tree which he himself chose to mark the resting-place of Captain Gowans. The two graves lie side by side, thin forest all around."

His journey had been of the slightest, one that would have been counted a picnic by the missionaries, but it was sufficient to give him some idea of the stern pioneering work which they had to do. Although the whole of his travelling in Africa was over well-traversed tracks, he made the most of his experiences, and his book, despite some inaccuracies, remains one of the most charming works of travel in the language. The chapter on white ants originated in a discussion with the Doctor.

He spent another Sunday at Bandawé and witnessed the baptism of four adults, including Albert's wife. "Before the white men came," said one of the lads, "we did not know about God, but now we know and wish to obey Him. It is not because we want to be the children of the white man or to get cloth and beads, but that we may serve Him."

Laws, like other men, fell under the spell of Drummond's fascinating personality; his two brief visits were the brightest incidents in the social history of the Mission. "I wish," the Doctor wrote, "that we could have a Drummond every month!" And to Dr. Smith he sent an appeal to have the Professor put on the Home Committee, an arrangement which was subsequently effected. On his part Drummond wrote to Laws: "I shall never forget my visit and all the kindness you and Mrs. Laws lavished upon a stranger."

A sorrowful group of Chiefs gathered on the morning of the 4th to bid the Sing'anga, their friend and counsellor, good-bye. In the afternoon the Doctor, with Mrs. Laws, boarded the *Ilala*. He was so utterly worn out that he lay down on the deck, feeling as if he would never rise again.

The staff he left to carry on consisted merely of Dr. Scott, Mr. Smith, the teacher, and Mr. M'Callum, the carpenter, at Bandawé, Mr. Sutherland and Koyi at Mombera's, and Mr. Bain at Mweniwanda—fewer than the original party in the country in 1875.

The journey to Blantyre was made with Drummond, who, being ill, remained there to recover. Going down the river the Doctor was in a depressed mood: he shrank from the home-going; he felt that he was unknown, that he had no influence to increase the interest in the Mission, and that he was not in favour in the Free Church on account of his decision to remain a United Presbyterian. Taking up his Bible he read the fourth chapter of Esther and was struck by the fourteenth verse:

"*If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place;*

but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

The words kept ringing in his ears as he travelled: he took the northern route, visiting Cairo, Alexandria, Naples, Rome, and Florence. In London he went to hear Spurgeon, who read the same chapter, and the Doctor waited expectantly for the text—it was the fourteenth verse. The sermon seemed specially intended for him: "You are a cipher, you say? Ah, but put a figure in front of a cipher! Put God before you!" Thus mightily fortified he faced his coming tasks. It may be said here that before sailing again he saw Spurgeon and told him of the incident. A number of missionaries whom the latter had sent out to the Congo had died, and when he heard that Laws was going to Central Africa, "Humph, he said, "some folks take a short-cut to heaven!"

XI. Home Travel

The Doctor's first duty was to report himself to the Livingstonia Committee. Mr. Stevenson had resigned the Convenership, and been succeeded by Mr. James White of Overtoun, who died shortly after the Doctor's arrival. It was a coincidence that the new Convener, Mr. White's son—Mr. J. Campbell White—should be appointed at the May meeting, when his first duty on taking the chair was to welcome the Doctor home to Scotland. It was the beginning of long and happy relations. About the same time, the Rev. J. Fairley Daly, B.D., became a member of the Committee, and with him also the Doctor formed a friendship which was to enter largely into his life.

The Doctor said he had no statement to make, but would answer any questions. His chief point was that the policy of the Mission at the moment should be to win the Ngoni: until those professional raiders were civilized, mission operations amongst the more peaceable tribes would be subject to constant interruption. Let them concentrate on Ngoniland. He urged that Dr. Walter A. Elmslie, who had been appointed for Livingstonia, should be sent at once to Mombera's, although he did not know the language, that Dr. Cross should go to Chikusi's in fulfilment of the promise of 1876, and that branch stations should be opened in the "regions beyond," where there were people by the thousands. Two men, a medical and an ordained missionary, should be placed in each station, as well as teachers and artisans and lady workers. "Increase, not retrenchment, is heaven's law of finance. . . . Put

down your money, we are willing to put down our lives." In accordance with his recommendation, Dr. Elmslie was allocated to Ngoniland and left at once.

The Doctor had brought with him his complete translation of the New Testament in thirteen little MS. volumes, and Chinyanja and Chitonga dictionaries. To prepare the former for the press he went to Banchory and, Mrs. Laws assisting him, worked steadily for eight hours each day until the task was finished. The printing was undertaken by the National Bible Society of Scotland, always a good friend to Livingstonia.

It was a time of industrial depression, but a movement was begun to raise £20,000 for Livingstonia for the next five years, and the Doctor threw himself spiritedly into the task. All summer and winter he was practically living in trains, travelling to meetings from one end of the kingdom to the other, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Southport, and Birkenhead being included in his itinerary. He disliked sensational announcements, and the beating of drums, and big gatherings; his preference was for quiet prayer-meetings; "It is chiefly those who attend such," he said, "who hold up our hands while we go down into the valley to fight." Above all, he enjoyed speaking to children; for their benefit he always carried a number of African curios: they were contained in a long box painted black, and it was popularly known as "Laws' Coffin." No matter how stormy the weather was he never failed to turn up at meetings; as one remarked, "It was easy to see that he was accustomed to travelling in wild countries." "It is toil for dear Africa," he wrote in 1886, "but sometimes I am very tired, and fever, though slight, is never a week absent from me." He occasionally indulged in a long rest in bed of a morning, "in a way I am thankful was not the case in bygone days, else I had never spoken at the meeting last night as Laws of Livingstonia. But I thank God for giving me the honour of pleading so often for His children in Central Africa."

He was sometimes painfully conscious of ineffective advocacy of the cause. "I always preach far better in my bed at 1 a.m.!" Often when he felt most deeply his tongue was tied. But when speaking to business men he was always at ease, for the mere dry figures he adduced were impressive. He would tell them of the new markets that were opening up, and say, "Our Mission has already disposed of 500,000 yards of cotton, 25 tons of beads, 7 tons of soap, and other articles too numerous to mention."

In addition to his ordinary addresses he read a paper, giving an

account of the Bantu tribes around Lake Nyasa, before the geographical section of the British Association in Aberdeen. While in London he gratified an old desire, and went and saw Dr. Livingstone's grave in Westminster Abbey. As he stood beside it his heart filled. "Would to God," he said, "that I could carry out his work, and help to win Africa for Christ."

He was also busy securing workers, and sifting and selecting the candidates and coaching them regarding Livingstonia. To one teacher he wrote: "Let me recommend for your study on the way out the lives of Joshua and Paul, as you will find on reaching your work that in your surroundings you have much in common with both." There was no lack of courage in the men who volunteered, for shock after shock came from the field. Mr. William M'Ewan, C.E.,—who had volunteered to take up Mr. James Stewart's work on the Stevenson Road,—and Mr. George Rollo, a teacher, both just out, died. Dr. Scott was invalided home; Sutherland succumbed at Mombera's.

In the autumn Mr. Stanley delivered an address at Glasgow in connection with his proposal for a Congo Free State. The Doctor was introduced to him and asked how the scheme would affect the unclaimed territories, and what regulations would be enforced regarding the importation of liquor and fire-arms. Stanley was reticent. An international conference was to be held in Berlin on the subject under the presidency of Prince Bismarck and attended by plenipotentiaries from all the European States. The Convener of the Livingstonia Committee thought that missionaries would have no standing or influence, but Laws telegraphed to the Rev. Horace Waller to meet Mr. Fred Moir and himself in London. There was a consultation and a deputation to the Foreign Office, where they learnt that there was nothing in the proposals to exclude liquor and fire-arms. It was then resolved that Laws, Moir, and Mr. Ewing, secretary of the African Lakes Company, as it was now called, should proceed to Berlin, on behalf of the Livingstonia Committee. Here they had interviews with Stanley and officials of the British Foreign Office, but were told that the matter was already settled. Nevertheless, through their exertions it was brought up again and a veto placed on the sale of fire-arms and liquor to the natives in Zambezia. On the return journey the party had an interview at Brussels with King Leopold, who was keen to obtain Scottish engineers for his steamers on the Congo.

Another visit the Doctor made was to Ireland as a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance at Belfast. He crossed with the

Rev. Hope Waddell, as bright and keen in his old age as he had been as a pioneer in Calabar.

Before leaving Scotland again the Doctor brought an important matter to the notice of the Livingstonia Committee. He had long been in an autocratic position in regard to the government of the Mission, but with the increase and development of the stations he felt that the sole authority should not now rest with him, and that the other missionaries should take their share of responsibility in the management of affairs. He therefore proposed the formation of a Mission Council. The Committee agreed, and left the matter in his hands as missionary in principal charge.

The Doctor and Mrs. Laws sailed from Dartmouth on June 1886. Accompanying them were two young ladies, Miss Grant and Miss Gibson, who, undeterred by the terrors of Africa, were going out to be married, the former to Dr. Elmslie, the latter to Dr. Cross. Two passengers whom the Doctor found agreeable were Vicomte de la Panouse, a Roman Catholic, and Mr. T. Stuart. The Vicomte had had an adventurous career and had been through the siege of Paris ; he and Stuart were proceeding to the Nyasa region to hunt elephants.

At South African ports the Doctor bought several horses and some sheep : the latter he wished to give to Mombera with a view to introducing a wool-bearing breed into the Ngoni country.

XII. A Birth on the River

On landing at Quilimane he was grieved to learn of the death of William Koyi, which occurred shortly after his patient service had been crowned by victory. The progress at Bandawé had convinced the Ngoni of the benefits of education, and at a council of headmen it was decided to allow schools and unrestricted teaching. A deputation was sent to William that he might convey the decision in due form to Dr. Elmslie. William was ill in bed. At first he could not realize the purport of the message : the news was too good to be true. Assured that his prayer had been granted, he broke forth in the words of Simeon : " Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." " Dear William," wrote the Doctor, " he was my right hand in many a serious and delicate piece of work. All honour to him and Sutherland. Their consistent, upright Christian character has laid the unseen foundations that have made life and work possible in

Ngoniland. At last what we have been working, longing, and praying for has come."

On the up-river journey he found the natives in a different mood from that to which he had been accustomed. Some time before Chipatula had been shot and killed by a white man, who was promptly speared to death, while the *Lady Nyasa* was looted and sunk. The incident had unsettled the whole of the river country, and the native feeling was still raw and sore. The party journeyed in the *Lady Nyasa,* which had been raised ; it broke down, causing a vexatious delay, and the Doctor had to take charge.

On the evening of 10th August they were passing through the Elephant Marsh. Under an awning forward Mrs. Laws was lying on a stretcher on the deck, the Doctor beside her, a candle or two casting a dim light around. At midnight the steamer slowed down and stopped. Presently it was announced that Mrs. Laws had given birth to a daughter. Miss Gibson was down with fever, but Miss Grant was pressed into service, and became nurse and assistant to the Doctor. Early next morning the steamer continued its journey to Katunga's. Owing to the shortage of carriers the Doctor dispatched the young ladies ahead to Blantyre. Staying there at the time was Mrs. Shearer, wife of the African Lakes Company's agent at Quilimane. On hearing of the event she jumped into a machila, and, with a load of comforts, travelled with all haste to the river, where she took charge of the child. Next night, which was cold and windy, on the journey up, the little one became very ill, and Mrs. Shearer and the Doctor watched until dawn, when the journey was resumed. A warm welcome waited them at Mandala from Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moir. The child was christened Amelia Nyasa Laws.

The Doctor was glad to find that the British Government had at last realized the nature of the situation in Central Africa, and had sent out Captain Foote, R.N., accredited (like Dr. Livingstone) to the native chiefs. As legal requirements obliged the brides to reside a month within the consular limits, Dr. Elmslie and Dr. Cross were able to come down to Blantyre. The marriages were celebrated first in the consulate and then in the church. Leaving Mrs. Laws to recuperate, the Doctor continued the journey. The *Ilala* was found to be transformed ; she had a house built upon her with wire-gauze windows and folding-up seats along the sides, which made her more comfortable than in the old days. At Cape Maclear work was steadily progressing under Albert, though he

was meeting with much opposition from an old heathen headman. The welcome from the staff at Bandawé touched the Doctor greatly ; but it was significant of the rapid changes in the staff that only one of the men whom he had left when going on furlough remained.

Opportunity was taken of the presence of the other missionaries to constitute a Mission Council, of which the Doctor was made Corresponding Secretary. This closed a definite stage in his career. Although he was still to exercise a general supervision over the Mission the responsibility of decisions as to policy, allocation of staff, and extension of work was now vested in the Council. From this time also the Doctor's direct and personal interest ceased to be co-extensive with the work : the history of the Mission branches off with the development of other stations under European leaders. Livingstonia became, in fact, not one but many missions, each planted amongst a different tribe who spoke a different language and presented problems different from the others.

As soon as the Council terminated the Doctor proceeded to Chikusi's in Southern Ngoniland to redeem the promise made to the Chief in 1878. He had long been anxious to establish a station there, for the Ngoni were constantly raiding the plains in the neighbourhood of Cape Maclear and even the highlands in the vicinity of Blantyre. He took with him Mr. Gossip (the teacher), Albert, Mlolo, and James Brown, and twenty carriers. The journey proved one of the worst he had ever undertaken. A large part of it was over a black, evil-smelling marsh. Suffering from dysentery he at last had to give in. Ordering his bed to be placed under a tree he lay down, and was soon in a burning fever. Albert and Mlolo nursed him with affectionate solicitude, the former sitting with his head on his knee and fanning him unweariedly. After being helpless for four days he struggled on again and reached the valley of the Livlezi River, a pleasant countryside. Chikusi was drunk and unfit to be seen, but after much anxious negotiation the councillors on his behalf gave the Doctor a site, and permission to preach, open a school, and do medical work. The people were so superstitious that many had " medicine " placed on their faces before they ventured to look on the white man, and he foresaw a long and stiff hold-on ere results were achieved. On the return journey he was racked by pain and weak from dysentery, and crossed the marsh in the moonlight. Shortly after he left a mwavé trial was held, and fifty persons died, while many others were dangerously ill.

At Cape Maclear he met the *Ilala* with Mrs. Laws and the baby. Mr. Johnson was also on board. The latter had been invalided home, but had so far recovered on the voyage that, characteristically, he returned from the Cape. " He is still far from strong," wrote the Doctor, " but dominated by the same zealous missionary spirit."

The Doctor settled down to his usual hard work. From sunrise to sunset the whole staff were busy brickmaking and building new cottages, which had to be thatched before the oncoming of the rains. Every now and then he was called away to settle some serious dispute or to attend to some medical case. One day Chikoko sent word that two women, his sister and another, had undergone the mwavé ordeal, that the latter had vomited but his sister had not, and asking his assistance to neutralize the poison. This was a most unusual course for a Chief to adopt, for it ran counter to the established custom of the country, but the Doctor was not surprised ; the Chief had more than once in his judicial capacity refused to permit the test, his reason being that the missionaries said it was against the law of God. The Doctor managed to save the woman, who, however, was not very well pleased with his interference !

Chimbano was a Chief of a different type : a violent and passionate man, of whom the others stood a little in awe, he at this time brought a false charge against a scholar and pursued it with a passionate vindictiveness which extended to the Mission and the staff. All the work of the school was upset and the attendance dwindled to nothing. The Chief would allow no food to be brought to the Station, and armed guards had to be set at night in order to prevent any hostile movement. An ingenious plan was devised by the other Chiefs to relieve the immediate needs of the Station. They came separately with an offer to mediate, and naturally each brought a fowl as a gift.

When a mirandu on the matter was held the Doctor hinted that it might be necessary for the missionaries to leave Bandawé in consequence of Chimbano's attitude. " If you do that," replied the friendly Chiefs, " the Ngoni will be down upon us in a month." Chimbano continued to bluster and scowl, and sought to win over the others, but they sat with the impassive faces which only Africans, long schooled in the art, can assume. Sore at being thwarted in his revenge, but bowing to the inevitable, Chimbano gave in, and the suspected scholar was taken from the place where he was hidden and quietly shipped away. The Doctor, who had barely

been able to sit through the negotiations, went to bed with a sharp attack of fever.

In November he recruited twenty-five Tonga men and sent them down to Mandala, for periods of from three to twelve months, to act as porters on the cataracts section of the river journey, and in the following month dispatched other twenty-six for a year. This arrangement was made with the consent of the Chiefs, and he became security for their return. These were the first labourers who left the Nyasa district for work at a distance. Such movements began to make the Doctor's currency circulate more freely. He had overestimated the capacity of Central Africa to absorb his £25. There was one bag of pounds in coppers which he had never touched ; it was only taken out to be checked. The people preferred to be paid in calico, since they did not see the use of obtaining coins which had immediately to be exchanged for cloth.

XIII. A Harvest of Death

"Life in many of these districts is almost impossible. Is it right to go on in missionary work in regions where there is plainly a barrier of God against men living there at all? Many a night I lay in Africa looking at the stars and asking myself whether it was right or wrong? That question has haunted me every day since. Until we have evangelized the safer portions of the globe are we quite sure that we are right in sending the lives of noble men to fight with that fever which no man has yet got to the bottom of and which no man who has been in the country has ever escaped?"

This cry from Henry Drummond found no echo in the heart of the quiet, resolute man at Bandawé, though there was one period in the rainy season of 1886–87 when he was sad and sore with the struggle.

Amy, the baby, "a pale-faced, bright wee body," was at the gates of death. The Doctor thought he was going to lose her : he had done everything he could, and she was sinking. He prayed that she might be spared, and she began at once to mend. Mrs. Laws also suffered severely with fever. Word came that both Dr. Elmslie and Mrs. Elmslie were down. Dr. Cross at Mweniwanda was seriously ill, and there came a day when a brief, pencilled note arrived with the news that Mrs. Cross had died. She had proved a pleasant companion on the way out, and was so clever at picking up the language that she was able to direct the house-boys at Bandawé on her arrival there. Mr. Mackintosh, the carpenter, who had also

come out with the Doctor and whom he had sent up to Mweniwanda as the safest place during the rains, died a fortnight later.

Dr. and Mrs. Laws were both suffering from fever when the new Universities Mission steamer, *Charles Janson*, secured by the energy of Mr. Johnson, appeared with the Rev. G. H. Swinny, sent from Likomo for medical care. He was dangerously ill and in the extremity of weakness. "We are glad to have him," wrote the Doctor to Archdeacon Maples, "and will do our best, although we have no spare strength just now." Mrs. Swinny, however, was with her husband and proved an efficient nurse.

Then came other cases. The two hunters, Vicomte de la Panouse and Mr. Stuart, had settled at Bandawé, bought a piece of ground at Tipura, about three miles from the Station, built a wattle-and-daub house, and engaged in shooting elephants. Stuart—who was an athlete and utterly fearless, chasing game and spearing them as they ran—one day shot eight; and as the first-fruits of their sport the Doctor shipped for them on the *Ilala* 3400 lb. of ivory. Stuart told the Doctor that he had one day come across fifty lions; they were very numerous in the wilderness of foot-hills.

Getting soaked several days in succession they returned with fever. A summons came for the Doctor, who walked up to Tipura, after the blasts of rain ceased, met the Vicomte tottering to the door, and was in time to catch him before he fainted. Stuart, with a temperature of 106°·3, was on his back reading a Prayer Book. Next day—Thursday—the latter was taken in a hammock to the Station, the Vicomte accompanying him on a donkey. Stuart was housed in the cottage and his friend in the Doctor's study.

On Thursday Mr. Currie, the teacher, collapsed; he was followed by the Doctor and then by Mr. M'Intyre, the other teacher. The Vicomte grew worse. At night the Doctor rose, despite a temperature of over 100°, and attended to the patients.

Next day M'Intyre was delirious, and Gossip, another teacher, the only well person on the Station, was detailed to watch him. At 2 a.m. on Saturday Stuart, in whose case there were complications, succumbed. The Doctor went to the workshop and was making his coffin when word came that Swinny was worse; he returned and attended to him and then finished the coffin. Stuart was buried that night in the cemetery between the Station and the Lake.

Swinny began to improve, but was so desperately weak that the strength he possessed was not sufficient to sustain life. It was clear that he, also, was going.

" You are nearing home," said the Doctor gently.

" Yes, Doctor, I know. It is the land I have long desired. Will it be convenient for you to bury me to-morrow ? "

He died on Sunday afternoon. Next morning the Doctor rose early and made a coffin for him also, and he was buried by candle-light. The native who dug the grave in the sand was almost buried alive by the sides falling in ; and, curiously, that night Dr. Elmslie, in Ngoniland, dreamt that a man had been nearly lost in such a manner at Bandawé.

These events shook the Doctor to the soul. " It is hard," he said, " to be baffled and to lose a life entrusted to you." He took Mrs. Swinny in the *Ilala* to Likomo. " A noble woman," he called her ; by her unwearied devotion and self-restraint in these terrible days she had won his self-respect. Bishop Smythies came across later and consecrated the grave ; and for all that the Doctor had done he was officially thanked.

Mr. M'Intyre he dispatched to Ngoniland, and the Vicomte he ordered home. The latter was very grateful for all the kindness he had received, and gifted his house, garden, crops, and medicines at Tipura to the Mission. " This property," wrote the Doctor at the time, " the future may make more valuable than we are apt to suppose." Thirty-five years later it was the site chosen for the new mission house at Bandawé.

. . . Right or wrong ? The Doctor never asked himself the question. To his mind it had long since been answered. The policy had been laid down nineteen centuries before : the campaign was going on and he was in the thick of the battle. It was not for him, a soldier, to pause and reflect or criticize. His duty was to fight on, no matter what the casualties were by his side, until the victory was gained. No coward he, nor any of his colleagues. They knew and accepted the risks and perils of the service and faced them sanely with a courage that was heroism of the highest type. Why they did it the Doctor could have told in a sentence :

" *The love of Christ constraineth us.*"

XIV. Crisis

The situation in Ngoniland was still far from satisfactory. Since his arrival Dr. Elmslie had been engaged in a difficult task and had at first made little progress. It could not be otherwise with a people whose principal occupation was raiding their neighbours.

"I have seen," says Dr. Elmslie, "an army, ten thousand strong, issue forth in June and not return till September, laden with spoil in slaves, cattle, and ivory, and nearly every man painted with white clay, denoting that he had killed some one." As a result of these raids he had counted representatives of over a dozen tribes in the district round Nyuju. No school had been allowed to be carried on, but three boys, sons of a witch-doctor, came secretly by night to be taught. Eventually the breaking of a drought after a prayer-meeting, when the methods of the native rain-makers had failed, so impressed the principal men that teaching and preaching were sanctioned. It was after this that Dr. Elmslie paid his visit to Blantyre. On his return with Mrs. Elmslie, he received so warm and respectful a welcome that he was surprised. "Yesterday," said the Chief in explanation, "you were unmarried and a boy: to-day you are a man."

Work was now openly and regularly proceeded with, but within a few months the outlook darkened again. The section of the Tonga settled at Chintechi in a strongly entrenched position continued to raid the outlying Ngoni villages on the hills. Mtwaro's people suffered most, and exasperated by such treatment from marauders whom they regarded as their slaves they pressed Mombera to allow them to swoop down in force and annihilate the shore settlement. Mombera feared that if the attack was carried out the younger men would get out of hand and proceed to Bandawé and destroy the Mission station, and feeling tied by his promise to Dr. Laws he refused. Mtwaro, whose influence was almost as great as the Chief's, was furious, and threatened to act without his consent.

At this point came M'Intyre's visit to the hills. The seventeen Tonga whom he took with him travelled back unarmed, trusting to the fact that they were the white man's servants and carried his mail. They were ambushed by a party of young Ngoni warriors, and six were stabbed to death and two wounded. It appeared that these Ngoni had not been allowed to dance in the Chief's kraal because their spears had not been blooded, and they had seized the first favourable opportunity to qualify for future events. Reprisals ensued and communication with Dr. Elmslie was cut for a time, as no Tonga would consent to run the same risk. "I fear," wrote Dr. Laws, "this is not the last instance of the sacrifice of native lives in the furtherance of our work. Such events are incidental to their share of the work as to ours, and as in the past so still by doggedly holding on and patient waiting this strain will be tided over. A wiser head and more loving heart than ours is

at the helm of the universe, and He will steer us through these breakers of disappointment and delay."

Once more he felt constrained to go to Ngoniland. July found him marching up with a Leicester ewe and a Cape ram and sheep, the first woolly stock in the country, which he gifted to Mombera. The Chief was in his Jekyll and Hyde mood—friendly to the Doctor in private, hostile before the headmen and people. When the Doctor spoke of the need of protection for his messengers, Mombera turned to him sharply, " How can you expect us to sit still and be killed ? What of the raids which the Chintechi dogs are making on Mtwaro's villages ? "

The headmen loudly declared that the Doctor had promised them wealth and power if they received the Word of God : they had done so and laid down their spears, and they were poorer than ever. The Doctor had never made any such promise, but said that if they adopted the ways of the Book and cultivated the arts of peace, trade and commerce would follow.

After a week's fruitless negotiation the Doctor returned to Bandawé, and matters grew threatening on the hills. Mombera confessed to Dr. Elmslie that the discontent was rifest amongst distant portions of the tribes, and that his hands were being forced by his brothers and others. There was nothing for it, the Chief said, but that Dr. Laws should visit them again and settle the questions that were disturbing the peace of the tribe. Dr. Elmslie accordingly wrote and urged the Doctor to come. Mrs. Elmslie was then in a delicate condition, and Dr. Laws, knowing she was unable to undertake the toilsome journey to the Lake, decided that Mrs. Laws, with Amy, should go up to be with her. Twice when all was ready the carriers failed to appear. An hour after the second occasion a dispatch came from Dr. Elmslie stating that the war spirit was rising, dancing was going on, and two impis were encamped and ready to march on what was presumably an expedition to the Lake. The Tonga were to be wiped out, and as the missionaries would be a restraint on the operations, they must either come and live on the hills or clear out of the country. Mombera, however, was using his influence for peace, and had summoned his council for the new moon, and wished the Doctor to attend. Dr. Elmslie appealed to him to come at once and bring as many carriers as possible in case they were ordered to quit.

As the Doctor was anxiously considering the matter the *Ilala* was sighted. It brought the Rev. Dr. Henry for the Mission, and Mr. Alfred Sharpe, who had been trained for law and had been

lately an official in Fiji, and had come to hunt elephants. The Doctor warned the latter of the unsettled condition of the country, but he elected to stay and find what sport he could in the neighbourhood.

Eliminating all personal considerations, the Doctor came to the conclusion that it would not be wise to obey the call at the moment. There might be an adverse decision of the council, compulsory withdrawal, and probable attacks by the way, and, in addition, a flight from Bandawé; and the life of Mrs. Elmslie could not be risked in such hasty movements. He urged Elmslie to temporize. "Your safety and success lie in delay and holding quietly on if at all possible." Elmslie managed to secure a postponement of the council until the full moon in October, when it was hoped Mrs. Elmslie might be better able to travel.

Dr. Laws never left anything to chance. "There is no use thinking of precautions or making them when it is too late," he said. He asked his colleague to send down his microscope and cases of surgical instruments, one at a time, wrapped to look like books, and to bury his medicines in stoppered bottles. This was done. In secreting the medicines Elmslie had to use the utmost precaution. Sending his house-boys away on leave he dug the pits at night. It was the dry season, and the ground was hard as stone, and he was obliged to use an auger and scoop the loose earth out with his hands lest any sound should attract attention. Every now and then he would run in and pass a few minutes with his wife in her weakness. And all the time the air was filled with the sound of dances and the agitated insistent beating of war drums.

Dr. Laws also packed up all his own most valuable goods under cover of preserving them from dust, and had them ready to ship to Likomo or Cape Maclear at a moment's notice. One Sunday, while on his way to Marenga to preach, he overheard two boys speaking about "the white man hiding his instruments," which evidently referred to Elmslie. How the knowledge of their plans and movements became known to the natives was always a mystery.

XV. Prisoners

In order to inform the Tonga Chiefs of the situation the Doctor called them together; he urged them to combine and prepare for defence if they deemed such a course advisable. They replied that they looked upon him as their only stockade.

"That is suicidal!" he exclaimed. "We cannot fight on any side!"

"If we do fight we must send our wives and children to the Mission for safety."

"They would simply be in a trap, if the Ngoni defeated you," the Doctor said.

Chikoko insisted.

"Well, you are practically ordering us to leave, for we cannot agree to it, and will rather abandon the Station. Meanwhile, I propose to go and see Mombera, though I have not much hope of a favourable issue."

Matters were complicated by an unfortunate shooting incident at the Station which created much bad feeling and involved the dismissal of a white teacher. While the Doctor was engaged on this vexatious case the *Ilala* arrived, bringing Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. M'Callum. He immediately sent the two former back to Cape Maclear along with the goods already packed; M'Callum he kept to refit the steel boat *Herga* and make her serviceable in case of flight, and as his wife pled to be with him she was allowed to remain.

Some days later word arrived from the hills that Dr. Elmslie had passed through a trying ordeal, and that Mrs. Elmslie had been in a precarious condition but was improving. The Ngoni were clamouring for Dr. Laws, and matters were coming to a head.

The remainder of the goods, except those for immediate use, being ready for shipment, the Doctor had the packages taken to the beach, his object being to send them in the *Ilala*, with Mrs. Laws and Amy and Mrs. M'Callum, to Likomo. Eighteen had been placed in a large canoe when Chibano, the Chief whose village was on the shore and who had control of the beach, appeared and seized the canoe, beat the men, and threatened to kill anyone who carried boxes from the Mission. The Doctor hurried down, but Chibano, with vivid memories of "the eyes of war," discreetly disappeared into the bush. The other Chiefs ostensibly disapproved of his action but secretly backed it up. That night they placed armed guards on every path leading from the Station, and the missionaries were prisoners.

Should they endeavour to escape? The Doctor looked out on the quiet night and saw the shadowy figures of the sentinels. In the next room Mrs. Laws was walking up and down with the baby in her arms and singing softly:

" The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me the quiet waters by. . . .
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod and staff me comfort still."

The Doctor listened, deeply moved: all anxiety passed from his spirit, and he faced the situation a calmer and stronger man.

It was not difficult to understand the attitude of the Chiefs. They were afraid that he would abandon the Station for good and leave them to their fate; for once the Mission was gone the whole Tonga tribe would be massacred or enslaved.

As determined as they were he was yet patient and wary. For a whole week a struggle between reason and terror went on, while the *Ilala* lay idle in the bay.

" We are not your slaves," the Doctor argued, " and you have no right to detain us."

" You are not our slaves," was the invariable response, " but you must not leave."

" I must visit Mombera and see if I cannot prevent war; but there may be an attack when I am away, and I will not go until I see Mrs. Laws and the others and the wives and children of our natives away to Likomo. For your own sakes you had better settle quickly."

Still, in their mortal fear they would not agree, and watched the houses day and night lest the missionaries should attempt to escape by land or water. " The women and the goods can go," they said at last, " but no men." The Doctor would accept no compromise. " Perfect liberty to go or stay without interference," was his stipulation.

" We are hemmed in," he wrote to Elmslie, " but trust to our Heavenly Father to guide us to do what is right and just and true."

After much further negotiation the Chiefs gave in to the quiet, stern man whom they could not intimidate. Then he said to them with a smile, " As a matter of fact, I am going to remain here—at any rate, as long as I can, but I must take precautions."

Sixty loads of medicines, calico, beads, and other goods were at once shipped on the *Ilala*, which proceeded to Karonga, with orders to return and take Dr. Henry and Mr. M'Intyre down the Lake on their way to open the Station at Chikusi's. For the Doctor never allowed political commotion to interfere with the regular work of the Mission. He believed that the performance of familiar duties served to calm the nerves, and all this time the routine of the Station was going on as if nothing were happening. At one

of the services four native children, whose fathers were in full communion, were baptized, the first of the new generation of Christians, an event which in some measure made up to him for the anxieties and disappointments of the time. Not that he had lost faith: that remained undimmed; he was confident that all would come right in the end. "We are wearied, fevered, and tired," he wrote, "but God is our refuge and strength."

On 9th October a mail carried by trusty lads arrived from the hills. "War is inevitable," wrote Dr. Elmslie. "Come at once."

The Doctor would have liked to have waited for the *Ilala* in order to ship the goods for Chikusi's and see the party safely off, but he felt he could no longer delay, and securing carriers and giving them the lightest of loads he left on 20th October, a blazing hot day, and after a forced march reached Nyuju forty-eight hours later.

Scarcely had he gone when the *Ilala* arrived, and after him in hot haste went a messenger with a letter from Mrs. Laws giving him news of the events at the north end. A quarrel had occurred between the Arabs and the natives, and blood had been shed. The Arabs had closed in upon Mr. Monteith Fotheringham, the agent at Karonga of the African Lakes Company, a brave, capable man, whose sympathies were with the oppressed people, though he had not committed himself in any way. He was alone, and Mr. Bain had hastened down to his help. A rude fortification had been constructed within which were 500 refugees, and the place was besieged. "So," thought the Doctor, "three Stations are in danger of destruction." Such repeated blows might have appalled a smaller man, but they merely braced him to greater faith. "These black clouds," he said, "may be the precursors of a great blessing."

The *Ilala* went south, carrying Dr. Henry and Mr. M'Intyre to begin the new Station at Livlezi in Southern Ngoniland.

XVI. Victory

As soon as he heard that the Doctor had arrived Mombera summoned his council, and meanwhile informal messages between the two men were exchanged, with Williams, another Kafir agent who had recently arrived from Lovedale, as the courier. The Chief had no other terms to propose than those he had already intimated.

On Thursday, 27th October, the call came. "It is a dark

time and we go with anxious hearts," wrote the Doctor, "but trusting calmly in our Heavenly Father." Leaving Mrs. Elmslie alone they crossed the river and entered the village and the open cattle kraal. The indaba began at 8 a.m., and they were placed at a spot where there was no shelter from the fierce rays of the tropical sun, so that the Doctor, who was suffering from fever, prepared himself to undergo a physical as well as a mental ordeal. An imposing array of tribal notabilities were gathered round Mombera, and the missionaries were asked what they had to say. The Doctor countered by remarking that he had obeyed the summons of the Chief and waited to hear what *they* had to say. Then the talking began. Councillor after councillor rose, and in symbolic language described the situation as they saw it.

"You are an unfaithful wife. Did not Mombera kill an ox for you? Did he not pay over cattle for you, and are they not in the Mission kraal? And yet you run off and leave Mombera, your lawful husband, and live with another man—a man who is not your equal but a wretched slave! Is it right?"

Mombera, who had been listening carefully, at last spoke. "Lobarti, you must leave Bandawé and come up and live with us in order that we may have a free hand to clear out the Tonga. I have spoken," and he rose and stalked into the shade of a tree in the middle of the kraal.

The discussion went on. Thinking to touch on their self-interest the Doctor mentioned that calico had entered the country long enough to stretch from the kraal to a hill to which he pointed several miles away. The councillors stared.

"We have not seen any of it," they said.

"Because you will not let us work here," was the reply.

He spoke of the intention of the Trading Company to send up an agent and of the developments that might take place. But a Lake port was necessary for all this, and Bandawé would require to be retained. As he gave them some vision of what they could understand, a better material future, he hoped it would turn their thoughts and decide them for peace.

Mahalule, who represented Mtwaro and was one of the most influential men in the tribe, asked if a white man would not come and settle at Mtwaro's village. The Doctor instantly saw the bearing of the question. Mtwaro was heir-apparent to the chieftainship, and it was probably owing to his jealousy of Mombera that difficulties had arisen. "We hope," he said, "to be able very soon to place a European there."

Then Mahalule spoke :

" We have no quarrel with you or even with the Tonga at Bandawé, but we have with the men at Chintechi. You have tied our hands hitherto, but we are now free. We agree, however, to make a distinction between the Tonga around Bandawé and those at Chintechi in any war, and we promise that if the Bandawé people refrain from helping the Chintechi people and refuse to receive refugees, we shall not molest them ; otherwise, we shall destroy them all."

The Doctor thought rapidly. This was a very great surrender. It meant that Nyuju and Bandawé were safe if the Tonga at the latter place acquiesced. It was in line with the policy of neutrality which the Mission had adopted. He had never sought to dictate to the Chiefs on either side what their political attitude ought to be, though he had often pointed out to them that God's way and not theirs was the only true path to power and peace. He therefore stated that the Mission would remain entirely neutral, and that though he could not answer for the Bandawé Chiefs he would convey their message to them and endeavour to get them to accept the terms, without accepting any responsibility regarding their decision.

Mombera's councillors rose.

" Oh, Chief ! " he cried. " It is spoken ! It is spoken ! It is spoken ! The matter is finished, is finished, is finished ! Bayeté ! "

" Bayeté ! " came in deep, full-throated response from the assembly.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Doctor, who was fevered and weak, walked across to Mombera to bid him good-bye. Mahalule was telling him the decision. The Chief turned to " Lobarti " with a strange long look, and then addressing Mahalule broke into a violent tirade. His desire to have the Doctor had been thwarted, and he was very angry, but he was helpless in face of the binding pronouncement that had been made.

That night messengers went speeding over the rough hill track to Bandawé with news of the peace, and the Tonga carriers left the quarters in which they had been confined and mixed freely with the Ngoni.

The Doctor went to bed for two days, and by the time he was better the Chief's wrath was spent ; he put himself out to be kind, and the two men parted on the best of terms. His demand that the Doctor should come up to the hills had been dictated by his desire to save him from danger ; he feared that when the wilder spirits of the tribe were raiding the Lake shore they might attack the

Station and do him harm. "When a dog goes mad," he shrewdly said, "it may turn and bite its master."

As the Doctor left, an army from the north came marching in, regiment by regiment. Co-operating with two allied tribes it had crossed the Loangwa and attacked the Wemba,—a powerful people friendly with the Arabs, who had been raiding and slaughtering near Bain's Station,—rushed and destroyed the head villages, speared the population, and killed the Chief as he was escaping in a machila. As the Doctor looked on that grim, bloodstained host, intoxicated with victory, his heart filled with thankfulness that the indaba had ended in peace.

Nor was his feeling lessened when, delivering the message to the Tonga Chiefs, they looked blank and asserted it was a policy of "divide and conquer," and refused to be bound by the arrangement, for he knew that they realized there was no other alternative for them but annihilation.

A white teacher was settled in Mtwaro's country at Ekwendeni and the peace was never broken. The Ngoni were better than their word: though they often sent war expeditions to the western districts they never disturbed the Lake shore. That heathen, despotic heart on the hills never lost its affection for the "father of the white men," as he called the Doctor. "I never," says Dr. Elmslie, "knew of his having stopped a single war-party from attacking the helpless Tonga around Dr. Laws' station at Bandawé because of his belief in God; but over and over again because of his attachment to Dr. Laws he refused to sanction war, and to-day thousands of Tonga men and women owe their lives to Mombera's attachment to him." "Why he took a fancy to me," says the Doctor, "I do not know: it was God's doing."

Years afterwards some robber bands raided in the neighbourhood of Bandawé, murdering women and carrying off children to the hills. Mombera seized two of the leaders. "You are not Chief," he said. "I am. You went to Bandawé with war. Cut their legs. . . . You killed Tonga. Cut their wrists . . ." and they crawled away to hide and die.

XVII. War with the Arab Slavers

The *Ilala* arrived from the south the day after the Doctor arrived from the hills. To his great relief, Consul O'Neill, Captain Elton's successor at Mozambique, was on board. He had happened to be at Cape Maclear on geographical work when the steamer put in there,

and on hearing of the trouble at Karonga came full-speed north. Mr. Sharpe was out hunting, but messengers were sent after him ; on reaching Bandawé he promptly agreed to join the Consul, and the Doctor gave them two trusty mission workers. "I hope," he wrote, "the Consul will be able to settle the matter, but I question if that is possible without fighting sooner or later."

He had always feared a conflict with the Arab slavers, who had never ceased their activities or lessened the cruelty of their methods, and he had repeatedly sought to undeceive those who imagined that they had been intimidated by the planting of a few missions thousands of miles apart, the operations of a private Trading Company, and the passing visit of an occasional exploring expedition : it would take more than these incidental forces to crush a vast organization which had been exploiting Central Africa for centuries. Long before this he had pointed out the probability of the slavers endeavouring to seize and dominate the tract of land between the Nyasa and Tanganyika Lakes with a view to throttling commercial and missionary enterprise along that important highway : it was the principal outlet from their immense hunting grounds in the west to their markets on the coast, and it was unlikely that they would submit to have it occupied and controlled by white men.

Various circumstances combined to hasten the issue. The heart of the whole business was in Zanzibar, and when the *London*, the great warship which symbolized the anti-slavery activities of Britain, was withdrawn the wealthy dealers and traders renewed their operations, and caravans of Swahilis overran the interior. They eyed the trading settlement at Karonga, and the mission stations on the plateau, and quietly planted themselves at strategic points, built stockades, even on the Stevenson Road, and seized the land of the Kondé, who were too weak to resist. One of the leaders, Mlozi by name, went so far as to proclaim himself Sultan, allied himself with one or two western tribes, and worked in conjunction with the slavers around Tanganyika. This invasion was the common subject of talk amongst the natives, who never doubted the purpose that underlay it—the establishment of a powerful Mohammedan Empire in Central Africa.

The situation was complicated by attacks of ishmaelite Ngoni on Arab caravans trading up-country, and one of the plans of Mlozi was to execute a great sweeping movement along the Ngoniland plateau and the Lake shore in combination with the Wemba tribe and make a complete clearance of Ngoni, Tonga, and English. It a scheme that made the Doctor exclaim,

"Heathenism is bad enough to fight, but heathenism and Islam will be still more dreadful. Portuguese bluster and ambition are bad, but not so bad as the blood and cruelty of Islam." The campaign of the Ngoni, already referred to, and the defeat of the Wemba, prevented this project materializing, and Mlozi and his friends concentrated on the north end. They became more and more aggressive and insolent, and finally Fotheringham found himself restricted in his movements to the Station. One afternoon Mr. Bain at Mweniwanda received an urgent message from him appealing for his presence and help as he was alone and in imminent peril. After consulting with Dr. Cross, Bain decided to go. He left that night at ten o'clock, made forced marches, narrowly missed being speared in the darkness, and arrived at Karonga to find Fotheringham worn out through want of sleep, fatigue, and strain.

The Arabs had definitely parcelled out the country amongst themselves, and they now decided to dispatch the remnants of the Kondé people, who were hiding in the Kambwe lagoon two miles north of the African Lakes Company's station. They surrounded the spot and set fire to the dry reeds, and in a short time the place was a roaring furnace. As the fugitives rushed out they were shot and speared, many were seized by crocodiles, and others were captured and enslaved. Mlozi and his companions sat amidst the foliage of a tree watching the murderous proceedings. Next day two villages were sacked with great slaughter.

It was at this point that the *Ilala* arrived at Karonga with Consul O'Neill. He proved an earnest and brave man with a cool head and calm judgment. After ascertaining the position he sent off dispatches on 5th November to Consul Hawes, the new Consul at Blantyre, and Mr. Moir, and a request to Dr. Laws for ammunition. "Be back in a week," he said to Howat, the engineer. Nicoll, another of the Company's agents from Tanganyika, he sent farther north for native levies. Soon afterwards the Arabs were reinforced and attempted to storm the fort, but were repulsed: so fierce was the charge that the dead lay within a few yards of the stockade. Investing the Station, they constructed platforms in the trees which commanded the interior, and for five days and nights poured in a constant fire. To protect the native women and children trenches and pits were sunk, into which they huddled. On Nicoll approaching with some thousands of north-enders the Arabs withdrew to the hills. Dr. Cross, at Chirenje, was informed of their proximity, and as he was alone made his way by a circuitous route to Karonga.

It was not till 9th December, a month after she left, that the *Ilala* returned with Mr. Hawes and Mr. J. Moir. Karonga was a mass of ruins and no white man was visible. Running north some twenty miles they discovered the party encamped on the shore, and O'Neill, despairing of the steamer's arrival, on the point of setting south in a canoe on which a sail had been rigged up. An attack led by Hawes on the Arab stockade followed, in which both Moir and Sharpe were wounded. The slavers were severely punished, but the result was indecisive.

At the end of January 1888 the Doctor suggested that negotiations might be opened with the Arabs. "It seems to me," he wrote to Mr. Bain, "that it would be to Mr. Fotheringham's greatest honour if he could persuade these fellows to come to terms or evacuate the country without further bloodshed." A month later a meeting was held in the Bandawé manse, at which there were present Mr. John Buchanan, Acting-Consul—Mr. Hawes was on leave—Mr. F. L. M. Moir, Dr. Laws, Dr. Elmslie, Mr. Bain, Messrs. Smith, M'Callum, and Gossip, and two employees of the Company. A resolution was passed expressing hearty approval of the proposal to obtain a peaceful settlement of the trouble ; the terms suggested were that Mlozi should raze his stockades and quit the country within two months, the Company foregoing compensation for the losses sustained.

Mlozi at first agreed, but later renewed hostilities, in the course of which Mr. F. L. M. Moir was so seriously wounded that he was invalided home, and never entirely recovered the use of his right arm. The peace policy had failed. Even a special envoy from the Sultan of Zanzibar, sent at the request of the British Government, made no impression on the Arab leaders.

Dr. Laws was profoundly thankful that the clash had come as it had done and had not occurred when the Mission alone was in the field, and he realized more than ever the Guidance that had led them to choose so secluded a spot as Cape Maclear for the first station.

But he was again face to face with the old problem : were the missionaries to take an active part in the fighting or were they to be non-combatants ? The fact that British Consuls were in charge was an important element in the situation, and he felt that they had the right to call upon the staff for help. He could not himself, however, order any member to assist, and when Gossip went up for a time it was as a volunteer. For his own part he believed he could do more good by remaining at Bandawé, where the position

THE DOCTOR CROSSING THE RIVER RUKURU

TRAVELLING IN A MACHILA

A Mlanjé Cedar Wood

The Quarry at the Institution

was still precarious. He had to use his influence also to steady the natives, as well as to keep a watch on the Arabs at Kota Kota. On the whole, his view was that the missionaries ought to be non-combatants and attend only to the sick and wounded.

What he felt strongly was that the Arab question was not one affecting the African Lakes Company alone but the whole of the British people. The Church could no doubt fight the matter on the religious side, for what depended on the struggle was the religious future of Central Africa—Mohammed or Christ? But it should rather lay stress on the slave-trade, and on that rouse the country and force the Foreign Office to act through the pressure of public opinion. If the Arabs won it meant the perpetuation of that terrible traffic in human flesh which Dr. Livingstone had described to the horrified world and which Britain had determined should be suppressed.

To Dr. Smith he wrote: "Our Consuls are brave, earnest men, working to the utmost and enduring much to carry out the wishes of their fellow-countrymen towards suppressing the slave-trade. But I fear the British public hardly realize the task they ask these representatives of theirs to perform. They are sent out and expected to do all by moral suasion; they are put in a similar though less favourable position than would be the case if any of the Lords of the Courts of Justice in Edinburgh were to be commissioned to go to the Calton Jail and by conversation with its inhabitants expect to turn all these criminals into sober, well-doing citizens. So far the public have done well in sending its Consuls, but it ought to extend its work and back them up by such a force as will prevent their being the butt of slave-dealing, red-handed murderers of men, women, and children. No words can depict the woes of this traffic or paint it with too black a dye."

"Publicity" became his watchword. "Publish the facts" was his message to those at the north end. "Let Britain know what is going on." He was repeatedly asked himself by newspapers at home to write for their columns, but believing that this might react injuriously on the Mission work he refused all such requests. The extracts from his letters which appeared in the press of Scotland were sent without his knowledge, and this made him more chary of writing freely about local conditions. Others, however, followed his advice, and the articles in the *Times* and elsewhere detailing the operations did much to inform the country on the drama going forward in inner Africa.

XVIII. Lord Salisbury says "No"

Larger questions even than the designs of the Arab slavers were occupying the attention of Europe. Africa was being rapidly partitioned out among the Powers, and with Germany pressing in on the north it was not unnatural that Portugal, after drowsing for more than three centuries, should waken up to the value of that vast hinterland which, always within its grasp, it had never attempted to occupy and control. Not one European Portuguese had ever seen Lake Nyasa until 1886. If effective occupation constituted the title-deeds to an ownerless country, Nyasa already belonged to the British, for there were now seventy-two missionaries, planters, and traders in the district, and four steamers plying on the river and Lake. Official Britain, however, in contrast to Germany's eager appropriation of vast tracts, had no ambition to acquire any portion of equatorial Africa. This was so well known that those interested in Nyasa always disclaimed any wish to see the Government incur the responsibilities of a protectorate. Drummond was emphatic on this point in *Tropical Africa*, and the missionary representations to the Foreign Office never went further than to request that the Nyasa district should be safeguarded from Portuguese intrusion and that the line of communication from the coast should be kept open on a permanently fixed tariff.

The mind of the public was apparently with the policy of the Government, to judge from journalistic comments on Dr. Laws' letter which referred to the need of the Consul having some means of defence in order to prevent the risk of outrage. This was supposed to be a request for the protectorate, which it was stated he would not get. "I had no thought of a protectorate in my mind," the Doctor wrote, "but only a desire to see the pacific measures of the Consul in dealing with the slave-traders backed by such an effective force as to give weight, point, and success to his diplomatic efforts. . . . There is only one sure and abiding means for bringing the terrible slave business to an end, and that is the Gospel; but other means can help." He made no concealment, however, of his prepossession in favour of a British occupation. "Far better," he remarked, "for the Portuguese to spend their energy and what money they have on the development of their coast settlements than annex more territory which they could not thoroughly govern."

Writing to Consul O'Neill at this time, he said: "When Captain Foot asked my opinion, and again when Consul Hawes

did, I urged the necessity of their having a gun-boat on the Lake as the way to suppress the slave-trade with the least possible bloodshed. I did not mean any particular class of vessel, but such a one as could at any moment give an efficient protection to the Consul on the Lake and teach the slave-trader a sharp lesson once for all if no other reason could find an entrance to his brain. In arguing in favour of the suppression of the slave-trade by force it must not be supposed I am seeking to have slavery put down by force, for domestic slavery cannot be dealt with in this summary fashion. But given a judicious Consul, with tact in dealing with the natives and slave-traders and this force at his back to show his words had to be listened to and obeyed, most of the Swahili and Arab slave-traders I know would make tracks for the coast in a very short time."

The wisdom of these remarks was demonstrated in a dramatic way by an outrage on Mr. Buchanan, the Acting-Consul. After calling in at Bandawé he crossed in the *Charles Janson* with Mr. Johnson, and made a friendly call on Makanjira, the Yao, but was suddenly seized and stripped naked, only his stockings and shoes being left him. Johnson was similarly treated. In the scuffle one of their men was killed. They were imprisoned in a hut and irons were brought, but both dared their captors to manacle them. The boat in which they had come ashore, the British flag, and all their personal equipment, were stolen. Only after considerable trouble were they ransomed by the Captain of the steamer.

"This outrage," wrote Dr. Laws, "illustrates the attitude of the slave-trader to the British Government in a way which will probably open the eyes of the British public to the fact that the slave-trade is not yet extinct nor amenable to consular moral suasion in the way some of those who extol Arab and Mohammedan influence and kindness would have them believe. . . . If this is calmly swallowed by the liberty-loving British nation it has surely changed much during recent years. It seems to me that the Government can hardly refuse their support and assistance to the A.L.C. in getting the necessary war material through the Portuguese port of Quilimane. . . . I long for peace, but peace based on wickedness would be a hollow affair, and to withdraw from Karonga now would, I fear, give an impetus to the slave-trade on the Lake and to the arrogance of the Swahili coastmen which would undo much of the quiet, earnest work of the past."

But the feeling of irritation and alarm at the trend of events was growing in Scotland, and the Church of Scotland and Free

Church united in a strong effort to rouse public opinion and bring pressure to bear on the Government. The re-establishment of the slave-trade in Livingstone's land, the abandonment of the north end of Lake Nyasa to the slavers, the peril to British missions and trade, the blocking tactics of the Portuguese, their seizure of an African Lakes Company's steamer on the river—all combined made a case which appealed to the imagination of the people. The movement of the Churches had the strong support of men like Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Aberdeen, and was joined in by the Universities Mission.

The three Missions met in conference in London, April 1888, with members of Parliament and representatives of the Scottish Geographical Society. It was proposed that the Government should be asked to secure free or favourable transit to goods from the coast, to declare Nyasaland from the Ruo northwards a sphere of British influence, and that it should take action in regard to the recrudescence of the slave-trade. " You will not get Lord Salisbury to agree to the second request," several members of Parliament declared, and it was decided to ask instead that the Government should take what measures seemed best to secure the safety of British subjects and interests in Nyasaland.

Subsequently Lord Salisbury received a deputation, the members of the Free Church being Prof. Lindsay, the convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, Prof. Henry Drummond, and Mr. James Campbell.

Lord Salisbury showed great interest in the question, but he laid down three definite negative points :

1. On no account would the Government send an armed expedition to the Nyasa region.
2. On no account would the Government interfere with the German sphere of influence.
3. On no account would the Government annex Nyasaland or declare it British territory.

The three positive statements were :

1. In view of the treaty made with the Chief of Matabeleland the Government would insist on the free navigation of the Zambezi.
2. The Government would on no account assent to the Portuguese assuming sovereignty over the Nyasa region.

3. While the Government could not send armed assistance to the African Lakes Company and the Missions they had a perfect right and liberty to defend themselves, and provision would be made for the free importation of arms and ammunition.

It was not much, but it was something to go on with. Nyasa interests had shown their strength, and although many were distrustful of Lord Salisbury (and German intrigue in the background), Dr. Laws for one believed that the Government could no more prevent a protectorate coming than they could stop the tide from flowing. He would not hear of a possible evacuation of the Lake in the event of matters turning out differently. "That," he said, "is only possible on one condition—that there is not a single inhabitant left in the country. Arabs and slave-traders—scoundrels as many of them are—are yet the parishioners of the Livingstonia Mission and need the Gospel, though, probably enough, most of them deserve the halter. We must bear their need in mind though our blood boils at their cruelty. . . . It would never do to go into the interior and leave this festering mass of heathenism behind."

The Arab war went on. Captain Lugard, D.S.O., an officer with a fine record, in search of adventure, appeared on the scene, and was given command of the operations, endeavouring to destroy the enemy's stockades, these "nasty wasps' nests," as Dr. Laws called them, but without permanent results. The Captain's view was that disciplined troops and artillery were necessary. "Why not cast a small cannon or a mortar from brass wire?" suggested the Doctor. He also advised the formation of a native intelligence department: "Organize a corps of spies to bring you news of the enemy's movements—it will pay you well." After being severely wounded Lugard stayed some weeks at Bandawé. The Doctor was much impressed by his courage and character. "He is a brave man whom I like very much: he has suffered a great deal without a murmur, and he has the good of his country at heart." In the graphic account of his experiences given in *The Rise of our East African Empire*, Lugard refers to the "almost embarrassing kindness and generous hospitality" he received from Dr. and Mrs. Laws. "Dr. Laws, that most practical and ideal missionary, is a remarkable man, and his well-worn library, including literature on a very wide range of subjects, evidenced the extent of his reading. To his careful observation is due much of the accurate knowledge we have both of the Lake and of the mainland. . . . Though I do *not* indiscriminately admire all

missionaries, I am free to say that, among such of the Scottish missionaries as I met in Nyasaland there was not a single one whom I did not esteem. I have nothing but praise both of their methods and their work." Lugard, as is well known, had afterwards a distinguished career as an Empire builder and was latterly Governor-General of Nigeria.

Despite the most gallant efforts, the advent of fresh volunteers, the expenditure of much capital by the African Lakes Company, and the indomitable pluck and perseverance of the brothers Moir, the position remained much as it was. "Each month the war drags on its weary course," wrote the Doctor; "the prestige of the white man on the Lake is lessening." Yet he never lost hope; indeed, he was actually preparing for the time when work would be resumed at the north. He asked Fotheringham to send him down some boys to train as teachers for the schools of the future, and shortly afterwards he wrote again: "Send me a few more. I am looking forward to the new need laid upon us when you repel Mlozi." Nine young lads appeared with the next trip of the *Ilala*.

XIX. Spade Work and Illness

No outside distractions were allowed to interfere with the discharge of everyday duty at Bandawé. The Doctor had a passion for spade work, for the steady, persistent, patient effort, which so many find it difficult to keep up in the tropics. He believed in it as the only method by which the native mind could be transformed: he had little faith in the permanency of a sudden, emotional conversion of character—not, at any rate, with a primitive race hardened by ages of habit. His task, therefore, was to carry out the humdrum activities of each day, and to guide step by step the faltering progress of the people.

The unfolding political drama brought him much correspondence; by one mail at this time between forty and fifty letters would arrive, and each had to be carefully considered and answered. Visitors of all types also stayed at the manse. They seemed to trust him at once: he gained the confidence of all, and many continued to write him after they had left the country. He sent long letters in reply in his clear, neat writing, which was as legible as print.

With the Ngoni terror receding into the background the people became more normal in their lives, and their children crowded to the schools at the Station and in the villages, the attendance rising to 1330, of whom 700 were girls, about as many as the Doctor, with his

limited resources, could manage. From 50 to 60 native teachers were engaged in the work, and with these each day the Doctor studied the next Bible lesson. There was no longer need for South African Kafirs, who were, after all, as much foreign missionaries as the Europeans, and the Doctor was already looking forward to possessing an efficient native staff.

Similar progress was also being made in Ngoniland, where Mr. Charles Stuart from Aberdeen, a man of the finest type, steady and calm and as true as steel, had begun to organize the educational work; and also at Cape Maclear, where, on a visit, the Doctor baptized four men and three women and ten children, and as many as fourteen natives sat down at Communion. Under the care of Albert the little native church continued to shine like a clear light in the darkness.

The most important factor now in the work, one of more value than many missionaries, was the native New Testament. Hitherto the Doctor's single precious manuscript had been lent out to the teachers. Now, thanks to the National Bible Society of Scotland, it had been multiplied into hundreds of printed copies, which were read by teachers, scholars, and workers, and pored over at night by the dim light of wood fires. The Doctor had long entertained a dream of doing his own printing on the Station, and this the children of the Free Church enabled him to realize by subscribing for a small Albion hand-press, Mr. W. Thomson, another Aberdeen man, coming out to train a staff and superintend the work. In a short time it was turning out copies of Mark's Gospel in Tonga and Ngoni, the Sermon on the Mount in Ngoni, Harry's Catechism in Ngoni, alphabet and lesson sheets by the thousands, schedules, cheque-books, passage-tickets, and all the miscellaneous printing of the Stations.

In other directions the influence of the Mission was being felt. One day the Doctor was told that Chimbano was dead. He hastened to the village and appealed to his sons not to put any persons to death. Invited to the funeral he discovered in time that it was a dummy one arranged for his benefit and did not go. Only one woman was killed at the real burial instead of a score as was the custom, though a mwavé ordeal was held to ferret out the bewitcher and slayer of the Chief.

It was with great relief that the Doctor, over-driven and harassed by want of men, heard of a movement in the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa to assist in the work of the Livingstonia Mission. A number of ministers had agreed to contribute £10 each to support a missionary, and at the suggestion of Dr. Stewart and

Mr. John Stephen, a member of the Livingstonia Committee, then in South Africa, they adopted Nyasaland as their sphere. Their pioneer agent arrived in July 1888 in the person of the Rev. A. C. Murray, B.A., with whom the Doctor formed a warm friendship. He was sent up to the north-end stations for a time with Dr. Cross and Mr. Bain, and had his share of illness and trying experiences before settling in the following year at Mvera, in the hills at the south end of the Lake.

Mr. Bain, a brilliant missionary, who had acquired three languages and gained great influence over the natives, came south after his long period of adventure and strain on his way home on furlough. While passing through some swamps he got soaked, and again in a small boat was drenched during a thunderstorm, and remained wet all night. At Bandawé he fell seriously ill, and Dr. Laws fought hard for his life, but in vain. Realizing that the end was near, Bain said to his colleague, "I trust the death of one may not in any way damage the work. May you fellows who are left go on with it until it reaches a success you never thought of." Little Amy, awed and wondering, placed a few white flowers on the lifeless breast, and at sunset his fellow-Christians, European and native, carried him out on their shoulders to the cemetery within sound of the surf on the Lake.

A feeling was growing in Scotland that Bandawé was unhealthy. The Doctor combated the idea and quoted the opinion of the Rev. W. P. Johnson, who knew the Lake perhaps better than anyone else, that it was the healthiest spot on its shores. Believing that "God's ways are the ways of common sense" the Doctor was willing to go elsewhere, but he opposed the proposal that the Station should be abandoned altogether, for two reasons which he expressed thus :

1. Christ chose to work in unhealthy malaria-stricken Capernaum, so that it came to be called His own City.
2. It is enough that the servant be as his Master.

His objection was all the stronger from the fact that spiritual results were now beginning to appear. Within a radius of 10 miles there were from 20,000 to 30,000 people all readily listening to the Gospel. The poison ordeal and faith in witchcraft were fast losing their power. In April 1889 he baptized five adults of the Nyanja, Tonga, and Yao tribes, and three children. Apart from this the gardens on which so much labour had been expended were flourish-

ing. There were at least 3800 plants growing—mangoes, oranges, lemons, guavas, pomegranates, custard apples, figs, peaches, granadillas, bananas, all bearing well; coffee, tomatoes, and cape gooseberries were luxuriant; 1000 pineapples had been gathered. Thousands of plants had also been distributed to other stations and to the people.

Early in 1890 the Doctor had several turns of fever; and some premonition seems to have weighed upon him, for he wrote to Dr. Smith a letter, "in view of the possibility of my death." Shortly afterwards he was prostrate with one of the severest attacks he had ever experienced. Mr. Gossip was also ill, and when the Doctor became unable to follow his case or his own he sent for Dr. Elmslie, who came in hot haste over the hills, through a thunderstorm and heavy rain which flooded the rivers, barred his way, and cut him off from his carriers, so that he had to sit all night under a bush with an umbrella up and his clothes dripping. Dr. Laws was so feeble when he arrived that he was unable to lift a cup to his lips; he tried to tell Elmslie the temperature and condition of others who were ill, but the words would not come at his command. The feebleness passed into stupor, and Dr. Elmslie at last determined to take him up to the hills in the hope that the journey might bring about a reaction. He was carried in a machila, four days being taken to the journey, and at first revived, but fell back into extreme weakness. One night it was thought that he was passing away. Outside the hyenas were howling, a sign, according to native belief, that a death was near. Dr. Elmslie prayed with him. Then, to relieve his emotion, he gave him a dig in the ribs. The Doctor laughed, and from that moment began to improve. There was never any doubt in his mind that he owed his life to the promptitude, skill, and unwearied kindness of his colleague.

"Before I left in April," he wrote, "I had the privilege of baptizing two young men and the child of one of them, who are the first-fruits of the Ngoni tribe to Christ. We rejoice and thank God for His blessing on the labours of faithful men, some of whom have passed away. One of the young men was a servant boy to Koyi, and the patient teaching and godly life of William did much to establish him in the faith. Both are teachers."

The Universities Mission staff across in Likomo—they had established their headquarters, and were building a cathedral on the island, making it a sort of African Iona—heard of the Doctor's illness and at once offered the use of their steamer if he wished to

go home. "It is at your disposal," wrote Bishop Maples, who was then in charge. The relations of the two missions continued to be of the friendliest nature, one vying with the other in kindly helpfulness. If there was another to rival the Doctor in hardihood it was his old friend, Johnson, now Archdeacon—thin, ascetic, saint-like, with marvellous powers of endurance. Once when out of sorts he was induced to board the steamer in order to be taken across to see Dr. Laws. At the last moment he and his box went ashore. "What is the matter?" he was asked. "I am not going; if I do, Dr. Laws will pack me off home, and I don't want to go." There was no use presenting Johnson with anything, for he would give it away to the natives. He turned up at Bandawé one day with a black boy whom he had found being sold as a slave and had bought for ten shillings. It was very difficult to get him to tell of his adventures; when asked about them his jaws would snap and not a word would he say.

By and by the Committee at home learnt of the Doctor's illness, and placed on record their deep sense of the value of his service in Africa and urged him to come home on furlough. To Mr. Thin, who was now a representative of the United Presbyterian Church on the Committee, he wrote: "I'll come as soon as I see that my duty permits me to leave. This is a critical time in the history of the country and we do need more helpers"—always that harping on assistance which the Committee was never able to satisfy. Again he wrote: "Furlough means a detestable break in one's work, especially when there is much more to do than can be overtaken; but there is Amy to be considered: heathenism is horrible for a child; but for her I would not go home."

As the days went by, however, furlough receded further into the background. The routine duties of teaching, preaching, and office work went on increasing, while the building work never seemed to get finished. He was now corresponding with Mr. Binnie, a well-known Glasgow valuator and contractor, originally a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, who had been on the Livingstonia Committee from the beginning, and took the deepest interest in its development, and in one of his letters he expressed a desire to be rid of the thatched roofs which caused so much trouble, and proposed that galvanized iron sheets should be adopted. Mr. Binnie interested himself in the matter, and the Committee sent out some roofing as an experiment. This proved so successful that the material was generally adopted for the purpose.

XX. The Coming of Government

The pressure of public opinion stimulated the Foreign Office to action. Mr. H. H. Johnston was appointed Consul to Portuguese East Africa, with instructions to travel into the interior and secure treaties with the Chiefs beyond the Portuguese sphere. He first went to Lisbon and returned with a draft agreement which settled the whole question, but as it generously included the Shiré Highlands within the Portuguese area the Foreign Office promptly turned it down. Ere he reached the Zambezi the Portuguese, regretting nothing more than their failure to occupy the most desirable region in all Central Africa, made, at this eleventh hour, a brave effort to retrieve the position by dispatching an imposing force inland under Major Serpa Pinto—"a purely scientific expedition," remarked the Doctor, the instruments being Gatling guns, rifles, and cannon! The news of the expedition created intense excitement in Scotland, and energetic action was taken by the Mission and industrial interests concerned to represent the gravity of the situation to the Government. It was Dr. Livingstone who, they pointed out, at the instance of the British Government and at a cost of £30,000, opened up the Zambezi and Nyasa region. The Missions were established to carry on his work, which was also the work of the British Government and the British people. Was all that had been done to go for nothing? A petition signed by upwards of 11,000 ministers and elders backed up these representations.

Meanwhile Johnston went on with his task, and worked his way up the Lake, stayed with Dr. Laws, who found him "a plucky and agreeable fellow," and proceeded to the north end, where he negotiated terms of peace with Mlozi—which did not, however, end the slavery business. While he was on his further journeys Major Serpa Pinto continued his advance, but was opposed by the Makololo. On receipt of the news of the first conflict Mr. Buchanan promptly issued the proclamation which had been prepared:

> "To all whom it may concern.
>
> "I hereby declare that the Makololo, Yao, and Machinga countries within the limits cited below are, with the consent and at the desires of their Chiefs and people, placed under the protection of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, etc.

" Given at Mlomba, Makololo country, this twenty-first of September one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine."

Then followed the boundaries, the confluence of the Ruo with the Shiré being the lowest point.

Thus balked, Major Serpa Pinto returned to the coast for instructions, and left his forces in command of a lieutenant, who, thinking an accomplished fact would be difficult to gainsay, proceeded to fight his way to Blantyre. This was more than Lord Salisbury could stand, and a vigorously worded dispatch was sent to Lisbon. The result was made known to the Doctor by a notice informing him and other British subjects that " the Portuguese Government have agreed with Her Majesty's Government that all Portuguese troops on the Shiré, in Makololo country, and in Mashonaland shall be withdrawn, and that no attempt shall be made to establish and exercise Portuguese jurisdiction in these territories." The whole matter was then relegated to the region of European diplomacy.

While the negotiations were going on, in 1890, much feeling was caused, both in Nyasaland and in Scotland, by the delimitation of the spheres of influence of Britain and Germany. The Livingstonia Mission fought for a more northerly boundary, but much to the Doctor's regret the Anglo-German Convention fixed it practically alongside the Stevenson Road, and one fine station, that of Kara'-muka, where the Mission possessed land and work had been going on for two years, was included within the German area—why, it was difficult to surmise. In this magnificent region of hill and valley the Moravian Mission began work. When the Doctor heard of their purpose he said, " If the Moravians keep up the tradition of their Church we shall have good neighbours." The first agents called at Bandawé on their way out, and " good neighbours " they promised to be, and were. These missionaries were followed by others of the Berlin Society. Both received help from the Doctor in the shape of native teachers and artisans.

The old problem of Kota Kota was also giving the Doctor much thought at this time. The schools of the Mission now stretched nearly to that Mohammedan centre, and on the occasion of a visit from Jumbé the latter asked for a teacher and sent three lads to the Station. It was the Doctor's plan to place a medical missionary and an assistant there, but the lack of men and the exigencies of furloughs caused delay. A tentative proposal was made by the

Universities Mission to send a native teacher to the spot, but Bishop Smythies told the Doctor that this could not be done for a year. "We have, therefore," he wrote to the Committee, "a year in which to make good our hold of the west side." Some members of the Committee thought that the Mission might now withdraw from the Lake shore altogether, but the Doctor strongly opposed such a suicidal policy. With the British protectorate that was coming there would be an influx of Europeans, and there was urgent need of strengthening the forces of righteousness all along the shore—the base-line of further advance—rather than handing it over to the influences of heathenism and European vice. He appealed for more workers to carry out his plan, but if these could not be sent he felt that he could not accept the responsibility of preventing the Anglicans doing Christ's work.

In the autumn the fate of Nyasa was decided. The Imperial Government were very reluctant to assume the administration of a country which would, obviously, not pay its expenses for some time to come, and it is doubtful what would have happened had not the British South Africa Chartered Company been formed, and had Mr. Cecil Rhodes not come to the rescue. He of all men then had the prescience to see what was coming, and the faith and courage to accept the responsibilities which destiny presented to Britain. He was keenly interested in the Zambezi region. In his own words he was building "a five-storey edifice": (1) Cape Colony; (2) the Transvaal; (3) Mashonaland; (4) the Shiré Highlands; and (5) Nyasaland. By arrangement with him the territories adjoining Nyasa were included in the charter of the Company, but the country was to be proclaimed a Protectorate and the administration would be in the hands of the Foreign Office, who would appoint a Commissioner and Consul-General. Rhodes guaranteed at least £10,000 a year for police and other expenses, and was given a consultative voice and vote in all matters relating to the country. The Commissioner appointed was Mr. H. H. Johnston, but he was to all intents and purposes the agent of Mr. Rhodes.

To Rhodes the more important areas were: (1) the Mashonaland plateau; (2) the Shiré plateau; and (3) the Nyasa–Tanganyika neck plateau. His policy was to hold these at all hazards. He had three opponents in his mind—the Germans, the Portuguese, and the Arabs. No roads must be constructed to suit the first, and he was therefore dead against any further highway being constructed between the two lakes: the Portuguese must be kept out of the Shiré area and must provide free navigation of the

river, and the Arab slavers must be systematically dealt with and disposed of.

Johnston, the Commissioner, was an extremely able man, and entered on his duties with great intelligence and vigour. From Zomba, which had been chosen as the seat of Government, he wrote to the Doctor: "I have thought and talked and written much about you since we parted, and I look forward with pleasure to your co-operating with me in bringing this country into ways of happiness and peace." Yet the minutes of the Livingstonia Committee bear witness to the fact that the members—who included some of the shrewdest and most successful business men in Scotland—did not trust him and were not satisfied even after they had personally interviewed him as well as Rhodes. The same feeling seems to have influenced the missionaries in the field, though Dr. Laws more than once urged that he should be given time and be loyally supported in his most difficult task. The curious thing was that Rhodes himself was distrustful; he believed that Johnston had a policy and ambitions of his own regarding the Arabs and the direction towards which Nyasaland should gravitate. In any case, he wished British Central Africa, as the Protectorate was called when it was proclaimed in 1891, to be based on Cape Town and not on Zanzibar and India, and so informed the Livingstonia missionaries. The arrangement with Rhodes lasted for some years, when the Imperial Government took over the entire management of the Protectorate.

Coincident with the advent of the organized forces of civilization several of the Chiefs, types of the old conditions, passed away. In August 1891 Mombera died. "I am sorry," wrote the Doctor. "His connection with the Mission and myself was a strange and eventful one. Like Cyrus of old, God seems to have called him and used him for the special purpose of admitting the Gospel to his people, though he knew it not. He was to outward appearance a scoffer to the last day I met him. He made a promise to me that no army should be sent by him to attack the people here, and he held his bloodhounds in leash with an iron grip and kept his promise, though often at the risk of his own popularity. Troublous though the immediate future seems likely to be, it will work out for the opening up still further of this tribe. Proud, stubborn, and haughty in the past, the change is at hand." Owing to the influence of the Mission no bloody rites followed the Chief's death, nor that of Mtwaro, who died a few months later. It was different in the case of Chikusi in the south. With him were buried seven of his wives,

while thirty persons succumbed to the poison ordeal. Mr. Stuart, who was then at the station, saw the vultures and hyenas feasting on the dead bodies.

In the same year the work of the Doctor was recognized by Aberdeen University, which conferred upon him the degree of D.D. He was busy making bricks and shipping them when a letter came addressed with the new title, and he threw it down thinking some one was trifling with him.

For the missionaries the years of peril were over. Two remarkable struggles had taken place : one carried on solely with spiritual weapons, the other with physical force. Through the agency of the first a large and powerful tribe, the most savage in equatorial Africa, had been conquered and led into paths of peace. It had been the case of a few Christian white and black men pitted against a nation, and they had won. The measure of their victory was not yet complete, but, as it was, there was no more remarkable episode in the history of moral effort and achievement.

Equally notable was the prolonged life-and-death conflict with the Arab slavers. Here was a small trading company, closely associated with a missionary enterprise, in a vast tropical no-man's-land, forced to accept the challenge of a slavery organization which had been at work for centuries and continued to operate in spite of international treaties and the vigilant forces of civilization. With the assistance of a few gallant volunteers the two managers had kept up a fight for long years in the effort to break the power of the powerful gang, and they had succeeded in exhausting it to the breaking point. Had it not been for their tireless courage and faith the destiny of the country might have been far different.

The missionaries, the missionary leaders in England and Scotland, and the Moirs were the real founders of Nyasaland. There were others who believed that things began with their own advent. The author of *Nyasaland under the Foreign Office* says : " Without wishing to detract in any way from the importance of the work accomplished by these earlier pioneers "—and he includes Dr. Livingstone—" I venture to think that the true history of the country begins with its direct administration by the Imperial Government " ! Which illustrates the type of official mind that conferred honours on many of those who took part in the events of these later years and let the services of the brothers Moir to the Empire and to Africa pass unnoticed and unrewarded.

PART FOUR

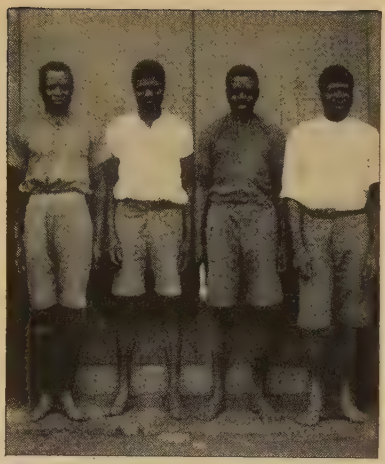
THE YEARS OF PROGRESS

I. Home and America

Independently of the political changes the work of the Mission had reached the stage when a further advance in methods was essential. At Bandawé the staff could not cope with the natural development. Every Sunday, apart from the Station meetings, from twenty-five to thirty services were held in the district. The schools extended over an area 40 miles by 8, but there was no limit to the work except that caused by lack of teachers. Accommodation was not in the question, for with the Doctor's scanty resources it was impossible to build schoolhouses, and the great majority of the classes were held in the shade of some large tree, with the result that in the rainy season the scholars only attended in the intervals between the torrential blasts; and wearing but an inch or two of bark cloth or calico they often suffered from cold and were absent through sickness. It was not easy to keep an accurate roll of the attendances, the boys and girls changing their native names so often that even their parents did not always know them by their latest ones, but the actual number present was usually over 5000. The Doctor regarded the schools as his greatest evangelizing agency, and paid special attention to the Bible lesson, following the principle of the German proverb, "What you would put into the nation put into its schools."

The teachers, one hundred and fifty in number, were still themselves only in the elementary stage of education, and were being taught as well as the children. Those under the tuition and observation of the Doctor were, after a time, sent out to the outgoing districts, and another batch brought in, and by this system of rotation the whole passed regularly through his hands. They were his one hope for the future, and very anxiously did he study their individual characters and watch their growth in self-discipline and mental ability; when twenty-four were baptized in a body he saw

The First Boy trained as a Telegraphist. He replaced a European



Carpenter Apprentices who walked 10,000 miles to the Institution at Livingstonia to educate themselves and learn a Trade

Ngoni Chief (right) and his Headman, of the Present Day

Yoram Mpande (p. 357)

LIVINGSTONIA G.P.O., BUILT BY THE SCHOOLBOYS

THE MAIN AVENUE, WITH THE EUROPEAN COTTAGES BEYOND—THESE ARE ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATEAU

beginning to be realized his dream of a native church and a Christian community.

The medical work was also increasing rapidly, and he strained every nerve to meet the demands it made upon him, for its value as a handmaid to the spiritual side of the Mission was undoubted. "I know," he said, "of no better way of commending the Gospel to the heathen, and especially to the Mohammedan, than that of the medical mission." To assist him he was training lads to dress ulcers and common wounds and make up medicines, and one had become so competent that he was able to administer chloroform.

But he felt the time had come when that central educational institution up to which the course of events had been leading all these years must be established in order to provide the efficient native staff of teachers, evangelists, and pastors required to meet the needs of the country. To it must be added a small hospital for the training of nurses, dispensers, and medical assistants. "A conviction is growing in my mind that God's time is now near in which He will lead us to the place which He has reserved for us for His work. Water, power, and wood are the chief things. I do not overlook population, but a small community may be an advantage at first." He resolved to go to Scotland to consult with the Committee and secure the interest and financial support that was necessary.

When, after another sharp attack of fever, which caused grave concern to the Committee, he received a cablegram from Mr. White, the convener, "Return home now," he packed up, and he, Mrs. Laws, and Amy sailed from Bandawé in October 1891. He took with him Yuraia Chirwa, a young Tonga teacher; Charles Domingo, his house boy; and another lad, with the purpose of leaving them at Lovedale for training during his absence in Scotland.

At the foot of the Lake he found Mr. Johnston strongly entrenched in a position opposite the village of Mponda, who was still engaged in slave-trading. The Commissioner told the Doctor that he was determined to put a stop to the traffic round the Lake, and would take in hand one notorious Chief at a time until all were dealt with: he was at the moment watching Mponda.

In the course of a long interview the two men exchanged views regarding the political development of the country. Johnston said he proposed making a beginning with taxation in the Shiré province, afterwards in the Kondé district, and then on the Bandawé plains, leaving Ngoniland until later. The Doctor's

anxiety was with regard to the Ngoni. He saw that the Commissioner relied entirely on force for the subjugation of the tribes, and he feared for the consequences in the case of so proud a race. "Don't fight them," he urged—"enlist them." Captain Macguire, the military commander, who was present, responded instantly to the idea of a new recruiting-ground and backed him up. The Doctor went on to commend to the Commissioner the wisdom of visiting the Ngoni himself. "Your tact may save the situation when a subordinate will only create confusion and disturbance." Johnston agreed to go up to Ngoniland when he could spare the time.

The Doctor, who feared no man, referred to the Commissioner's alleged liking for the Arabs, but any pro-Arab tendency was denied. He also emphasized the need for a high moral tone amongst the officials of the administration, frankly expressing a dread of European occupation on account of the evils it would introduce and the effect of these on the mind of the natives, who had hitherto been accustomed to look upon white men as superior beings.

On reaching the Shiré Highlands he was almost startled by the material changes that had come so swiftly: here was a new country in active development, roads running everywhere, officials carving out the conditions of civil life, planters breaking up the rich soil, traders building shops and warehouses and introducing the merchandise of civilization. But the morality was not all that could be desired, and, studying the effect of the conditions on the Blantyre Mission, there came to his mind the conviction that the further the proposed Livingstonia Institution could be built from any European centre the better it would be for the native inmates and the success of the work.

Before leaving Blantyre he learned that Johnston had forced matters to a head at Mponda's, had shelled the village, released a body of slaves, and brought the Chief to terms. Later came the news that in the course of operations against Makanjira, Captain Macguire had been killed and a doctor and engineer treacherously murdered—one of the worst incidents in that confused warfare, which continued for years before the slave trade was finally suppressed.

The Doctor went to Lovedale to leave the three native boys, and then visited all the leading Dutch churches in Cape Colony, in order to interest the members in their side of the mission work; and at Cape Town he had an interview with Mr. Rhodes regarding the position of matters in the Nyasa district, and there he gave an

address on Nyasa which had an unlooked-for result. Amongst his audience was one Joseph Booth, an exponent of the "Africa for the African" principle, who made up his mind that the country described would be a good land in which to carry on his propaganda. He appeared later in the Shiré Highlands, and, as will be seen, gave much trouble ere he was deported.

During his furlough the Doctor worked day and night for Livingstonia. He was one of the speakers on Foreign Mission night at the General Assembly of the Free Church, finding himself next to Dr. Stewart on the programme, and facing thirty-six student volunteers for the foreign field. Telling something of the history of Livingstonia he described the pitiful inadequacy of the staff and pled for more workers. Then he announced his proposal for the training institution for native teachers and pastors. "If Africa," he said, "is to be won for Christ—only there is no *if* about it—it will be won by the Africans themselves."

To this scheme, an elaboration of his earlier one, he devoted much serious thought and discussed the details endlessly with the chief men on the Livingstonia Committee. The question of the site was the problem which most perplexed the latter: upon that depended the success or failure of the enterprise. But the Doctor had no fear. "I believe," he said, "that God has the required site reserved for us, though I cannot at present tell where."

Knowing the boon bursaries in connection with the University of Aberdeen had been to the students of limited means in the north of Scotland, he wished to see similar provision made for the education of the boys and girls in connection with the Institution, and was successful in interesting various persons in the matter and securing £5 per annum from each for a specified boy or girl. This scheme developed with the years, and though the students did not always turn out well, it proved a valuable factor in the educational work of the Mission.

The Doctor's reputation was now so high that a movement was set on foot to have him appointed to an important post in Edinburgh for which he was peculiarly well fitted. When the matter came to his notice he declined to be nominated. "I am booked for Africa as long as strength lasts," he said. With a touch of his old humour, he went to Miss Melville and informed her solemnly of the prospect in store for her former Sunday-school scholar. She was sitting by the fire. After glaring at him for a moment she turned, seized the poker, and viciously stirred the coals. "A temptation of the devil," she muttered.

Thinking it would be good for those at home to realize how missionaries worked together in their crusade against heathenism, he went to London and spoke at the anniversary meeting of the Universities Mission. To the Rev. Horace Waller he said he was only trying to acknowledge the debt under which that Mission had laid the world more than seventeen years before. Bishop Smythies was there, and the Doctor's medical eye noted in him grave symptoms that were the result of his strenuous life in East Africa. It gave the Doctor what he called a "regular Bandawé night," when he used to lie half-awake haunted by the oppressive sense that a patient was needing his care and treatment. "Those lonely nights of watching on the Lake," he said, "have burned themselves for ever into my heart."

When he was not engaged in addressing meetings he was visiting educational and technical institutions, and printing works like Nelson's in Edinburgh and Parlane's in Paisley, and generally picking up and storing information that might be useful to him in the future. It was chiefly the desire to enlarge his knowledge that decided him to go as a representative of the Church to the Fifth General Council of the Alliance of the Reformed Church holding the Presbyterian System in Toronto. He proposed to make a tour of Canada and the United States. It would cost him both time and money, "but," he said, "if I can get knowledge which will be of service to my companions on the Lake for our common work I will be glad indeed." He and Mrs. Laws sailed in July in the company of Professor Lindsay, the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, with whom during the voyage he discussed his scheme for the Institution and moulded it into shape.

In his address to the Alliance he outlined the principles underlying the Livingstonia Mission, emphasizing the fact that the missionaries were birds of passage, their object being to train up a native staff and develop a native church. This vision of a native church was at this time constantly in his mind. "I do not believe," he said, "that we should merely be a Presbytery of the home church; we should work towards a Central African Presbyterian Church, which would include Blantyre and the Dutch."

In addition to visiting Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and other Canadian towns, he made an extensive tour of the principal cities in the United States, such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago, and Detroit, inspecting the white and coloured colleges, technical schools, agricultural

institutes, and electrical and other works. He was impressed and delighted with the ample floor space and complete equipment of the educational and technical institutions, and had a keen eye for all new devices in the matter of building material and construction ; in works where the machine power and light were generated by water from river or falls he lingered long, studying the details of installation and manipulation with an intensity which struck those who showed him round.

At Philadelphia he made friends with a Quaker family, and attended a meeting where there was a discussion on doctrinal points. " Well, Robert," said one, " thou hast heard sound doctrine to-day." " I think," he remarked, " that I have heard sound Presbyterianism ! "

What he saw made him dissatisfied with narrow views and parochial methods in mission work, and he came back possessed by the American spirit of confidence and enterprise, and dominated more than ever by the idea of doing things in a big way. He was determined to go forward in God's royal service with larger faith and wider vision, and make the Livingstonia Mission worthy of the great cause it sought to advance.

II. In Calabar

His " Memorandum regarding the Organization and Development of the Livingstonia Mission " was now as perfect as he could make it. It was submitted to the Committee and ordered to be printed and circulated. A pamphlet of twenty pages, it was a complete statement of the principles underlying the establishment and development of a mission among primitive peoples, and an exposition of the best methods of carrying these into practice. Beginning with the fundamental objects—the creation of a self-supporting, self-governing, and self-extending native church and a Bible-reading and Bible-loving population—it went on to describe in detail the four mutually related lines of work, evangelistic, medical, educational, and industrial, and then discussed the buildings required, the staff, and the cost. But, as always, he emphasized the primary motive in all missionary work, the bringing of the pupils to Christ, for he believed that only in the moral change which this created could a sure foundation be obtained for every kind of progress.

His summary of his scheme will give the best idea of its comprehensive character :

BOYS

LITERARY SIDE	TECHNICAL SIDE
I. Elementary, or Village School. Vernacular; and English, Standard I.	I. Native Industries. Basket and Mat making.
II. School or Junior Department. English, Standards II., III., and IV. (Three years' Course.)	II. Junior Department, or School of Manual Training. Courses— 1. Carpentry. 2. Wood-turning. 3. Forging. 4. Printing (alternative). (Three years in all.)
III. Normal Department, or Literary Course. (Three years' Course.)	III. Senior Department, or Apprenticeship. Trades— 1. Gardener and Agriculturist. 2. Carpenter. 3. Builder (brick or stone). 4. Printer. 5. Bookbinder. 6. Blacksmith. 7. Clerk or Storeman. 8. Telegraphist. (Time, four or five years.)
IV. Theological Department. (*a*) Pastors. (*b*) Evangelists. (Three years' Course.)	
V. A Small Hospital.	

GIRLS

I. Elementary, or Village School.	I. Native Industries.
II. Girls' School (same as II. above).	II. Household Work, Sewing, Washing, and Baking.
III. Bible School for Married Teachers' Wives.	III. The Work of their Cottage Homes and Gardens.

To Mr. Murray in Africa he wrote: "My scheme is an earnest endeavour to bring all my past study, observation, experience, and travel to bear on the question how best to bring the Gospel of Christ to the people of Central Africa and their children."

At this time the United Presbyterian Church was considering the establishment of a similar institution in their Calabar Mission on the west coast of Africa, and the Doctor was asked to attend the Foreign Mission Board and give them the benefit of his advice. When the matter was being discussed and it was proposed that some one should go out and report, the Rev. G. L. Carstairs suddenly said, "Laws, will you not go yourself?" A chorus of approval

greeted the remark. Laws sat back in his chair, and there flashed upon him the memory of that early day in Aberdeen when Mr. Goldie had told him of the needs of Calabar and he had longed to go there. And now here was an offer to visit the same field. And to the United Presbyterian Board he gave the same answer as he had given long ago to the Free Church Board: "Get the Livingstonia Committee to consent and I go." One fact largely influenced him. He was anxious that the Livingstonia scheme should not appear to come solely from himself: he wished his colleagues to have a say in the founding of the Institution, and if he were away for six or eight months there would be time for them to be consulted. The Livingstonia Committee gave a cordial consent to the request of the United Presbyterian Church and granted the Doctor six months' leave of absence.

At the same meeting his memorandum was discussed and was approved in its entirety, and copies were sent out to the missionaries in Africa. Two principles, the Committee stated, were absolutely settled—there was to be one central training institution for the whole of the Mission, and it was to be situated on the hills in the vicinity of timber and pure water. Apart from these points criticism and suggestion were invited. In order to set free the ordinary income of the Mission a special building fund was initiated, to be expended gradually on the erection of the Institution and permanent and healthy houses at the other stations: to this the Convener, now elevated to the peerage as Lord Overtoun, contributed £5000, and Mr. Stevenson £4000, whilst Dr. Laws obtained promises of further large sums. In all his efforts the latter received the utmost sympathy and help from Lord Overtoun, who treated him like a brother and brought all his shrewd business capacity to bear on the affairs of the Mission.

Along with his fellow-Commissioner, the Rev. W. Risk Thomson, previously of Jamaica, who had been appointed Missionary Superintendent of the proposed Institution, a congenial colleague, the Doctor left Scotland in July, and in Liverpool stayed with his old fellow-pioneer, Mr. Johnston, now a doctor with a good practice. On the West Coast he found himself again in that atmosphere of fever, invalidism, and death which characterizes the low borderland of Africa. The first news that met him was the report of the death of Mrs. Cruickshank, wife of his cousin, who was in charge of a station on the Cross River, and no sooner was he on shore than he came in contact with fever patients, a poison ordeal case and the destruction of twins.

There was a touching meeting at Creek Town with Mr. Goldie. The old man, venerable in figure and face, gave him a patriarchal welcome, eagerly grasped his hand, and kissed him on the cheek. Then he turned to Mr. Thomson, and was delighted with the intelligence that many of the negroes who had received instruction from him in Jamaica half a century before were still steadfast in the faith. Not less dramatic was the Doctor's meeting with his cousin, the playmate of his childhood, the gentle and modest missionary who, in his own way, had been doing first-rate pioneer service up-river. "His station," wrote the Doctor, "has been carried on in a quiet, unostentatious way, but with a method and regularity in its working so decided as to be unseen and unheard, but evidently carefully planned and wrought out. God has blessed his work and will do so more and more."

It was the rainy season, and an unusually wet and protracted one. For three months during the sojourn of the deputies there were only five dry days, and as much of the country was in flood the Doctor was unable to carry out his schemes of exploration in the interior. His movements also continued to be restricted by claims upon his professional services. One day a letter arrived from Miss Slessor in the Okoyong territory, stating that she was ill with dysentery and war had broken out. "She must be very ill," was the general remark, "or she would not have said anything about it." "It was not to be wondered at," wrote the Doctor, "seeing that she started by night and walked to Creek Town, reached it at 5 a.m. dripping wet, got a change, some milk she needed, and was away in a canoe by 7 a.m. She is a bit of a character." Off went the Doctor at 9 a.m. in a canoe. On the river a squall burst, and there came such a dense downpour of rain as he had never witnessed even on Nyasa; he could not even see the boy in front of him. Arriving at Miss Slessor's beach in the late afternoon he walked the two or three miles to the hut. "Ma" came tottering out to welcome him in her night-dress. "What is this?" he said sternly. "Away to your bed at once"; and she obeyed. "What a Salvation Army lassie is to the Church at home," he said, "so is Miss Slessor to the Mission. She does a certain kind of work in a certain kind of way. I would not commend her as a pattern to others, but she has saved lives as no other man or woman could have dared to do. Had a man attempted to do what she had done during the recent riot he would have had his throat cut."

The night the Doctor returned, tired out, to Creek Town,

Mr. Bishop, the printer, roused him at 2.30 a.m. with the report which had come down from the teacher at Ikorofiong that Mr. Cruickshank was ill with fever and dysentery. He rose and dressed, while Bishop made a cup of tea, roused the Kroo boys, and got out the boat. At 4 a.m. he was off, crying " Good-bye " to Bishop—" a splendid fellow," who had his warm regard. In the darkness Bishop waved farewell with his lantern. Ere the Doctor got back he was dead—the seventh death in eighteen months.

When the Doctor reached Ikorofiong he walked into his cousin's bedroom, to find him a mere bag of bones. " Wha sent ye ? " the patient said, relapsing into Scots in his astonishment. The Doctor ordered him home.

Despite all disadvantages the two Commissioners managed to visit every station of the Mission and some of the out-stations. The general impression left on the Doctor's mind was of the deadly nature of the climate and the suffering endured by the missionaries, and especially the ladies. " The United Presbyterian Church," he said, " little knows what their agents have to bear."

Before leaving he had a talk with Miss Mary Kingsley, the distinguished traveller, " a nice, cheery lady," who reminded him of Miss Waterston.

The Commissioners arrived in Scotland again in December, and submitted their report to the United Presbyterian Board : it extended to twenty-six pages of closely printed matter, and exhibited all the Doctor's qualities of thoroughness, sound judgment, and sober vision. The recommendations were adopted and given effect to, and Calabar secured an Institution which in course of time exercised a far-reaching influence on the higher development of the country.

Into the closing months of furlough many matters were crowded and much business done. Arrangements were made for Amy remaining behind for her education. Several new missionaries, who were to prove great gifts to Livingstonia, were appointed—the Rev. A. G. MacAlpine, Dr. Prentice, and the Rev. James Henderson, M.A., a distinguished student, who was to make the educational work at the Institution his special task. To begin the work amongst the women and girls on a regular basis Miss Stewart, of Aberdeen, was engaged to travel out with the Doctor and Mrs. Laws. A new station was also agreed on, at Mwenzo, near Fife, on the Nyasa–Tanganyika plateau, the most northerly post in the Mission. Under a friendly arrangement with the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa the most southerly stations and historic

Cape Maclear were passed entirely into their hands. Finally the Doctor was given authority to spend a year searching for a site for the central Institution, which, the Committee decided, should bear the name " Livingstonia."

The Doctor left Scotland in May 1894 with the satisfied feeling of a man who had accomplished good work and laid the foundation for better in the future.

III. The Friendliness of Rhodes

On the way out he called again on Mr. Rhodes at Cape Town. That shrewd judge of character had decerned the qualities of the Nyasaland missionary pioneer, and knew he was a man to be trusted ; and on this occasion he took him into his confidence, speaking freely of his ideas and plans for Africa, of the future of Nyasaland—" I know," he said, " we owe our position there to you Scotsmen "—and of Johnston's administration.

On his part the Doctor told of the Livingstonia Mission and its success : how it was civilizing the tribes and providing industrial education for them ; how the native boys were being eagerly sought after by the Administration and the planters ; and how his dream was to establish a great central Institution which would be a kind of educational and technical University for Central Africa. The bigness and boldness of the venture appealed to the imagination of Rhodes, who asked for details.

" I would like a tract of land for the enterprise," continued the Doctor, " and I speak to you of the matter because I hear Johnston is fixing a limit for such schemes."

" How much would you like ? " asked Rhodes.

" A hundred square miles," replied the Doctor.

Rhodes looked surprised. " Is that not rather large ? " he suggested.

" I have just been in America, and I find that the Americans have given even larger grants for educational Institutions, and that the income from such property now meets much of the expense of running them."

" Have you found a site ? "

" No, but I think we shall find one about the district near Mt. Waller. The Institution, of course, would greatly enhance the value of your territory in that region."

" Well," said Rhodes, " find your site, and when you have done so, send down your proposals and they will be considered."

They then talked about the Cape-to-Cairo telegraph line which was well under way.

"We shall have the telegraph at Blantyre in six months and at Victoria Nyanza in two years," remarked Rhodes.

"I am having a telegraph department at the Institution," the Doctor told him. "Why should you not get the boys we train and use them in the smaller stations in Central Africa?"

Rhodes fastened at once on the suggestion. "You will see my secretary, Dr. Harris, to-morrow; he will take you to the Postmaster-General and get you supplied with all the instruments, batteries, and wires you need for the purpose at my expense. Take them up with you. I will give you £50 per annum towards the training of telegraphists and other pupils."

He then invited the Doctor to spend the evening at Groote Schuur, and the Doctor went. A whispered message bade him take the seat at the right hand of his host at the dinner-table. The talk was all of African affairs. It was surprising to the Doctor to find Rhodes sensitive to some criticism, not of great moment, attributing to him motives he spurned. "They seem to think," he remarked irritably, "that I am akin to Satan." A wealthy man whose name came up he bitterly likened to the fool in the parable resolving to pull down his barns and build greater instead of using his money for national objects. "Several times that evening," says the Doctor, "he seemed to forget those about him and began to talk to himself, giving revelations of far-reaching projects simmering in his brain."

Another satisfactory bit of work accomplished at the Cape was the securing of a recruit for the Mission in the person of Mr. Malcolm Moffat, a grandson of Dr. Moffat, who was employed in the Colonial Office, and in due time joined the staff. The Doctor also completed the arrangements for the transfer of the southern mission stations to the Dutch.

When he arrived at the Zambezi, after picking up the three boys from Lovedale whom he had left there in 1891, it was a novel experience to enter the river by the Chindé mouth, which had been recently discovered. The easy navigability of this new inlet to the main stream revolutionized travel to Central Africa.

At Chindé an incident occurred which formed an instructive commentary on the views of a passenger who had been expressing himself strongly on the absurdity and folly of educating natives, holding that they were much better left in their ignorance. Hundreds of tons of goods were unshipped and placed in the

sheds of the African Lakes Corporation, as the company was now called, all the packages being mixed up in the greatest confusion because the native labourers were unable to read the marks. It cost the Corporation £5 to assort them out, and would have cost more had they not had the help of several boys who had received the rudiments of education.

All the way up the river the Doctor found evidence of the influence which Livingstonia and Blantyre were exerting. Much of the transport work was being performed by Tonga lads from the schools of Bandawé, who were occupying positions of trust as engineers and pilots of steamers, overseers of carriers, interpreters, and servants. In the service of the African Lakes Corporation there were 1400 Tonga, whilst other 4000 were employed by the planters on the Shiré Highlands. Not all had come under the teaching of the Mission, much less were they professing Christians, but they were there as the result of the presence and influence of the missionaries.

On the Shiré and Lake many of the old pupils were found in the service of the agents of the Administration. There were some of these whom the Doctor would not have recommended for positions. Occasionally he heard a criticism of "mission boys," and invariably found that those giving cause for the disparagement had been dismissed, or had left under a cloud, but, knowing the value attached to a mission training, called themselves "mission boys." "A lapsed Christian," he said, "is worse than a raw native." Such cases were to become more frequent as time went on and discipline became more strict, and the dissatisfaction often expressed by men unacquainted with mission work was, if they had but known, a tribute to the efficiency of the methods adopted.

At Zomba the Doctor arranged for the opening of a post office at Bandawé and was appointed honorary postmaster.

IV. In Search of a Site

No time was lost in preparing for the expedition in search of a site for the Institution. Dr. Elmslie, who had been acting for the Doctor, was naturally anxious to settle down again to the work which promised so well in Ngoniland; but the latter would have no other companion and pressed him to accompany him, not only as a personal favour but as a duty to the Mission, and he consented. Great difficulty was experienced in procuring carriers at Bandawé on account of so many Tonga men being at work elsewhere, and

those left wishing to prepare their gardens before the rains came. The Doctor set out short-handed, and nearly all those with him deserted on the way; but he had Yuraia, one of the lads he had taken to Lovedale, now his trustiest lieutenant. A few days' march brought him to Ekwendeni, the new station occupied by Dr. Elmslie, where the full number of carriers were engaged. The Ngoni were more accustomed to carry spears and shields than head-loads; and that they readily agreed to act as porters was a testimony to the hold which had been won over them. Ugeni —a name denoting "wickedness"—was the chief guide; he was a man who had often been out with the northern armies and knew the whole district to be traversed; he latterly became an office-bearer of the Church.

On the morning of 21st September 1894 the caravan left Ekwendeni, and marched through a thickly populated region under Yohané, son of the late Mtwaro, and now ruler of this section of the tribe, and emerged upon a plain from three to seven miles broad, stretching north as far as the eye could see. It was covered with trees—all deciduous except a species of wild fig—and long grass, and through it ran the Rukuru, the one great river of Nyasaland, haunted by hippopotami and crocodiles. The bordering hills rose steeply to lofty heights, some being still crowned with aboriginal forest.

This fertile Henga valley was the original home of the Tumbuka, but from end to end not a single inhabitant was discerned. There were abundant signs of former occupation—village sites amongst the rank bush, huts in ruins, maize gardens choked with weeds—but an air of utter desolation and melancholy brooded over the scene. During one of his journeys, James Stewart had looked over that extensive plain, and seen it bright with human life and activity. But the Ngoni swept up from the south, massacring and plundering, and the remnants of the tribe fled north into the fastnesses of the Nyika plateau and out towards Karonga. For five days the missionaries marched through the lonely land, but without noticing any spot that suggested the possibility of a site.

They came at last across some sturdy independent Poka ("robber") people, a section of the Tumbuka tribe, who guided them up the slopes of a mountain to their homes. On the way some gardens were passed, patches of beans and peas and occasional maize, protected to prevent the soil being washed away, and at an elevation of 4500 feet they reached the dwellings, cavities cut in the hillside, with a few sticks in front, a covering of grass and earth, and a small opening for a door. Some were simply deep holes dug

in the earth, and covered over with grass thatch level with the surface, so that antelopes and other animals browsed unsuspectingly beside them. When attacked the people said they took refuge in still more cunningly concealed dens in the higher rock-land. The ease and fearlessness of the children who ran up and down the precipitous paths like wild cats astonished not only the Doctors but the carriers, who were accustomed to feats of agility. Looking down over the plain it was seen that the forest was now composed almost entirely of evergreen masuko.

Farther north a tremendous extent of massive mountain-land came into view. The sandstone cliff of Mt. Waller rose in the east, on the left was an isolated spur which the guide called Kondowé, and the wooded slopes beyond swept up into heights that lost themselves in the clouds. They forded the Rumpi, where it ran 30 yards wide, and climbed the sides of Mt. Waller. No water could be found where they camped, and a search for it was kept up, guns and candles in hand, until midnight, when dinner was served.

Next morning they reached the top of Mt. Waller, which proved to be a tableland where grew coarse grass and a few trees. The cliff on the shore side was precipitous in the extreme, yet in the cavities and crevices of the rocks, in almost inaccessible spots, were seen the huts of the natives who had been driven there through terror of the Ngoni. On every hand, in the valleys and on the hillsides, grass fires were blazing, as was usual at this season, and the Lake was lost in haze.

From Mt. Waller an escarpment ran round the shore to the north. Below was Florence Bay, a beautiful sweep of sand and surf. Westward the ridge sloped down in wood to a pleasant valley, through which ran the Ruatizi stream, and then rose abruptly in sandstone cliffs to the small plateau of Kondowé, jutting out like a shelf from the mountains, which rose behind to a height of 6600 feet. The Doctor looked across to Kondowé with interest: it would make a magnificent site for the Institution if the conditions were favourable; it seemed a spur connected with the main mass, and if that were so there would be no difficulty in regard to a water supply. Descending to the valley the missionaries clambered up the steep sides of the plateau. On that morning, such a morning as the one on which the Doctor had entered the Lake, the sun was partially eclipsed, and as the glory of the dawn in 1875 seemed to him a symbol of the advent of the Christ-light in Nyasa, so this event now typified to his mind the coming eclipse of the dark

superstitions and practices of the natives through the agency of the Institution.

The plateau was discovered to be approximately 2880 feet above the Lake, or 4500 feet above sea-level. It was circular in shape, with an irregular surface, covered with masuko trees and grass 4 feet high, and about a square mile in area. They crossed it eagerly in the direction of the mountains, but to their intense disappointment found themselves looking into a valley about half a mile wide and 350 feet deep, down which a river, the Manchewé, was flowing and filling the quiet atmosphere with its music. The plateau was an island. "Which means," said the Doctor thoughtfully, "that water would have to be brought from these mountains by pipes." A more careful examination, however, revealed two streams, one rising in the centre of the plateau and another nearer the cliff, and some natives assured them that water was always obtainable in the dry season. "If that is so," said the Doctor, "it seems to be our site."

They made for the Manchewé and followed its course, wondering how it found its way through the high escarpment to the Lake. The sound of rushing water denoted a waterfall. Suddenly they were astonished to find themselves on the edge of a wooded precipice, over which the stream silently curved and then plunged to a depth of 200 feet. Not many yards farther along there was a similar waterfall. They found that another stream, the Kaziché, converged to the spot, and after leaping the fall, joined the Manchewé, their waters proceeding by a succession of cataracts to the Lake. The precipice was the abrupt end of an immense gully which cut, anglewise, into the side of the mountains, and they looked down, as from the sky, through a widening gorge, upon the plain far below and beyond, to the shining Lake. Scrambling down the cliff they saw, from beneath, the two waterfalls descending between rock and vivid vegetation in filmy threads and sheets that sparkled and flashed in the sunlight. The Doctor thought he had never witnessed a more beautiful scene.

Tragedy was there as everywhere in the land. Dark faces peered from amongst the foliage that veiled the perpendicular rocks; children could be seen on the edge of cliffs that fell sheer for hundreds of feet; in every crevice and cranny of the jungle-rocks were perched, like the nests of eagles, the huts and grain-stores of the people, the remnants of the Tumbuka tribe from the Henga valley. Determined to visit their dwellings the Doctors again ascended, and then cautiously made their way down, by a

steep and perilous track, often only a sloping foot in width, where a careless step would have precipitated them into the chasm below. Stockades of poles often barred their way, and through narrow openings they crept on hands and feet. Dr. Elmslie photographed his companion peering through one of these. "Dr. Laws looking for a site for the Institution!" he exclaimed. "Well," retorted the Doctor, "could I be in a better attitude than on my knees?" They were amazed to find the people living even behind the falling water, in caves which were mere longitudinal slits in the sandstone strata.

They appeased the fears of the wretched fugitives, and next morning a number came up to a little service which the Doctor held with the Ngoni followers; but it was with marked apprehension that they sat down beside the men who had harried them so cruelly. When the Ngoni started to sing a hymn it sounded so like a war-chant to the nervous visitors, that, starting up, they disappeared in a moment into the labyrinth of rock and vegetation.

From the falls the Doctors continued down the rugged sides of the mountain towards the Lake, noticing many fine timber trees in the gorges and glens and on the plain, but finding also widespread evidence of the ravages resulting from the crude methods of the natives, large tracts of forest having been consumed for garden ground.

V. Attacked by Lions

A year previously rinderpest had swept through the district and decimated the antelopes, buffaloes, and other game in the district, and food was scarce for the carnivora, which had begun to prey upon human-kind. The travellers found the huts on the plain covered with thorns or erected on stilts as a protection against the lions, which were reported numerous and fierce. Towards sunset they reached what is now called Lion Point, and as a cold wind was blowing up the Lake from the south-east the carriers decided to camp on the warm sands behind the shelter of a rock. Dr. Elmslie, who was in charge of the arrangements, finding the sand too soft to hold the tent-pegs, moved fifty yards inland to a slight eminence —the tent, it may be stated, was the gift of a girls' class in Greenock, which Laws had brought out with him. There was a good deal of tall grass about, and this was burned in case any of the bush fires which were blazing in the neighbourhood should reach them during the night. There was, however, much grass and scrub left

between the tent and sands. Lion tracks were noticed, but it was thought the fires would keep them off.

When Yuraia came into camp from shooting guinea-fowl and saw the tent set up he said to Dr. Laws, " I am not liking this place. Why have you selected it ? "

" Why, it is a beautiful place," replied the Doctor.

" Yes ; but I do not like it : it is separating you from your people."

" Well, take all the boxes and bales and make yourself comfortable on the sands."

" No," Yuraia said ; " I will take only the bales, for they might be stolen," and with much misgiving he said good-night.

Dr. Laws turned in and left his colleague to change his photographic plates and take a final look round. Down on the sands the men were grouped round the fire and one by one fell asleep. About two o'clock in the star-lit morning a Tonga boy stirred and woke and rose. At the same moment he saw three lions stalk past between the sands and the tent, and had a glimpse of a fourth walking along the edge of the Lake. He shouted, and the others started up. The Tonga boy cried to Yuraia, " Fire your gun ! "

" I can't fire when I do not see anything," Yuraia replied.

" They will smell the white men."

" Yes ; I am afraid they will," Yuraia agreed.

At the same moment Dr. Laws was suddenly wakened by a heavy body crashing against the side of the tent directly over his head. The canvas ripped open, and a vague, shadowy mass moved outside. Within a few inches of his face he saw the thumb claw of a lion cutting the canvas as if it had been tissue-paper. Instinctively he thrust up his right elbow and shoved out the canvas and the claw, and cried out to Elmslie, who was sleeping at the opposite side. The latter awoke, and, looking across, noticed a great rent in the tent and through the opening the red reflection of the grass fires. Seeing, at first, nothing of his colleague he concluded that he had been dragged off, and sprang up, rushed to the flap of the tent, put his head out, and shouted in Ngoni, " Nkaramu ! Nkaramu !—Lions ! Lions ! "

Yuraia had heard the first shout, and then hearing only the second he was afraid that Dr. Laws had been killed. Seizing his gun and thrusting a dozen cartridges into his pocket he scrambled up the rough slope, the Tonga boy with a fire-stick at his heels, and the Ngoni carriers following shouting their war-cry. Perceiving the glow of the fire-stick, Dr. Elmslie opened the tent and admitted

them, and Yuraia was relieved to see his Sing'anga also safe and sound. It appeared that though they had their guns beside them all the cartridges were in the boxes outside, and Yuraia reproved them for their carelessness.

"But, Yuraia," replied the Doctor, "I never thought a lion would come so quietly!"

"Ah," said Yuraia, "they are hungry."

The Doctors took their blankets down to the sands to sleep beside the carriers. There, with the men gathered round, they had a little service of thanksgiving. Orion was just rising over the eastern side of the Lake and the Doctor sat and watched it: ever afterwards the constellation recalled to his mind the encounter with the lion. Then both men composed themselves to sleep. "But," says Yuraia, "they did not go to sleep that night. I slept and woke up and they were talking. I slept and woke up and they were still talking." In the morning, investigation of the tracks of the lions showed that they had come back a second time to the tent.

The journey was continued towards Karonga, and also to Ngerenjé, about seven miles from the Lake, which the Committee had made the principal station at the north end, but from those well acquainted with the Nyasa–Tanganyika plateau it was gathered that no suitable site would be found farther in that direction, and it was decided to turn back and re-examine Kondowé. From Deep Bay, where there was a Government Station, they were accompanied by Mr. Swann, the Resident Magistrate, and they went over the same ground, and also ascended Nyamkowa, the loftiest mountain dominating Kondowé, from which a magnificent view of the island plateau, Mt. Waller, and the Lake was obtained.

Descending to Kondowé they had to make their way through large areas of blazing grass. At several points so fierce was the heat that it scorched the bare skins of the carriers, and the missionaries had to place themselves between the men and the fire. At night, in camp, the Doctor was able to read his watch by the glare of the light.

Settling on a spot on the edge of the plateau overlooking the Lake as an observation station, they left most of their loads and a number of carrier-workers under the charge of Yuraia, with instructions to build a hut for themselves, and on 17th October, at dawn, took the road back to their homes.

It was interesting that the first letter which the Doctor opened on reaching Bandawé was one from Mr. Alfred Sharpe, who was

acting Commissioner, asking whether the Doctor was yet in a position to send out trained natives. "I can always find work," he said, "for office clerks, printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, telegraph operators, etc., at good wages." This gave the Doctor the opportunity of reporting progress as to the Institution and of asking Government assistance in the matter of indenturing lads. Hitherto the majority of those who passed through his hands would not remain long enough to become efficient: they left as soon as they had obtained a smattering of knowledge, and merely brought discredit on the Mission. The Doctor wished now to introduce the system of contracts and to have Government help in seeing that they were carried out in cases where apprentices were refractory. Mr. Sharpe at once expressed his willingness to enforce such agreements. He was much interested in the proposed Institution; it would, in his opinion, provide the necessary impetus which the natives required to improve themselves.

The considerations that induced the Doctor to decide on Kondowé were its healthy situation; the variety of the altitudes in the neighbourhood, an important factor in the development of forestry work which he was resolved to make a feature of the technical side of the Institution; its nearness to the Lake, which meant cheapness of transport; the abundance of firewood and timber; possibilities of water supply for domestic use and irrigation and power for machinery; good soil with useful minerals; no tsetse fly; and, to begin with, few inhabitants.

In proposing the boundaries of the future estate he bore in mind the character of the land, most of which was rugged hill-country, useless save for forestry purposes, the arable tracts being small and widely scattered. It was necessary to include as many of these "pockets" as possible, as native settlements would be required to grow food supplies, while it was imperative to take in the watersheds of the streams which would provide the Station with water and power. On the first rough plan he drew out, therefore, the area extended to about 136 square miles. In view of the importance of the matter he felt that, despite the request of Mr. Rhodes, the Livingstonia Committee themselves should make the formal application for the territory, and this he asked them to do.

Ngerenjé had not impressed him as a station. Karonga was the key-spot at the north end: there the natives were rapidly throwing off their superstitions and tribal restraints and were plunging into licence and immorality. He foresaw—what came about—that it would be one of those centres which circumstances

might make a "hell upon earth," and that therefore the main strength of the Mission in the district should be centred there and not at Ngerenjé. With the Mwenzo station on the plateau the northern boundary of the mission work would be secure. The suggestion was agreed to by the Committee.

VI. The Island Plateau

A few weeks later, on 7th November 1894, the Doctor, Mrs. Laws, Mr. Murray the carpenter, and a few Tonga workers left Bandawé in the *Ilala* to begin the Institution. By the 10th, the cattle, sheep, and goats and all the goods were landed on the strip of sandy beach, and that afternoon the Doctor and Mrs. Laws clambered up the precipitous wooded hills to the plateau. Yuraia had worked well and had shown powers of organization with which even the Doctor had not credited him. He had engaged local men and women, built a small house for the missionaries, and collected a large quantity of reeds, grass, timber, and other building material. The Doctor had a shed erected, and then came the task of dragging up the goods from the shore through the tangle of rock and jungle on the steep hillsides. It was so stiff a bit of work that the Tonga carriers rebelled and many of them fled. The difficulty was overcome by the Doctor paying them 3 yards of calico per fortnight instead of two.

Kondowé had a cool, crisp climate, akin to that of Blantyre, but as it was above the region of cloud it was sometimes enveloped in mist, and a fire had to be lit and kept burning, native fashion, in the middle of the little hut. Both the Doctor and Mrs. Laws experienced a vigour and energy to which they were strangers at Bandawé. Some rain-showers swept the atmosphere clear of the "smokes," and they looked down upon the great Lake stretching north and south with only the square bulk of Mt. Waller blocking the view for a little in front; and far beyond, 50 miles or more, the dim outline of mountains in Portuguese East Africa, looking like a low elevation but in reality 8000 to 10,000 feet high. Behind, to the westward, towered the green heights of the Nyika hills, over 2000 feet above the plateau.

But the Doctor had little time to admire the wonderful scenery or watch the exquisite effects of light and shade on the Lake and hills. Mr. Moffat was daily expected, and the rains were near, and a sun-dried brick house with three rooms and storage had to be constructed. The old tasks of clay-carrying, tree-cutting, road-

constructing, and planting went on from dawn till sundown, varied by exploratory tours in the vicinity to spy out timber, collect rock specimens—which were dispatched to Scotland to ascertain their relative value for building purposes—and to make friends with the people. Daily worship was held with the workers and services on Sunday. Four members from Bandawé formed the nucleus of the future Church.

There were the usual trials and disappointments. After two months' strenuous labour the new house was practically complete. One calm moonlight night the Doctor, in happy mood, was looking at it and feeling satisfied with the progress made. Next day the building was in ruins, a tornado having caught it in its most vulnerable part. Instead of re-erecting it he went on with the kitchen, and in this he and Mrs. Laws dwelt. It was damp, uncomfortable, and unhealthy, but they occupied it right through the rainy season. A wattle-and-daub workshop and small schoolroom were next constructed, and technical training on a simple scale and elementary school teaching begun, while evening classes were held for the workers. For a time, when he was without a carpenter, the Doctor was in the workshop, and made it his theological classroom, teaching Charles Domingo while busy at the bench. Attention was also given to the agricultural department, which the Doctor regarded as an essential factor in the general scheme of the Mission. The cattle and sheep throve, but 70 per cent. of the goats died. Some wheat seed from Tanganyika came up, but was eaten by locusts. European vegetables did well. Pine trees, the eucalyptus, and the laburnum flourished; two mahogany trees from Kew Gardens made good progress.

The Poka cave-folk, not yet sure of their neighbours, peered out on the strange scenes about them in amazement. It was months ere they could trust themselves to venture freely into the open, and then the children, whose curiosity was never able to overcome their timidity, were gradually coaxed into friendly relations, and by and by were taken in hand by Mrs. Laws and formed into a class.

By the autumn of 1895, Mr. Henderson having joined the staff, the Station was sufficiently advanced to warrant work being organized on a better basis. All the industrial pupils were transferred from Bandawé along with the plant and other material. It was a herculean task to drag the heavy loads up an acclivity which was like Salisbury Crags in its steepness and Ben Nevis in its height, and it was little wonder that the carriers again declined "tenga tenga"

toil of such a nature and cleared off. It was the Ngoni who came to the Doctor's aid, as they did in the other tasks about the Station. A remarkable sight it was to see them busy levelling roads for the people they used to chase, as one said, like "buck buck," bringing their children to school, and poring over Mark's Gospel round their camp fires. "If," said the Doctor, "you want a proof of the power of the Gospel, there it is."

Some of the pupils were girls from Bandawé and Ngoniland, including wives of teachers sent for instruction. "This is a beginning," the Doctor wrote; "the longer I live the stronger is my conviction of the necessity of a good Christian training for the girls, in whose hands to a large extent will lie the future of the Church in this land." He found that the steady discipline of the school was very trying to girls accustomed to the easy, happy-go-lucky existence in the villages, and though he did not undervalue literary training for them, he was more concerned that they should acquire the qualities of good home-makers. From them he did not expect such quick results as from the boys: it would, he believed, be the second or third generation of women in the mass that would exhibit the character he desired to see.

The progress in every branch of work went on so rapidly that the numbers of those seeking the advantages of the Institution became a source of embarrassment. One day, for instance, a band of twenty-one boys arrived from places from 10 to 15 miles away, pleading to be taken in as pupils, and promising to remain three or more years if required. The Doctor chose five, and told the others that there was no room for them, but it was with a sore heart that he saw the dejected lads move slowly away. Any expectation of vacancies in the second session was disappointed, for every one of the pupils turned up again as eager as before.

The activities of the Station greatly impressed visitors who saw it for the first time. "The feature that struck me most," says one, "was the pains that are taken to produce sincere and ripe character. There is no pandering to African pride or indolence. Hard work is the rule of the day, and every one has to take his turn at manual labour. The ordained missionary will sometimes be seen on the brickfield, and the native teacher sweeping the roads. There is no lack of religious services. Every day and all day Christ is presented to the people. The early morning opens with the sound of praise, and again, after the midday rest, the workers meet to hear God's Word read and expounded. On Sabbaths the scholars scatter to the neighbouring villages to preach; some of

them start on Saturday, going an entire day's journey on foot. In this way sometimes not less than forty-four village services are held in one day." Of the furniture being turned out by the carpenters for the schools, he said no finer work could be seen in Central Africa.

VII. A Fight for Land

The Doctor was happy in the consciousness that the years of toil and hardship were yielding their fruit: he had reached the last goal whither all his training and service had been leading him; with wide experience and knowledge and ripe judgment he was engaged in creating that great centre of mission activity which had been his dream from the beginning. As day by day his plans grew and shaped themselves in his mind, he felt his patience and faith had not been in vain. In vision he saw the plateau laid out in roads and avenues, a series of workshops, educational buildings, and dormitories erected, a water supply brought from the mountains in pipes, a waggon road made to the Lake, a pier and receiving storehouse built on the shore, and extensive gardens of maize, millet, cassava, sweet potatoes, peas, and beans flourishing in the rich soil of the Manchewé Valley.

But he was too cautious to proceed far without being sure of his right to the land. In reply to his request the Livingstonia Committee directed him to apply personally to Mr. Rhodes, which he did through Mr. Sharpe, who recommended that the grant be made. The matter passed into the hands of Dr. Jameson, who committed it to Major Forbes with the remark, "Eighty square miles is too large: it should be reduced." While Mr. Johnston was on the Lake he had an interview with Dr. Laws at Deep Bay, and objected to the extent of his claim. He would not give up Mt. Waller with its coal, nor did he care for so great a stretch of the shore line being in the possession of the Mission, and suggested a number of isolated patches throughout the district. It was a very unsatisfactory interview, and the Doctor returned from it with a sense of disappointment and a foreboding of mischief but with faith undimmed. "I feel assured," he wrote to Lord Overtoun, "that we are to get the land, or at least as much of it as is good for us, not because it is the land of the B.S.A. Company, but because it is God's land, and His time to occupy it has come."

From Major Forbes came a communication to the Doctor on the supposition that he wanted 80 square miles. "I want not eighty,"

replied the Doctor, "but one hundred and fifty or even more." In the course of a long reply, he recited the history of the Mission, showing what it had accomplished in the way of civilizing the country and training the natives—a task which had involved the expenditure of £90,000, and the work of sixty Europeans, of whom thirteen had died at their posts—and also what was intended to be achieved in the future by the establishment of an educational and technical institution. The acquirement of the land, he said, would not put a penny into his own pocket or into the pocket of the Livingstonia Committee: it was intended entirely for the social and economic advancement of the native. Much of the territory was useless: only 10 square miles at the outside were fit for European farming. As regards the Lake shore, he was willing to compromise, but he wished at least 1 square mile for the purpose of a landing-stage and storehouse. "I am not planning for to-day," he concluded, "I am looking forward to the needs of fifty years hence. In the course of time we may have from 500 to 1000 pupils and workers. We need arable land to supply food for these, and we need water-power for our machinery and electrical appliances."

To Mr. Thomas Binnie, now a frequent correspondent, he wrote: "It is very humiliating to have to plead for missions on the low ground of material advancement and benefit resulting from our work, instead of on the higher ground of spiritual need. Fancy the Cross of Calvary being valued by the cabbages and potatoes being grown in the Mission garden, or the *Via dolorosa* being measured by roads natives can make or can be taught to make in our neighbourhood! . . . but there are some people in the world, and I am afraid also in our churches, whose estimate of mission work goes no deeper."

In order that negotiations might be facilitated he undertook a plane table survey of the region with such rude instruments as he could manufacture. The work was difficult and involved much cutting through dense bush and hill-climbing. "I cannot do with bad work and so may be slow. When the long grass is wet by rain, to get drenched among it is to court fever, and I think I can for a time yet be of more use to the Mission out of my grave than in it. At any rate I mean to keep out of it as long as I can and leave it to others to be heroic."

Sir Harry H. Johnston—as he now was—wrote to the Foreign Office opposing the Doctor's proposal as unreasonable.

"He wants not only a very large area to be given to him on the elevated plateau of the interior . . . but he wants in addition to obtain the whole of Mt. Waller and its valuable coalfields and all the coast of Lake Nyasa between the mouth of the Rukuru River and Deep Bay."

The letter was forwarded to the British South Africa Company, who fastened on one sentence: "The coalfields are the chief deposits in British Central Africa, which, properly worked, are likely to prove of inestimable value to the trade of the protectorate," and they, not unnaturally, refused to give away so rich a territory, unaware, as they were, of the real character of the "coalfields." The Doctor had told Sir Harry that he had burned the coal for a day on the *Ilala*, but that it was too much mixed with shale to be really good, whilst Professor Drummond's report had been that it was of little economic importance. "Poor Sir Harry," said the Doctor, when he heard of it. "Does he think he can thwart God's giving us the land if it is good for us? Not a bit can he do so. And if God does not see it to be for our good to get the land, I for one would not touch it with a pair of tongs." That coalfields and trade are of more value to a country than an educated and efficient native population is a view not infrequently met with in the history of British colonization.

Fortunately, before word of this interference came to the Lake, Major Forbes had seen the Doctor and gone into the matter, and not only guaranteed a large grant of land within certain boundaries for the purpose of the Institution, but offered also smaller areas for other Stations; and on the strength of this assurance the Doctor felt he could proceed with the permanent buildings and a road to the Lake, though a certain measure of uncertainty still remained. "I feel sure, however," he said, "that God will give us what is best, and guide us in all our efforts to secure this."

Now that the site was fixed by the decision of the Mission Council and the Livingstonia Committee, the Doctor dropped the name Kondowé, which was really that of a small stream at the shore, and was also applied to a settlement farther south, and adopted Livingstonia, the designation bestowed by the Committee, and recognized by the Government, which established a post office at the Station with that title. The Committee further placed on record their wish that the whole Mission should be known as "The Livingstonia Mission." How difficult it is to get rid of a name once given is shown by the fact that on the Lake and amongst the missionaries the Station is still often termed Kondowé. It is

necessary to keep to the word "Livingstonia," however, for the name otherwise has no place on this map.

VIII. End of the Slavers

The Commissioner was carrying out the policy of Rhodes and systematically crushing the slavers and recalcitrant Chiefs. It was a tedious, perilous, and costly task, one which required forethought, courage, and determination; but it had to be done, and the officers who did it showed the best qualities of British pluck and endurance. Mlozi was one of the last to be dealt with. He had continued his raiding expeditions, threatened Mwenzo, where Dr. Cross was missionary, and declared his intention of clearing the country of the British. "They have closed my route to the coast," he said. "Very well, I will close their road to Tanganyika." Johnston attacked his stockade, one of immense strength, with trained forces and artillery, and defeated him with much slaughter. Dr. Cross spoke of the last scene with horror. Mlozi was discovered hiding in an underground chamber and was taken and hanged, amidst the rejoicings of the natives. Not long afterwards, paying a visit to Mwenzo, Dr. Laws saw the traces of what had been a ghastly business. On his return he brought the spoils he loved in the shape of twenty-one pupils who included three boys released from a captured slave gang. The little fellows started to march out bravely with the rest, but the 60-mile journey proved too much for their powers of endurance, and they had at last to be carried in improvised hammocks.

The gradual imposition of British administration round the Lake brought a new era of peace and security. The officials with whom the Doctor came into contact helped him in every way in their power, and with not a few he carried on a friendly and even intimate correspondence. It was interesting for him to note that their policy was practically that adopted by the missionaries in the early years. As magistrates they did not interfere in the course of native law, though they forbade the poison ordeal or other barbarous punishment; and in districts where no native authority existed they had power to inflict flogging up to twelve lashes, to fine to an amount not exceeding £5, and to imprison for a period not exceeding six months.

The situation was not without its difficulties, and occasionally incidents occurred which caused not a little irritation to those who had been working long among the people. The Doctor took these

matters philosophically, and gave some wise advice to his colleagues. "The transition stage," he said, "is always a trying time in the history of uncivilized peoples, but by confining ourselves to our own special work we can best help the natives and the Government. Keep neutral in political matters so far as your actions are concerned, however personal leanings may go. Righteousness is the only politics for the missionary."

He did not believe in badgering the Administration about trifles, and he had great sympathy with Mr. Johnston and his assistant, Mr. Sharpe, in their heavy task, and sought to help them as he was able. Johnston he defended, as he had done Dr. Stewart, against criticism at home. What, however, he set his face sternly against was immorality on the part of Europeans. This became so noticeable that the Mission Council placed on record the fact that the work was seriously impeded by what was taking place. Characteristically, however, the Doctor was as compassionate and tender as Christ Himself in his dealings with individuals who sought his confidence—and there were not a few who came to him as to a confessor and obtained kind and honest counsel.

What he was concerned about was the intentions of the Government with regard to the Northern Ngoni, who were still independent, untrammelled by treaties, and free from taxation. Johnston had his eye on the country. There had been some raiding by the Southern Ngoni under the successor of Chikusi which required the intervention of the Government, and it seemed to the authorities at Zomba that conditions in the country would never be satisfactory until all the tribes were subject to them. The Commissioner hinted to the missionaries that it might be wise for them to assist him in roping in the Northern Ngoni, but the Doctor was neither to be intimidated nor bribed; he would not move before he was absolutely sure of his ground. "The whole secret of transition," he said, "lies in the words, 'hasten slowly.' The Ngoni are bowing to a moral and spiritual force, and not to a material, and given time all will be well."

When the shore people were gazetted for taxation he knew that it would not be long before the Ngoni would be dealt with. He heard, indeed, that Johnston had prepared plans for their conquest and was coming up to inspect the situation, and he feared that the military would prefer a fight to a process of pacific development. Mentioning his misgivings to Dr. Stewart, he said, "For the military element in the country a fight with the Ngoni might help towards a C.M.G. or C.B. without reference to whether it could have been

avoided or not. But the work of the Mission has broken the back of the Ngoni power for evil and fighting, and I should like to see them brought peacefully under British rule for their own sakes." And to his friend Mr. Swann, the Magistrate at Deep Bay, he wrote: "We may not get the credit for it, but there is a preparation for British rule going on in Ngoniland which may yet make it the easiest transfer of power in British Central Africa. Much, however, will depend on the tact with which this is managed, and the consideration that is shown to savage dignity in letting it down as softly as possible when the time comes." Fighting, he felt assured, would come only through bungling on the part of the Administration. Meanwhile, Dr. Elmslie and the other missionaries were working hard to prepare the mind of the people for the coming change, and spreading the idea that it would be beneficial for them to elect Queen Victoria as their Chief.

From one cause and another the situation grew somewhat strained—Dr. Elmslie at one time thought war inevitable—but Sir Harry Johnston went home, and was succeeded by Mr. Sharpe, whom the missionaries trusted to a much greater degree. They no longer feared underground policies and a resort to force until moral agencies had received a fair trial.

Sir Harry reported very favourably of the work of the Mission, which, he said, had practically saved the Tonga race from extinction. It stood first, he also stated, as regarded the value of its contributions to the knowledge of African languages. Dr. Laws was, in his opinion, the greatest man who had yet appeared in Nyasaland—not, perhaps, a very high compliment, since the total white population was only about 200.

The new Commissioner and the Doctor were old friends, and each sought to assist the other in advancing the interests of the country. Sharpe, the Doctor knew, was doing his best for the native, and was not slow in acknowledging it. "This is a great comfort and help to me," said Mr. Sharpe. "It is so seldom that those engaged in mission work really believe and understand that the civil authorities have nothing but the best intentions in what they do."

IX. The Doctor as Editor

The Station presented a scene of ordered activity without any of the interruptions and excitements of former years. From dawn to dark—6 a.m. to 5 p.m.—the classes and work went on with a punctuality which never failed. The clang of a bell denoted the

hours and called the people to meeting and service. This bell was a portion of the boiler of the *Ilala*, the one which had done its part in bringing the steamer into the Lake in 1875.

It was as if the Doctor had passed out of Old Testament times into those of the New. For that reason, however, conditions, if less outwardly simple, were becoming more difficult. Problems were more advanced, more complex, new aspects of African character were being disclosed, the reaction of civilized thought and habit was producing unexpected developments, and it required more skill and tact and patience than before to guide the evolution of the race. A grim fight had to be made for discipline and obedience: the utmost vigilance had to be exercised to safeguard the pupils from themselves. There were many reversions to primitive morals, but the Doctor, though disappointed, sought rather to stress the other side. He would say to his younger colleagues, depressed by some sad case among the teachers, "When you know them and their language better you will get many a surprise at the unsuspected depths of their spiritual life, especially among the more thoughtful older men. And as you know what heathenism is, in its horrible depravity and wickedness, you will be able to appreciate the gulf that separates the Christians from their past, and see that their lives often put the Christians of our land to shame."

The Station was a perfect Babel: fifteen different languages were represented, but the African is a born linguist, and the boys and girls, borrowing words from each other's tongue, mixed them with Chinyanja, which was generally understood, and so created a sort of *lingua franca* of their own. In some sentences heard spoken each word belonged to a separate language. There was no tribal jealousy among the pupils; nor did they show any objection to the extraordinary disparity of ages in the classes, where little children worked alongside grown youths. The thirst for learning was unquenchable: Mr. Henderson said it could hardly anywhere be surpassed. Nor did the enthusiasm wane: it went on increasing. It was the rapid growth of opening minds under favourable conditions: what fruit the process would yield was the secret of the future. Progress among the girls continued to be slower; in all matters they exhibited a more conservative spirit, and were shyer to express any inward change.

A wave of spiritual aspiration swept over Bandawé district, where the Rev. A. G. MacAlpine was throwing himself enthusiastically into the work. The people flocked to the services, as many as 1500 being present at each, and men, women, boys, and girls

came privately, saying, "I want to follow Jesus." What pleased the Doctor most was the fact that the older women who used to be his worst enemies were crowding to the classes eager to learn. He was sorry to hear of the death of Chikoko, "the only man of any importance among the Tonga whom I looked upon as a real friend. He was affected by the Gospel, and mwavé got its death-blow in the district through him."

In Ngoniland a similar movement was strongest on the intellectual side, the "karata," or reading and writing, fever having taken possession of both old and young, but it was not long ere deeper forces were at work. At this time, too, a new agent appeared on the field to add greatly to the strength of the staff. "Here," wrote the Doctor to a colleague, "is a piece of good news. A friend of Livingstonia [Dr. Loudon] has offered a salary for a missionary, and Mr. Fraser, a student, has been appointed." Mr. Donald Fraser was one of the pioneers of the Student Volunteer Missionary Movement. His winning personality and gift of speech had made him a power in the Universities and Colleges of Britain and the Continent, and on his way out to Livingstonia he made a tour of the South African colleges and high schools, where his influence was also remarkably effective in creating interest in missions. On seeing him the Doctor's verdict was, "A man of marked spiritual power and wide experience, with whom I shall get on well. . . . I wonder whether after the excitement and movement of his previous work he will find it a strain to adapt himself to the comparatively uneventful and plodding work of Ngoniland." The years gave the answer, and proved that in the organizing of work amongst a primitive and isolated people and in the bringing of them to Christ he was as successful as he had been in dealing with advanced and critical University youth.[1]

On the industrial side rapid developments were going on. The small printing-press had long ceased to meet the orders which flowed in from every quarter, and the Doctor was relieved when a new large cylinder machine he had arranged for arrived. The problem was how to convey it to the Station. Mr. Murray, the carpenter, constructed three wooden sledges on which the heavy castings were securely fastened, and fifty men being attached to each, they were dragged up the cliff by the native path, some of the deeper gullies being filled in for the occasion. Difficulties were not surmounted when the machine was ready. Only those

[1] His *Winning a Primitive People* should be consulted for the background of native life with all its colour and movement.

who have had experience of glycerine rollers in a tropical climate know the trouble of securing good impressions in letterpress work.

With the installation of the press the Doctor was able to realize his dream of reviving the old *Aurora* in a form worthy of the Mission. Writing of the scheme to Mr. Thin, he said : " I do not know that I have many of the qualifications of a journalist in me, but, as in other matters, I may be a pioneer of the way for a better in the future. I have no liking for philippics, or ambition to write much, but I trust a calm, moderate statement of fact and deduction may be of service. We do want some means of appeal to public opinion, and also to educate it on some matters of vital importance to the community." In February 1897 he issued the first two-monthly number of *Aurora : a Journal of Missionary News and Christian Work*, containing eight large pages printed in clear type, and giving a fair quantity of local intelligence and statistics, and several general articles. In his editorial foreword the Doctor stated that the aim of the magazine was the Glory of God. " We would rather not begin it, or see it come to a speedy end, than that this aim should be lost sight of in a single issue." Outlining its wide scope, he added : " With politics as party politics we do not profess to deal. From politics, as righteousness or the lack of it, no man as a citizen of a country can stand aloof or be blameless." While discarding political bias, therefore, he intimated that he had no intention of keeping silent on matters of injustice or oppression. In the subsequent numbers one searches in vain for any reference to the Doctor or his particular work ; as editor he blue-pencilled all complimentary remarks in contributions submitted to him. " We value your goodwill," he would write, " but feel it had better stand as we put it." A friend remarked to him, " It is like drawing your teeth to get you to say anything of yourself."

He soon discovered that he had added a heavy task to his already overburdened life. The work led to a greatly increased correspondence, for he wrote all the missionary agencies in Central Africa, English and foreign, offering space for news of their activities ; while the handling of contributions and the correcting of proofs involved far more attention and trouble than he had anticipated. The *Aurora* at once took a high place in missionary periodical literature, and performed a useful service in making the life and work of the Mission better known to its supporters at home and abroad. Its title was later changed to *The Livingstonia News*.

Other departments, under competent European management,

kept in line with the general advance. The carpenter's shop had always more orders than it could turn out ; the brickmaking staff were manufacturing hundreds of thousands of bricks, several of the native moulders being able to turn out 1000 in nine hours ; the builders were erecting classrooms, cottages, stores, and other buildings; the cultivations were supplying large quantities of wheat, maize, vegetables, and fruit, 2000 young coffee plants were planted, and there was now 194 head of cattle, some of which were used in ploughing and harrowing.

At the industrial exhibition, a feature of the year, there was a large display of articles in the various sections, the best exhibits being those of pottery and basket and iron work. The event was combined with athletic sports, in which Institution training usually won against undisciplined village muscle.

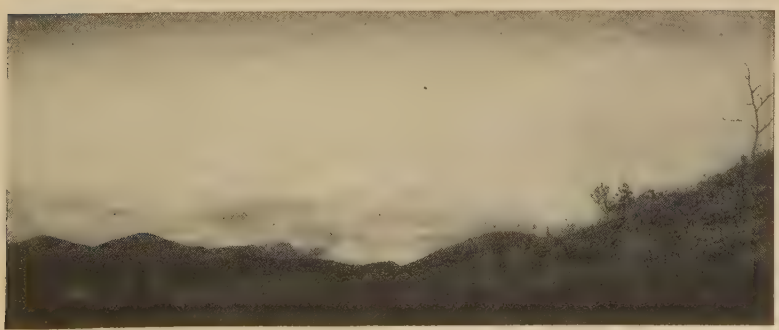
X. Nature's Cruelty

The medical work was increasing in a larger ratio than in other departments : for 1897 the cases numbered 9917, of which 7392 were surgical. Without proper accommodation it was difficult to deal adequately with these, and the Doctor was longing for a well-equipped hospital. The first death amongst the Europeans occurred, that of a little child, the year-old daughter of Mrs. Thomson, wife of the printer. The Doctor fought for her life with all the skill he possessed, but had at last to leave her in the arms of her mother, who held her till she died. The Doctor was tired out ; he had been working at high pressure for weeks, and as he turned away sadly from the scene he wished he had never been a doctor to be trusted with such a life and fail. He was up before sunrise to make the coffin himself for the delicate morsel of humanity, " God's seed corn," whose death had consecrated new Livingstonia.

Very many of the patients brought to the Station suffered from maulings by wild animals. It is the creed of the missionary that the redemption of the world includes not only the human soul but the earth in all its aspects, and that Christ's work will not be complete until in every part of His dominion the wilderness is glad and the desert blossoms as the rose. The subjugation of the one follows on the conquest of the other. With civilized conditions Nature seems to grow less ruthless and cruel : wild beasts retreat into remoter haunts, smaller pests gradually die off ; Nature becomes kindlier and brighter. But at first there is a period of stress and struggle which gives much practice to the medical man.

THE DOCTOR BEGINNING A VILLAGE SCHOOL

THE SCHOOL IN BEING: DR. LAWS IN THE DISTANCE



ABOVE THE CLOUDS: VIEW FROM LIVINGSTONIA

Rev. A. G. MacAlpine, Rev. Dr. Elmslie, Rev. Dr. Laws
Yesaya, Hezekiah, Jonathan (p. 347)

The Doctor working at his Office Desk

Lions continued to be common prowlers in the neighbourhood ; they could be heard from the houses roaring in the wood or across the valley. Four were seen at one time hunting through the grass-land at midday, and one was passed reclining with his head on his paws on the hills as if meditating on the human activity going on below. The natives possessed no weapons save their spears, and these were of little use either to attack the beasts or to defend themselves. One night five women and a child were sleeping in a hut when a lion sprang upon the roof, broke through the thatch, and killed two of the women and the child. The others fled into another hut, where a man stood with a spear. The lion followed them, but was received with a spear-thrust and was driven off. The other hut caught fire, and the three dead bodies were reduced to ashes.

Not long afterwards a lion attacked a hut near the falls. Inside were two women and a girl, who, realizing that the creature was making its way through, seized their chance and fled by the doorway. The lion bounded after them and killed them one by one, and then feasted on the bodies. Next morning a woman left her hut to find out what the noise in the night had been, and was also attacked and killed. The Doctor supplied strychnine to the natives, who used some meat as a bait ; it was taken and vomited, but they were afraid to follow up the spoor. Mr. Henderson, with some of the workers, hunted down the beast, which, at bay, turned and charged. It was a critical moment. Mr. Henderson was kneeling. The lion leaped towards him, but at the third bound the cool eye and steady hand did their work, and it fell over with a bullet in its forehead. The Doctor complimented Henderson on his splendid shot. " It was a Higher Hand," was the reply.

Near Deep Bay a family of lions attacked a man, woman, and boy : the woman was killed ; the boy escaped ; the man, with his back to a tree, kept two of the lions at bay, wounding one, then, badly clawed, managed to climb into the branches. He saw the woman being devoured. It was four days ere he could steal away from the tree and drag himself to Deep Bay.

Leopards stalked smaller prey ; during the first year they killed no fewer than 200 fowls, 8 dogs, and 13 cats belonging to the Station. They were very bold, and made frequent attempts to break into the houses ; one smashed a window and some ornaments in a room next to that in which Mrs. Laws was sitting.

A greater scourge even than lions or leopards were the locusts, immense clouds of which flew over the district, darkening the

atmosphere like an eclipse. One swarm took seven days to pass over Livingstonia. Millions were drowned in the Lake, the shore of which was strewn with their bodies. During the dry season, when the pastures were burnt and the gardens bare, they did little damage, but when the crops were green they left nothing to reap. In 1897 twenty-five acres of the early maize and other products were destroyed, and food became scarce. As the pupils and apprentices in the Institution required a total ration of 400 lb. per day, it became a matter of difficulty to feed them, and, although supplies were brought from Bandawé and elsewhere by steamer, the session had to be shortened and the boys and girls sent to their homes.

Another pest as annoying as any at this time was the jigger, which had made its way from the west coast ; it burrowed beneath the skin and caused abscesses. On one occasion the Doctor took out twelve from his toes, and on another, after being crippled for a time, the sore was followed by erysipelas, which confined him to his bed for a month. In the school it was necessary to have " jigger parades."

But perhaps the worst, because so silent, secret, and omnipresent, was the white ant. It had been the bane of the missionaries at Cape Maclear and Bandawé, and proved no less aggravating at Livingstonia. " The tsetse fly, the white ant, and the malarial germ, whatever it is, are the greatest physical hindrances to the advancement of this portion of Africa," wrote the Doctor. " The ravages of the white ants are heart-breaking."

Earthquakes were frequently experienced ; at the first shock the people, who believed the Deity was calling upon them, would rush out into the open and cry, " We are all here ! " Thunderstorms were common during the rainy season, trees being often struck by lightning. Tornadoes swept across the plateau. Once the wind was accompanied by intense cold, hailstones of clear ice the size of marbles falling thickly the while. Several of the buildings were damaged, and the printing office was levelled to the ground. The visitation would sometimes take the form of an isolated whirlwind —a tall black column moving through a breathless atmosphere and licking up everything in its path.

XI. Work and Faith

The plateau was rapidly changing its character : spacious roads were being cut through the masuko woods, opening up magnificent vistas towards the distant landscape, and were being lined by

Mlanjé cedars from the Shiré Highlands. Thousands of these trees were also being planted on the hillsides, where the Doctor was already planning his waterworks. "Within 8 miles of where I write," says a letter at this time, "there is water-power enough to light Glasgow, and within 4 miles a river bigger than the Clyde tumbling down 2000 feet or so in 2 miles." He was also obtaining estimates for a sawmill and threshing mill, electric motors, turbines and other plant, and arranging for the sites and the buildings. But for all this work money was required, and he did not forget the ordinary needs of the stations as well as the necessity for extension. The area of operations and the opportunities for service were opening up in an incredible way all over the vast region occupied by the Mission. The forlorn west was appealing for teachers and evangelists. Deputations of old men came, saying the tribes there were wanting to hear the good news and to learn. Bandawé people were eager to help, and teachers were sent forward to Kasungu, a point touched by Dr. Livingstone, and then Dr. Prentice opened a station there, which connected the Mission with the Dutch field in the south.

This had its bearing on the Kota Kota question, which had not yet been settled. Bishop Maples had announced his intention of working amongst the Swahilis there. The Doctor's dream was a continuous chain of Livingstonia stations along the Lake, and it was only the lack of agents that prevented the occupation of Kota Kota. Ordinarily he objected to overlapping, which merely emphasized denominational differences before the natives, and held that mutual consideration and arrangement should rule, but the Universities Mission was better fitted than any society to work amongst the Mohammedans on account of its long experience. It was uphill work, and the agents were having a hard fight amongst the Yaos on the eastern side of the Lake. And if the Livingstonia Committee were unable to undertake the task at Kota Kota, he could only rejoice that it was to be done by others. "Saturate the people with the Word of God, and you will stop both Mohammedanism and Roman Catholicism."

Bishop Maples was drowned in the Lake, and Bishop Hine, his successor, called on him to discuss the matter. It was suggested that the Anglicans might possibly advance as far west as Kasungu, a plan which the Doctor strongly opposed. "But," said Mr. Anster, who was with the Bishop, "if we cannot work west we shall be rather boxed in." "Why did you go into the box?" inquired the Doctor, a retort which the Bishop greatly enjoyed.

Ultimately the Universities Mission agreed to keep to the Mohammedan enclave of Kota Kota, and the occupation of Kasungu settled the matter. Dr. Laws admired the Universities men, and, through all the negotiations and others that followed, saw no reason why he should break his friendship with them. They, on their part, warmly reciprocated his feeling, and sent to the Livingstonia Committee a letter appreciative of his kindness, accompanied by a donation of £50 for the Mission.

With all his determination to advance, the Doctor would not outrun his resources. He had a strong objection to incur debt, and declined to begin any work until he saw a certain amount subscribed. It was not lack of faith, but faith in the rightness and dignity of an unhampered conscience. Both he and his colleagues took the only possible course. They met and agreed to "ask £10,000 from God for 1899–1900, and that He would send out the agents He was preparing for the work." Immediately afterwards the Doctor was cheered by news that the Committee were endeavouring to provide the essential money and material. "God," he said, "will supply the still greater needs. So let us pray on."

It has to be borne in mind that the Livingstonia Committee was still, in a manner, outside the Free Church; it continued to raise its income independently, nothing whatever being received from the general fund of the Foreign Mission Committee. The Mission had a wider basis than any denominational enterprise, and was even supported by many outside the Churches, but the bulk of the money —something like £8000 a year—was contributed in small amounts and gathered in by special congregational committees and collectors throughout Scotland and England. It was this fine disinterested service, added to the voluntary work of the secretary and other officials, that made the Mission possible and carried it on from success to success. Few mission enterprises have been founded and sustained so much on simple love and loyalty and devotion.

The Doctor, however, realized that no matter how generous the response of the homeland was in regard to workers and means, it could never hope to cope with the needs of any section of Africa. God worked through His people in Britain, but only until local disciples were ready to carry on. "Our policy should be this, to have as many native agents as we can get, and have these as well trained as possible; then steadily spread them out over the country. These should have the guidance and supervision of Europeans, the best trained ordained and medical men we can get. As the outcome of my experience and practice and study of other mission

fields this is the most effective and least expensive line of mission policy."

The amount of work requiring to be done began to assume crushing proportions, and it was not surprising that he had little time to spare for office duties. The situation was not quite understood in Scotland, and when letter after letter came, referring to details of accounts and other minor business matters, he wrote back: "I have no doubt you will say, 'You are master, make things stand aside and get your own work forward.' Certainly I could do much more personal work and get more personal credit, but other work would be hindered, and I think I have tried to do what Jesus would have done, though I confess it has often given me a sore heart to be misunderstood. Repression of self is a hard task. . . . If our work flag or fail here we shall lose opportunities at the other stations, which may never be recovered. Have patience with me."

The death of his father at this time, following upon that of his stepmother, was a loss not only to the Doctor but to the Mission, for none prayed so constantly and fervently for the work. "'An Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile,' is a very good description of my father's life," wrote the Doctor. "How I ought to thank God for such an inestimable blessing. What he has been to me I never can fully realize." It was a singular fact that before the Doctor left in 1875 Mr. Laws dreaded the separation and wondered how he could live without the companionship of the son, which had meant so much to him; and yet, from the time he fulfilled his vow and sent him to the end of the earth, his life was never once shadowed by his absence; the Doctor seemed to be a more "felt" companion than if he had been near. "At least," he declared, "I have never been able to realize that he is far away; I think the closer we get to Christ, the closer we get to each other." The two had a spiritual communion which was independent of space, and both were happy in the thought that each was praying for the other. The gentle old saint died proud of his son and prouder of the work he had accomplished for Christ.

XII. A Contrast in Ngoniland

It was against Nature that the Doctor could toil as he was doing without breaking down, and an illness which he had alarmed the Committee, who wrote that, notwithstanding his wish to go on, he must come home. "It goes sorely against the grain," he said; "too

much is made of my illness. I have been worse many a time." Cheering up a colleague who feared heart disease, he wrote : " For more than fifteen years my own heart has taken to intermitting with sharp fever, but is usually all right in ordinary circumstances of work. In fact, heredity or no heredity, I mean to live my four-score years for the Master and as many more as He has use for me here below. I advise you strongly to make up your mind to the same spell of work." Still, he felt that he had lost his old power of rapid recuperation, and as he wished to investigate the whole question of water and electrical supply and installation, he decided to take furlough.

Meanwhile he was able to be present at a scene which moved him inexpressibly. Invited by Mr. Fraser to Ngoniland, he proceeded by steamer to Ruarwé, and travelled to Ekwendeni over the hills in order to escape the flooded Rumpi and Rukuru, but was caught instead by floods of rain. The people had already been gathering for the Communion season, and on Saturday, when the Doctor walked to the place of service, five thousand faces met his view. Old fathers of the tribe were there, young men and women, mothers with infants slung in goatskins on their backs, squatting in a spacious circle, with reed fences to keep out the chill wind, and the missionaries and elders sitting on a brick platform shaded by a roof of grass. As many as 309 adults were baptized, some of them notable characters in the wild days of raiding, others aged white-haired women, others again mere boys who would not be refused, all quiet, earnest, and happy. The Doctor, who, at Mr. Fraser's request, took part in administering the ordinance, seemed as a man who dreamed. Only a few miles off these same people had plotted to murder him and Mr. Stewart and wipe out the Mission. Many of them looked upon him with awe and fear. Was that the great father of the Mission, whose coming had changed the old days of war into peace ? Some doubted it. He had almost become a legendary figure.

On Sunday the scene was still more moving. There were close on 7000 persons packed into the enclosure, and in the centre in a solid block 672 Church members were seated on logs. When Mr. Fraser spoke there was no excitement, only tense attention, as these 7000 minds followed his slow, distinct, simple words and wrestled with the thoughts he was trying to impart. Afterwards Tonga elders, with shy, deprecatory smile, handed the cup to the Ngoni, who, but a short time before, had been harrying and plundering them. Then 148 children were baptized. At the after-service

Dr. Laws contrasted the order and peace with the former unrest and bloodshed, and appealed—not unsuccessfully—on behalf of the "regions beyond," where no teachers were yet at work. What pleased him about Mr. Fraser's work was his development of the itinerating side. "I have for years," he said, "longed for such freedom myself, and, since it is not to be mine, I am glad to see others doing it. I must be tied down now to definite hours daily on the Station."

The scenes he had witnessed deepened his anxiety for the future. "Our very blessings have become our burdens." He never used words lightly, but he wrote to the Committee that the "awful responsibility" was weighing him down. "In Ngoniland alone there are some 1700 catechumens, and in November there will be 500 or more to examine as candidates for baptism. I sympathize with Mr. Fraser, who said to me, 'My courage fails me in meeting the responsibility of the examination of these 500.'"

What he had seen and learnt also convinced him that the time was ripening for Ngoniland coming under British rule. A filibustering case on the part of a white man, which caused much trouble to the missionaries, showed the natives that Government control would not simply mean tax-collection, but that it would bring them protection from imposition and injury. To this effect he wrote to Mr. Sharpe, but added: "The Ngoni will not be hurried, and to attempt to force the pace will be to invite failure. There are still some of the old fellows left yet, but their power for evil is waning, and the younger men from the schools are making their influence felt on the side of righteousness and progress." Mr. Sharpe was completely at one with the Doctor in the matter.

Before leaving, he completed arrangements for much of the work he had planned. In view of the rapid approach of the Trans-Continental Telegraph along the Lake shore, he spent many a toilsome day exploring the cliffs for the best route for a loop-line from the Station. It was only a distance of 5 miles, but much of it was precipitous cliff. A route was fixed on, and this was cleared. He also made a rough survey for the water supply and turbine, in order to provide the necessary data for estimates in Scotland. At the back of his mind was another project, one without which he believed it would not be easy to carry through the various schemes and develop the Institution. This was a wagon-road to the Lake. He was told that he was thinking of the impossible, but the word was not in his vocabulary, and he scrambled up and down the cliffs in search of a likely series of gradients. He thought he had

discovered one which would make the length of the road between 10 and 11 miles, and was satisfied.

Before leaving in August 1899, he and Mrs. Laws were entertained by the staff and visitors, sixteen Europeans in all, the speeches emphasizing the wonderful way in which the Doctor had been spared to guide and consolidate the work and to establish the Institution. "Certainly," wrote Mr. Fraser, "Dr. Laws, who ought to see everything through smoked spectacles, for he has had a severe and anxious strain, sees a brighter dawning than any of us. He has seen, too, a longer night in its pitchy darkness." They were accompanied to the Lake by a bodyguard of some hundreds of natives, including the boys and girls from the schools. Mrs. Laws had with her the infant child of one of the L.M.S. missionaries on Lake Tanganyika. She had been asked to take the little fellow home, and with her usual kindness undertook the task.

The Doctor on this occasion left a Mission with 5 central stations, 44 out-stations, 30 European missionaries including 8 wives, 123 schools with an average attendance of 16,000, and 460 teachers and monitors. There were actually 30,000 children connected with the schools, but the number had dropped a little on account of the imposition of fees at Bandawé. The voluntary offerings of the Christians at the various stations amounted to over £200.

While at Zomba he had much talk with Mr. Sharpe, who showed real brotherliness and anxiety to help. "As you know," said the Commissioner, "I take a deep interest in the work you are doing and in the efforts to establish a thoroughly good educational institution on sound and sensible lines, and I can assure you that in every possible way it will be my endeavour to support you in your undertaking." Numerous matters were adjusted in connection with the Mission properties, and the Doctor engaged to secure a qualified man to survey the Livingstonia estate. Before he left Blantyre he wrote expressing his gratitude for all the kindness of the Commissioner. Such friendly relations between Government officials and missionaries, he felt, would make their mutual work easier and lead to the peaceful and rapid advancement of the country.

When he arrived at Durban he went ashore in ordinary dress and cloth cap, and, seeing some electrical works, he stopped and fell into talk with the man in charge of the boilers, who took him to be a homeless tramp. "Where did you come from last?" he was asked. "The interior," said the Doctor. "Oh, I have been there myself—got malaria—and have it still. . . . It's a chilly

night—you can sleep over there "—indicating a corner between the boilers where some stokers were lying. The engineer came along and the Doctor began to speak to him about the machinery, the first man, standing by, wondering at his knowledge. "You know a bit about it." "A little; I come from Livingstonia—my name is Laws." It was a household word along the coast, and the man knew it at once. Presently the supposed tramp was prescribing for his malaria.

At Cape Town the Doctor was invited by Mr. Rhodes to lunch. While waiting in the library the guests were informed that Rhodes, having to go to town, had already lunched. There were whispers of serious happenings in the Transvaal, and later the Doctor was told that his host was hurrying in a special train to Kimberley. Kruger had launched his ultimatum, and the Boer War had begun.

XIII. Student of Electricity

His first duty in Scotland was to appear at the Committee and appeal for more workers—it was the chronic complaint of Livingstonia as of all the mission fields of the Church—and moot his schemes of construction and have them considered and sanctioned. Thinking that the water supply and electric power undertakings were sufficient to ask for meantime, he did not mention the road. The Committee had to be convinced of the necessity for the two projects and their practicability. Lord Overtoun, whose mind was as big as his heart, was already converted, but others, though sympathetic, shook their heads. The Doctor was unperturbed; quietly, persuasively, patiently he met every argument and objection. He showed that a pure pipe supply for the Station was imperative in view of the increasing population and as an assurance against disease. Dysentery was already common on account of the contaminated supplies. A quaint letter from Yuraia, now the "capitao" of the Station, told how every boy and girl was "suffering from stomach-aching; during the months ago the place where our drinking water lays its source was badly spoiled by workers. Europeans are getting their drinking water from Vunguvunga"—the sawmill two miles distant. It was the cost that troubled members. The Doctor's faith was unshak able. "If," he said, "God wishes it to be done, He will give us the means to do it."

When the sub-Committee which was appointed on the matter met, the report showed that the material and freight would come to £4000. It was felt that the undertaking could not be faced. A

sigh of disappointment went round the table. Then Lord Overtoun quietly remarked, "Well, it is evident this is necessary. We must all do a little more than we have done. . . . Go ahead. I'll meet the £4000." All were so taken by surprise and all hearts were so full that it was not till later that the Committee thought of thanking the generous donor. Five and a half miles of steel piping were at once ordered.

Then came the question of an electrical installation, a scheme based not only on the Doctor's desire for economy and efficiency in work, but on his sympathy for the native boys and girls. Kerosene oil was the light on the Station, and what cost two shillings and sixpence in Glasgow cost thirty shillings at Livingstonia. Its use was severely restricted; the boys had no lamp at all in their dormitory, and could be seen studying at night by the light of the fire on the floor, or outside the windows of the evening school when classes were held. The Doctor showed in a clear and well-reasoned statement that electricity would give ten times more light, as well as provide power for the workshops and mills, which were being increasingly hampered by lack of it, and be cheaper in the end. He estimated the cost of the plant at £4000. A little doubtful of his ability to secure so large an additional sum, he once more fell back upon the Power that had always met his needs. One friend gave him £1000, another £1000, a third £200, "a believer in using the improvements of science for the furtherance of the Master's kingdom, £100"; and so on, though now and again he suffered a rebuff. A famous business knight referred contemptuously to "Dr. Laws and his craze for money for electric lighting," and refused to contribute to "his far-away fads," which, as the Doctor was building up the kingdom of God and the knight was only building iron bridges, did not disturb his equanimity. As sufficient was obtained to go on with, the Committee sanctioned the proposal.

The installation he chose was a three-phase alternating current system at a high voltage for transmission and power, and transforming to a lower tension for lighting. But what of the knowledge required to install and run the machinery? Having been allowed so much by a generous Committee, he could not very well ask them for an electrical engineer at a time when they were straining every nerve to secure and send out ordinary workers. If the scheme were to be carried out, he must superintend the operations himself. He was ready to do anything, go anywhere, if only his Master's cause could be advanced. In a letter at this time to three boys, who wished to be missionaries, occurs a suggestive paragraph. After

mentioning the difficulties of preparation and study he referred to the inspiring example of Dr. Livingstone. "If you make up your minds to hard, self-denying, persevering work the discipline will be splendid for you, whether your lives are to be spent at home or abroad. You can never learn too much or be too well prepared for the work of a missionary. I would gladly go to College again to-day to learn more if I had the time."

This is actually what the Doctor did. In order to qualify himself for the work of looking after the electric machinery he went as a regular student to the Heriot-Watt College in Edinburgh, where he attended the class of electrical engineering and entered a new region of technical knowledge. Coming down the Mound one day, his head buzzing with abstruse terms, he met Dr. Ballantyne, a well-known supporter of missions and friend of all missionaries. "Doctor," he said feelingly, "I am glad the New Testament was not written in scientific language!"

The other students pitied the grave, worn, elderly man, who was so diligent and painstaking, suspecting that he was one of the class whose occupation had been abolished by the introduction of electricity, and that he was making a brave attempt to keep up with the times. One of the cleverest, Mr. A. S. Chalmers, who was in the choir of an Edinburgh church, was astonished to see the "old fellow" enter the pulpit as the preacher for the day, and more astonished to learn that he was the Rev. Dr. Laws of Livingstonia. Meeting him later in the lobby of the College, he said, "I would like to hear about Livingstonia." "All right," said the Doctor, "come and have tea." The student became so interested that he offered for the Mission. The Committee accepted him as Technical Instructor in the Institution, and in this way the Doctor secured first-class scientific help and skill for his various schemes. He was also able to engage Mr. F. W. Hardie, a surveyor, for the purpose of surveying the Mission estate.

For the next few months there was no busier man in Britain. He was buying and testing all sorts of material, his keen, practical mind devoting as much attention to the right kind of screw as to the quality and durability of copper cables and dynamos. It was hoped that the plant would be admitted into Central Africa duty free, but, after much correspondence, only the agricultural machinery was passed, and the rest had to pay the Customs dues. It was not surprising that the Committee questioned the wisdom and justice of a policy so little fitted to encourage those who were seeking to advance the public welfare and the development of the country.

XIV. Semi-Jubilee

While these important matters were occupying his attention he was also unceasingly active on behalf of the Mission in other directions. "Furlough" was a courtesy word to apply to his vacation. "You must have a rest—but you might take a service for me on such-and-such a date," was the burden of letters that poured in upon him. His desire to increase the interest in Livingstonia induced him to accept far more of these invitations than he ought reasonably to have done. There were Sundays on which he gave six addresses, and such occasions were usually followed by two or three days' fever. His ordinary plan was to describe the work going on. So engrossed did he sometimes become that he lost notion of time. Once he was asked to give a quarter of an hour's address in the drawing-room of Dr. Ballantyne. Arriving from London, he proceeded straight to the house and began to speak. The time-limit passed, but he went on, unconscious of trespassing. When the half-hour came Dr. Ballantyne looked uneasily at the clock and at the audience, but the tale was absorbing and no one seemed put out. By and by the speaker happened to glance at the clock. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, stared, and then, sitting down, covered his face with his hands. He had spoken for an hour and a half.

On occasion he performed a little missionary surgery, and astonished congregations by quietly informing them that their average givings amounted to less per week than they paid for a single *Scotsman* or *Herald*. "The majority of people," he said, "do not realize that missionary work is one of the main objects for which the Church of Christ exists." His advocacy touched many hearts and brought many generous gifts to the Mission, and these he accepted as a leading from God that He meant him to attempt greater things still, and to trust that the means would be supplied. One of these contributions simply said, "The enclosed is to grind corn at Livingstonia"; another came from Miss Melville, whom he assured of "the constant affection of your grey-headed boy." A few months later this lady, who had so greatly influenced his life, passed away.

He attended and spoke at the International Student Missionary Conference in London and also, as usual, the Universities Mission meeting. His old friend Lugard, still adding to his fame and honours, was unable to be present at the latter, but wrote to the Doctor: "I have seen many missions since those days on

Lake Nyasa, but yours remains my ideal mission, because it is so free from ostentation and carries out so effective and *thorough* a work on such sound practical lines."

A break came in the shape of a visit to America, whither he went as one of 1600 delegates to the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, a gathering presided over by General Harrison, ex-President, and welcomed by President M'Kinley and by Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of the State. Dr. Laws delivered an address on the educational aspects of the Livingstonia Mission. But his chief purpose was, as on the former occasion, to study institutions and methods. There are two great negro colleges in the South, that of Hampton, in Virginia, staffed by white men, the other, Tuskegee, by coloured: along with Mr. and Mrs. Daly he visited and stayed two days at the former as being on lines more likely to be helpful to him in Africa. With the needs of Livingstonia in mind he went on to the great milling centres, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and inspected the mills, and returned by Chicago, Toronto, and Buffalo to New York, where a friend presented him with £100 to help in securing a roller flour-mill. As his cousin was in this line of business he arranged that one suitable for the Station should be sent out direct from America.

October 12, 1900, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance of the *Ilala* into Lake Nyasa, and the Doctor spent it "in gratitude, solemn awe, and earnest hope." The event was celebrated by a gathering in Glasgow, at which addresses were given by Lord Overtoun, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Laws, and Mr. Fraser; and at their first meeting the Committee "thanked God for the gift of Dr. Laws and his noble service," and included Mrs. Laws in their congratulations. At Livingstonia the celebration took the form of a missionary conference, the first of its kind in Central Africa. Seven churches and societies sent thirty-three delegates, representing Scotland, England, Cape Colony, Switzerland, and Germany. As if in honour of the occasion the whole district was a blaze of illuminations, bush fires burning night and day, that on Mt. Waller being a magnificent spectacle. At noon an affectionate greeting was dispatched to the Doctor. The Presbytery of Livingstonia, which had been lately formed, also sent a congratulatory message, which stated that the success of the Mission had been due "under God to his forethought, plans, and earnest and unceasing labours."

He was present at the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches on 31st October, to him a wonderfully moving spectacle,

and spoke on the missionary evening along with Dr. Stewart. What pleased him especially was the fact that the first winter of the Union was given up to a great campaign in the interest of foreign mission work. Both he and Mr. Fraser were kept at home by the Committee to take part in it. In January 1901 he was one of a deputation to the Foreign Office in connection with a proposed railway between Blantyre and Port Herald on the Shiré, a matter in which he took much interest. His practical knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the ground proved of great value to those promoting the scheme.

There was never a furlough without some shadow caused by the death of gallant workers in the field. Now it was Mr. Duff Macgregor, whom the Doctor had found a true and loyal friend. He was an artisan missionary who gloried in walking in the footsteps of the carpenter of Nazareth and refused to leave his post. "Tell the people at home," he said, "that I have fought it out to the very end." Such an event made the Doctor long to be back in Africa. "Often my thoughts are with them all, and especially with the little ones. When lying sleepless at night or in the early morning these waking hours are spent in prayer for them all. Somehow I cannot get rid of the feeling that I am affected by any trouble which overtakes any of them out there. I suppose that in addition to the natural interest I have in my fellow-workers the intense feeling of responsibility for my companions which was burned into me during the early years has become part of my nature."

Before he left in June 1901 he was able to answer the many inquiries addressed to him for information regarding the Mission by simply sending his correspondents a copy of *Daybreak in Livingstonia*, by the Rev. J. W. Jack, M.A., which had just been published with an introduction from his pen—a remarkably minute and accurate narrative—but he always said, "Please deduct 90 per cent. as discount from what Mr. Jack says about myself, as no one knows better than I do how far short I have come of the ideal I aimed at."

A parting letter from Lord Overtoun made up for many a setback and rebuff. "You go out," he wrote, "knowing that you possess the unbounded confidence and affection not only of the Committee and Foreign Mission Committee, but of the whole Church. . . . We look to you to guide the policy and advise as to the details of all the work which, under God, has been the result of your wise and unwearied labour, not forgetting Mrs. Laws, whose influence has been such a powerful factor in the Mission."

With nothing worse than an attack of dysentery on the river he reached Bandawé in August. Queer memories stirred as he went ashore and spoke to the natives. There was Marenga, the sole survivor of the Chiefs in power in 1875, with a church and Christian community in his village, yet himself making no profession. Here was another man—where had the Doctor seen him before? In a flash the scene came back. Two men with loaded guns were about to murder their enemies: the Doctor held on to one by the finger and the other by his belt, and as both struggled frantically to get free, their guns were often gaping in his face. He could see yet the heart pulsations of one on his naked breast, down which the perspiration was streaming. And here he was, dressed, smiling, and shaking the Sing'anga cordially by the hand.

XV. Magic Water

What faced the Doctor was still pioneer work of the most arduous and difficult kind; he was now seeking to introduce into the wild heart of Nyasaland conditions which did not exist in the Administrative capital, which, indeed, could only be found in populous civilized centres. The task before him might have paralysed a lesser man, but he rose to the height of each fresh occasion, his mind seeming to develop with the increasing calls on his powers. "The Institution," wrote one who saw it at this time, "is a marvellous conception. Truly Dr. Laws is working for the next generation, for only the next generation will reap the full advantage." But he had the assistance of a competent staff, to whom he never failed to give the fullest credit.

The mass of ordered material, about 300 tons in all, was on its way out, being gradually transported by the African Lakes Corporation up the Zambezi and the Shiré, overland to Matopé, by barge along the Upper Shiré and by Lake steamer to Florence Bay—a laborious and tedious process. To provide facilities for handling the stuff and conveying it to the Institution was the Doctor's first care. A long jetty was run into the Lake, a crane erected, and a storehouse built on the shore. Then he faced the problem of communication between the Lake and the plateau. It was clear to his mind that a broad wagon road must come sooner or later and form an important link in the great trunk route which was to run from the South through Ngoniland and on to Tanganyika. On and about the plateau and along the top of the escarpment towards Mt. Waller fairly good broad roads had been constructed

and were in use, but only rough native paths led down to the shore, descending 2300 feet in the course of 3 miles. The carriers were refusing to carry loads up and down these tracks, even at increased rates of pay, and were going on 50 and 60 miles farther for work. Not only as a measure of necessity but as a matter of economy a wagon road was imperative, and convinced that it was his duty to construct it the Doctor proceeded with the task.

With Mr. Hardie, the surveyor, he scrambled up and down the precipices, searching for the gradients he had formerly favoured, only discovering them when the grass was burnt off, and was pleased when they were pronounced to be the best for the purpose. Mr. Hardie laid out a track, 15 to 20 feet in breadth, with a gradient of about 1 in 20. One great semicircular gorge presented an almost perpendicular face of sandstone and schist, and the difficulty was to make the road crooked enough to get it long enough, but this was overcome by cutting a series of zigzags along the cliff side. It was an extraordinarily heavy piece of industrial work, involving deep digging, filling up of gullies, and damming streams—all done by natives with the simplest of tools and appliances. Much blasting had also to be accomplished. The Doctor likened the rocks to religious indifference, which can listen to all arguments and never budge : they took the gunpowder, but it merely whistled through the crevices, and they remained as stolidly immovable as before. But he was by this time one of the most patient of men.

He found the cost far exceeding his estimate, and as the work went on the financial outlook gave him frequent anxiety. Considerable sums out of his own hard-earned savings were cheerfully expended without a soul knowing of it ; gifts also came from friends in answer, as he believed, to prayer, and a bequest from a lady in Aberdeen eased the situation to such an extent that the road was given her name and called the Longmuir Road.

He also built a large double-storey hygienic building—240 feet long and 30 feet wide—providing accommodation for the carpentry, printing, ironmongery, and engineering departments, a book-store, and a technical schoolroom, with engine and motor room, and the necessary shafting and pulleys. Disliking intensely the ordinary native kraal, a focus of mud and filth, and unprotected from the attacks of the larger carnivora, he resolved to give the Station a model farm and yard, and arranged for a Homestead which included an office, a flour-mill, byres, stables, and granary.

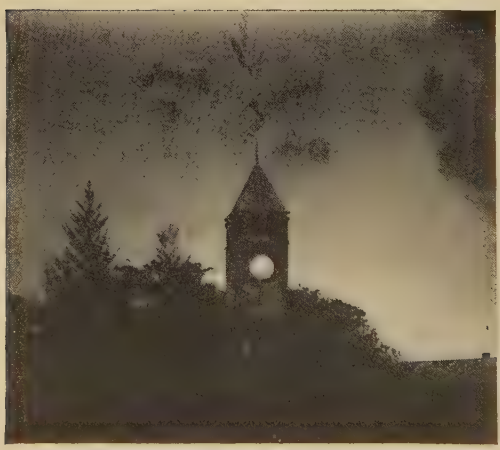
It was not until well on in 1902 that the material began to be dropped at the Bay, a process not unattended by incident. On

Among the Hollyhocks

The Stevenson Stone
One of the
Finest Specimens of
Native Workmanship

Blantyre Church, built by Natives

CHILEMBWE'S CHURCH BEING BLOWN UP BY THE MILITARY (p. 354)



"THE ILLUMINATED CLOCK" (p. 361)
This Photograph was taken at night

THE PRESENT MARENGA

one occasion ere the barge could reach the jetty from the steamer the sea rose and she filled and sank, and pipes and other articles had to be dragged out by Mr. Chalmers and his men standing up to their necks in the water.

When Mr. Hardie checked the Doctor's measurements for the water-supply he found them correct : this was a relief, for the Committee had pinned their faith to his statements, and any error might have delayed the work or increased the cost. For the upper works clay pipes were to be used, and the various soils in the neighbourhood were tested. Out of the most suitable a million moulds were manufactured by the new pug-mill, but inexperience of the conditions resulted in the loss of from 30 to 40 per cent., and a kiln was built to turn out the rest.

The pipes were carried up to the intake, where the Manchewé came tumbling down the side of Mt. Nyamkowa. Here a settling pond was constructed. Constant breakages of the clay pipes caused infinite trouble—they were subsequently replaced by an open flume—but all were laid at last ; and then the 4-inch and 2-inch steel pipes were jointed and laid down the hill and across the valley and up to the plateau, where smaller bores distributed the supply to the workshops and houses. The distance from the intake to the Institution was 5 miles.

The natives had been watching the progress of the work with interest but with unyielding scepticism. Water could run downhill, but not even white men who did such marvellous things could induce it to run uphill. On 16th January 1904 the whole of the population on the plateau gathered round one of the fire-hydrants in front of the Doctor's house. A beautiful rainbow hung in the heavens as the Doctor told the story of the undertaking. After a prayer of thanksgiving, Mrs. Laws turned the tap and the water gushed forth. The natives were amazed. Water, after all, could run uphill. White man's magic ! It must be a trick ! What of the other taps ? Off scampered the boys and girls to test the supplies outside the dormitories. There also the water flowed in cool, clear streams.

In a week the marvellous had become the commonplace.

Progress was also being made with the electric installation. A power-house in the Manchewé valley was built, and a lade and settling-pond constructed. A riveted iron pipe, 15 inches in diameter and 492 feet long, led the water to the power-house. The machinery was duplicated in case of accidents, but the two turbines and the two dynamos could, if necessary, be run simultaneously.

A current of 2000 volts was generated and conveyed by cable to the Homestead, where a transformer supplied 190 volts to drive the mills; another reduced the voltage for lighting purposes, and another provided the power for the industrial workshops, printing department, and technical school.

Many vexatious difficulties were encountered in the course of the work, and it was not until 12th October 1905, the historic anniversary, that the current was switched on at the power-house. In the evening the natives and Europeans gathered in the school, which was lit by the old oil lamps. These were put out and only a candle left on a table, at which sat the wife of Dr. Innes, with her infant on her knee. At a given moment the baby fingers were placed on the button, and a soft, clear glow flooded the room. The momentary hush of surprise was followed by cries of wonder and delight from the natives. It was a triumph for Mr. Chalmers and his fellow-workers, and not least for the Doctor, who had seen one more dream realized.

Both the telegraph loop-line and the telephone line to the Lake shore were also completed, and Livingstonia was in immediate touch with the outside world. A message to or from Scotland that would have taken six months to deliver in 1875 was now received within a few hours.

Then the final touches were given to the Longmuir Road, and the first three wagons traversed it from end to end, at once effecting a considerable reduction in the cost of transport. The track stood the rains well until a fall of 4 inches in twenty-four hours occurred, when some of the steep banks gave way and tons of earth fell and blocked the traffic for a time. By visitors, competent to judge, it was regarded as one of the most remarkable pieces of road engineering in the world. "I have seen nothing better in the Himalayas," said one. "It compares favourably with the roads in Switzerland and the Tyrol," was the verdict of another.

It had added, at a cost of £2500, 10¾ miles to the 50 miles of roadway already constructed on the Institution property.

XVI. £5000 for a Hospital

The four foundations on which rested the future of the Institution—roads, water, light, and power—were now laid. Although the task of securing them bulks largely in the story of the Mission, it bulks less in the Doctor's life than might be supposed. To him they were but the stepping-stones to higher things—means to an

end; they meant the efficient equipment of the Institution, the perfecting of the instrument which was to serve the real purpose of all his endeavour, the evangelizing of Livingstonia. Whilst they were being carried out, he never relaxed his grip on the direction of other work or slackened in his anxious solicitude for the moral and spiritual welfare of those under his care.

"All the work of our little community," he wrote, "converges towards its great central purpose of winning the natives to Christ, and so its Church life is the inner circle of it all with the Lord as its centre." This life was developing slowly but surely. There was a steady stream of communicants, though many of these were, naturally, pupils in the classes and so non-resident. Elders had been ordained, and all the features of congregational activity were going on. Sunday was the busiest day on the Station. There were classes for men hearers and men and women catechumens at 7 a.m.; a class for Sunday-school teachers at 9 a.m.; a vernacular service at 10 a.m., followed by a class for women hearers. A similar class was held in the afternoon; at 3 p.m. there were the boys' and girls' Sunday schools; at 4.30 p.m. a vernacular service; and at 7 p.m. an English service, attended also by the Institution pupils. During the week each department began with worship at sunrise, and a short service preceded the resumption of work at 2 p.m. A prayer-meeting for natives was held on Wednesday afternoons at 4.30, and one for Europeans at 7 p.m. On Friday there was a class for preachers. At communion seasons the services had frequently to be held out of doors on account of the large attendances, as many as 3000 being present.

All this work was duplicated at the various out-stations, where its success was as marked as at the Institution. Perhaps the offerings at these villages measured in some degree the sincerity of the people. Here, for example, is a list of articles on one occasion:

Native flour	604 lb.	Brass bracelets	17
Sheep	1	Axes	3
Fowls and pigeons	18	Iron spoon	1
Bananas	1 bunch.	Cash	12/11½

But though the Doctor rejoiced it was with a certain measure of anxiety. In the early days, the persecution which converts had to endure made religious confession a matter of genuine conviction, but now with a generation which had never heard the war-cries of friends and foes, church connection was becoming a respectable and even a fashionable thing, and the fact threw an added responsibility on those who were shepherding them.

The Doctor's policy of development was outlined in a letter at this time : " I have always held very strongly that in the Foreign Field the native Churches should grow up on their own lines and in their own surroundings if they are to be strong and healthy and should not be presbyteries of any of our home Churches . . . the difficulties are small compared with the hindrance to the life and growth of the Church brought about by trying to clothe an infant with the adult garments of the growth of centuries instead of the swaddling bands corresponding to its life-history. It will take a good deal of discussion before the whole of it is wrought out, but I hope it will come by and by." The creed of any future Presbyterian Church of Africa, he maintained, should be of the simplest nature and divested of all European elements not consonant with the needs of the natives.

On the educational side of the Institution—now called the Overtoun Institution—there were complete courses from A B C to theology: an elementary school in which the vernacular was chiefly used; a middle school Anglo-vernacular in character; a normal school in connection with which there was a continuation school for the training of outside teachers ; commercial courses for training clerks, storekeepers, and telegraphists ; an arts course, a medical course, and a theological course, and a school for the blind.

The majority of the pupils were being trained as teachers, batches of whom were being turned out each year and settled in the villages, thus enlarging the permanent sphere and influence of the Mission. No one expected overmuch from these lads. Five years' education and discipline, no matter how efficient, did not necessarily transform a raw native into a scholar or a Christian ; the culture was of an elementary character, and often a year in the isolation of the wilds was a prelude to a moral breakdown ; but, on the whole, they did well, performed good, earnest work, and saved the Europeans a vast amount of routine labour. Not a few left their mark on the villages in which they taught.

Throughout the entire Mission field at this time there were 200 schools, with 500 teachers and 14,000 pupils, and educationists in Scotland could not understand why the amount charged for the wages of the teachers and the upkeep of the schools was only £1300 per annum. But the buildings were only mud huts, and the equipment a few " karata " or alphabet sheets, and some slates and pencils. The whole cost was borne by the Mission, as there was yet no Government grant-in-aid.

The evangelistic side of the teachers' service was specially

under the care of the Doctor. A number of the older men had proved steady and useful, but their lack of early training had prevented them taking the theological course. For these the Doctor began an evangelist's class, chiefly in the vernacular, with a view not only of increasing their qualifications but of discovering whether any possessed ability exceptional enough to warrant them training for the pastorate. It was to these men he looked for the extension of Christ's Kingdom in their districts. Speaking of their character and work, he said: "I have seen them on their way home after the term conducting evening prayers with the villagers among whom they had stopped to spend the night. This scene recurs to me. Night has come. The waves of the Lake beat steadily on the beach. A few stars are seen through the cloud-rift. In the gathering darkness the Christians have come together, in the open, for evening prayers. They look like shadows, and are silent as mice. Before them, leading them in prayer, stands one of the evangelists, returning from his studies. In his day he was a warrior of renown. Now, in simple, direct speech, he tells them of Christ."

Three lads, patient, diligent plodders, had acquired a moral and intellectual capacity which justified them going into the theological class. They received instruction in Church History, Old and New Testament Exegesis, and Systematic Theology, while, in addition, Dr. Laws gave them daily an hour's talk on the function of Government, the necessity for taxation, the use of money, the evil of debt, the necessity for industry and thrift, the importance of good housing and sanitation, and other practical subjects. They were rather surprised to find that taxation endured under native rule was heavier than that under British administration. One was Charles Domingo, whom Koyi had picked up at Quilimane; he was now the first native assistant in the school and an elder in the congregation. An ideal teacher, he maintained order and discipline, and yet contrived to keep the pupils bright and happy. The other two were Hezekiah Tweza, a Ngoni boy, and Yesaya Mwasi, from Bandawé. All three, when their studies were completed, were licensed and then placed on probationary service.

Amongst other developments was a Christian Endeavour Society, formed for the benefit of the younger boys and girls, the members of which agreed to do something with their hands and their mind for Christ's sake and to devote part of every day to meditation and reading of the Bible and prayer. For the latter, most of them chose the half-hour before the afternoon work began, and it has

since been commonly reserved for the purpose throughout the Station. Not a few of the pupils became Christians through their reading of the New Testament during this period. A Young Men's Christian Association was also begun, whilst a Literary Society gave the pupils the opportunity of discussing native, social, and other problems. Some curious questions were threshed out, such as the poison ordeal, which one speaker said was often overruled by a higher power to mete out justice, and the rival claims of the tribes to superiority, the voting going in favour of the Ngoni.

Apart from his class and administrative work the Doctor attended to all the medical cases ; in a single month he had over 1500 at the dispensary in addition to those in hospital and amongst the Europeans. He was also frequently called out at night. A knock would come to the door when he was thinking of retiring, and he would spend many hours in a hut beside a smoking fire with the dreaded tampan and other insects crawling over the floor. Epidemics of influenza and smallpox swept over the district, and the people were at the mercy of the witch-doctors, who demanded large sums for their so-called cures. The Doctor once surprised one of these impostors dancing and "making medicine" in the centre of a crowd. The man quailed before the look given him, and fled, and the Doctor took his place and denounced his quackery. The audience cheered, and admitted they were being robbed right and left without benefit. Turning to the headman the Doctor said, "Why don't you catch and thrash him ?" "We dare not," was the reply; "if we did he would kill us with his sorcery."

He often longed for a commodious hospital which would not only be a means of relieving suffering but afford a training-ground for Africans in the art of healing. The rudiments of such an institution already existed, and lads and girls were being taught to be nurses and dispensers, but he lacked accommodation and equipment. It was when the outlook seemed darkest that he received a letter from the Committee stating that the Misses Gordon, of Montrose, had offered £5000 for a hospital in memory of their brother, the Rev. David Gordon, the institution to be known as the "David Gordon Memorial Hospital." It was a wonderful gift, and made the Doctor very happy but very humble. The scheme was too important to be undertaken hurriedly, and his first care was to make an exhaustive study of hospital construction and equipment. He wrote to India and elsewhere for information,

and it was years before the plans for the building were sent home for the criticism and advice of experts.

XVII. The Industrial Gospel

The aim of the Doctor was to have every part of the work contribute to the spread of the Gospel, and just as he made the schools an evangelizing agency so his effort was to turn the workshops into spiritual training centres. He impressed on the artisan missionaries that they could be as powerful a religious force at the bench as in the pulpit ; the workshops were, indeed, in a sense, the Foreign Mission department of the Institution. Boys came from remote districts raw and ignorant, learnt something about Christ and the new way of life, and returned and repeated what they had heard to their people. This was the primary purpose of the Institution—to turn out craftsmen who would assist directly in the extension of the Mission or go back to their hamlets as Christian laymen and develop native industrial life, but the very success of the Doctor's schemes tended at first to frustrate his object. The reputation of the lads spread far and wide, and Government, planters, and merchants offered them strong inducements to enter their service. As soon as their time was up they immediately found situations and high wages as telegraphists, printers, storekeepers, superintendents of native workmen, and so on. They could be found from Chindé to the Congo Free State, and as far south as the Transvaal.

The Doctor could not prevent this process any more than he could prevent the Government recruiting labour for the gold mines —an experiment which fortunately failed and has never been tried since. He could only hope and pray that wherever the lads went they would live clean, moral lives, and exert a Christian influence. To many their experience away from all religious help and tribal restraint brought disillusionment, bitterness, and demoralization. But a wonderfully large proportion kept the faith and maintained their character and self-respect. As the Doctor remarked, " For the strong the trial does good ; for the weak it means ruin." Not only did the best do good craft work, support themselves, and save money, but they acted as unpaid missionaries. Letters came from far distant regions telling how they were making a stand for Christ against evil conditions, and how in their spare time they were reading and preaching to the people about them. At Elizabethville one started an evening school. They did not forget Livingstonia,

and often sent contributions to the work. A letter from Johannesburg contained £3, 8s., subscribed for by fifty-one natives of Nyasa.

It was a tribute to their capacity that applications for their services came from other countries. The Department of Public Works in British East Africa sent for builders and carpenters ; a similar request came from the Malay Straits ; Barotseland wanted teachers ; the British South Africa Company found it worth while making an annual grant of £75 to the Institution to train lads for Government service in Rhodesia.

At this time there were 150 indentured apprentices and over 300 lads employed on yearly engagements, as well as several thousand labourers engaged for a month or more at a time. So great was the desire to learn a trade that the carpenter's shop had to refuse 126 applications in the course of a year because of lack of accommodation and appliances. There might be seen a boy being taught to drive a nail or draw a straight line, and alongside of him one doing the most intricate and beautiful inlaid work ; anything and everything was turned out, from a pair of wheels to a complete suite of furniture for a house or church.

A department in which the Doctor took great personal interest was the printing office, now fulfilling his highest hopes and pouring out a flood of school and other literature not only for the various stations but for other missions in Central Africa and for officials and planters. One of the largest jobs he undertook and one which gave him " unspeakable joy " was the printing of the Luban New Testament for Mr. Dan Crawford of the Garenganze Mission, who was his guest for the greater part of a year while it was passing through the press. The author of *Thinking Black* had a great regard for the " sunny, hospitable " Doctor, and for Mrs. Laws, " the mother of us all, who in rain and shine has battled on more than any." " The Doctor," he wrote, " is a man whereof we all say, ' I thank God for every remembrance of him.' Shut in as I have been for about sixteen years with no furlough, it was the thought of a Laws in the east, a Coillard in the south, and a Currie in the far west that stiffened my back in loneliness many a time." He added: " The blight of Africa is the work of the mushroom type. It was the good Dr. Laws who cut into the lotus life of the negro and made him honour hard work. Livingstonia more than any place has tabooed a mere mist of fine words. The so-called industrialism is a deep remedial force operating for all that is good and healthy." In his book he refers to " God's lighthouse of Livingstonia shining true. And lighthouse is the true metaphor to symbolize Dr. Laws'

work out there : lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining ; they just shine out. Likewise Livingstonia."

When the New Testament had been set up, stereotyped, printed, and bound, all by natives, Mr. Crawford sent a company of men for the first consignment. They marched from Luanza to Livingstonia, a six weeks' journey, and remained only a day or two at the Station, the wonders of which left them speechless with amazement. Shouldering their boxes of New Testaments and Gospels they stepped out cheerfully again on their long tramp over paths which but a few years before had been trodden wearily by slaves bearing ivory loads. "Behold to-day," wrote Mr. Crawford, "the grand sight of the Testament caravan twisting down the hillside—a singing band of young negroes ! When I called over the names and asked, 'Nobody sick on the road ?' 'Sick ?' remonstrated the lads ; 'the Testament does not give disease !'"

The mason's yard on the Station presented such a scene as could perhaps only be witnessed in Scotland. In opening up the quarry the Doctor had introduced a new and promising industry. The rock was a fine indurated mud-stone of a cool grey colour, well adapted to give beautiful architectural effects, and of a quality which hardened the longer it was exposed to the air. For the mason work the natives showed special aptitude, and were turning out first-rate results. Tombstones—which were in great request, as many as twenty being on order at one time—a cross for Tanganyika, a baptismal font for Bandawé, a Queen Victoria Memorial stone for Zomba, were types of what were being produced. Perhaps the best example of the men's skill was the Stevenson Stone, an Ionic cross erected near Karonga to the memory of Mr. Stevenson, with panels commemorating the work of the two missionary engineers, Stewart and M'Ewan. It stands strong and solitary on the edge of a high cliff overlooking the spot where Mlozi's stronghold was situated and at its feet the winding road associated with these three Europeans.

The Doctor's idea was that all the buildings, and especially the coming church, should be constructed of stone. "Let the work be of a permanent character," he said, "even if we have to hasten slowly." In order to train the hewers he decided to erect one house, the manse, out of the quarry, the blocks being stippled and unhewn at the corners. He saw, however, that the expense of a general building programme in stone would be objected to, and abandoned the intention : the only stone building on the Station—

and the only one in Central Africa—was, therefore, his own dwelling.

The Agricultural Department was training its own class of apprentices, creating a new type of cultivator, and disseminating a knowledge of better methods of harvesting the fruits of the earth. Keen on afforestation, the Doctor was planting out hundreds of thousands of trees on the hillsides and experimenting with cotton, coffee, tea, and other products. It tasked the energies of the Department to the utmost to supply all the food needed for the growing Station community.

Engineering and blacksmith work, lumbering, brickmaking, and sawmilling continued on an extensive scale ; and amongst minor activities were classes in skin-dressing, cord-making, and basket and mat-making.

The little post office—an honorary service—was one of the busiest spots on the Station. The letters handled in 1903 numbered 7463, the book packages 5240, and the parcels 305.

XVIII. A Political Triumph

In regard to Ngoniland, Sir Alfred Sharpe trusted the Doctor implicitly, and would make no move until he was satisfied that the time was ripe for taking over the country. "Write and tell me when you are satisfied," he said, "and I will act at once." This threw a heavy responsibility on the Doctor, for if he said the word and afterwards any untoward incident occurred through native hot-heads or tactless officials the fine work built up by Dr. Elmslie, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Stuart, and others might be wrecked. Nevertheless, the step, he felt, must now be taken. The old Chiefs were dying out ; tribal restraints were breaking down ; the people were scattering, and law cases were being carried to the nearest "bomas" or Government Stations. It was either Crown government or chaos and anarchy.

In April 1904 he wrote Sir Alfred to this effect, pointing out, however, that success would depend on the attitude of the man who was left in charge and how he respected the older natives who had long held positions of authority : these, he said, should be given minor posts of influence. Sir Alfred agreed, and did a thing the like of which was surely unparalleled in the story of British colonization. He went up into the wilds of Ngoniland to annex the country, unattended by the military, and taking only his wife with him.

But he first extended his journey to Livingstonia, where he spent two days with the Doctor, he and Lady Sharpe being the first guests in the new stone house, with which they were greatly pleased. "If only I could have got trained native workers," Sir Alfred remarked, "I would have built Zomba of stone." He was also impressed with the extent, variety, and complexity of the work going on at so great a distance from the centres of civilization.

Far into the night he and the Doctor sat and discussed the situation in Ngoniland in all its bearings, the Doctor endeavouring to speak the mind of the Ngoniland missionaries, as far as he knew it, as well as his own. Messengers were then dispatched south to call the Ngoni to an indaba, the most momentous in their history. The Commissioner was anxious that both Mr. Fraser and Mr. Stuart should be present—Dr. Elmslie was on furlough—lest the people might suppose the Mission was opposed to the change; but the Doctor, while acquiescing, said that the negotiations should be directly between the Government and the people. It was arranged, therefore, that the Commissioner should pitch his camp near Ekwendeni, and yet far enough from it to indicate independent action.

When the Commissioner and Lady Sharpe left in the morning the Doctor, following his usual custom, knelt down with apostolic simplicity and committed the visitors to the care and protection of God, and asked His blessing on the critical mission which was being undertaken. On the day fixed for the conference—2nd September—his thoughts were continually in Ngoniland, and his spirit was engaged in earnest prayer for the success of the meeting.

The Ngoni gathered in their thousands, Chiefs and indunas and fighting men, with spears and shields, the proudest and most warlike people in Central Africa, and the Commissioner walked into their midst to take away their independence, with all the implication which that involved—the surrender of their old care-free life, the submission to outside authority, the imposition of taxation—and he was alone. The few soldiers he had brought with him on his tour as a matter of form mingled, unarmed, with the spectators. Near by sat Lady Sharpe and Mrs. Stuart, the only women in the assembly. Mr. Fraser and Mr. Stuart were also there, looking on.

Sir Alfred sat in the midst of the circle, a Mission teacher by his side interpreting. His opening words disarmed suspicion, and as he went on the attention became quiet and favourable. There was to be no interference with the constitution of the tribe, the collectors coming rather to guide and strengthen and protect; the

police would be of their own people, and all past cases would be blotted out, and a new book opened. With patience and tact he answered all questions, and by sunset Ngoniland had been incorporated into the Empire.

It was a triumph for the Doctor and his colleagues, and Sir Alfred was not slow to acknowledge it. "I was surprised," he wrote to the Doctor, "to find the Chiefs already quite prepared and ready—if not even glad to accept the new condition of affairs: this is undoubtedly largely due to the influence exercised by your people. The real early work we have to thank you for, and the difficulties to be experienced in these days are not, after all, great compared with those which you had. Newcomers know little of those days and those troubles, but the ones who know our 'ancient' history are fully aware of the very great work carried out by you and your helpers." The Doctor calculated that the Mission had saved the Empire some £20,000 by this peaceful settlement—an estimate based on a statement made to him by Mr. Rhodes as to the probable cost of an expedition.

It was characteristic of the Doctor to think little of his own part and to send a cablegram to Dr. Elmslie in Scotland telling him of the crown that had been put upon his life-work.

The right man for the difficult position of magistrate was sent, and all continued well.

XIX. The Romance of the West

From the Doctor's point of view the outstanding development of these years was the extension of the work towards the west—the development of that third parallel line of stations which had been part of his original plan for the occupation of the country.

The story of the movement was in itself a romance. It arose out of the week-end itinerating, which had never ceased since the Doctor began it in the early days. This work produced a missionary spirit, which was fanned by the Doctor's frequent references to the needs of what he called, in his favourite phrase, the "regions beyond"—the country to the south, the home of the Henga and Tumbuka, the immediate west where the Poka dwelt, and the farther west, the domain of the Senga and other tribes.

With the new sense of security that had come with the cessation of raiding, a gradual redistribution of the population had taken place. The Poka had come out of their caves and down from their perches, and built along the flats, while the Henga and Tumbuka

straggled back to their old homes and gradually repeopled the Rukuru plain. The Lake villages had also been spreading out until they now ran almost continuously along the shore. Peace and leisure brought a recrudescence of heathenism, and vile revelries disturbed the serenity of the night. Evangelizing was peculiarly difficult work, but two by two the pupils went forth on Sundays and during vacations, and preached and taught in the villages, not receiving a farthing of pay for the service, but animated only by earnest spiritual impulse. It was not long before a healthier public opinion was created, and the people were building schools and churches. Then tours farther afield were organized.

The western area was as yet practically unknown. Nyamkowa, towering above the Station, was one of the outliers of an extensive mountain system called the Nyika plateau, some of the peaks of which rose to 10,000 feet, a wild, cold, wind-swept area, almost inaccessible, and completely uninhabited except for a few Poka villagers who lived a lonely individualistic half-animal existence in the more kindly glens. So bleak was the higher ground that natives travelling over it often succumbed. Once a party of workers returning from the Institution met with so bitter a temperature that two of the strongest and healthiest died beside the path. At a distance of four days' march the mountains descended into the Marambo or wide marshy plains of the Loangwa—the river flowing south to the Zambezi—where elephants, zebra, and eland roamed in great numbers. This was the country of the Senga, the Wemba, and the Wisa.

When volunteers were called for to spend the long vacation in these remoter districts of Northern Rhodesia, there was a quick response, and thirty-two were accepted, one an ex-raider and the nephew of the paramount Chief of the Ngoni. They had hard marching and trying experiences, for the western peoples only knew of war parties from the east carrying fire and spear through the land; they were received with suspicion, were opposed and refused meeting-places and food, lived in squalid huts, and were in constant contact with the grossest sin, but they stuck cheerfully to their task and came back full of enthusiasm. When, next vacation, volunteers were again asked for, it was feared that the response would be small: the pupils had not seen their home or friends for a year, but they willingly made the new sacrifice, and the band that shouldered their little bundles and left the Institution numbered fifty. They reached a point as far west as seven to eight days' journey, joining hands with the Loudon workers on the

south and those from Mwenzo on the north, all engaged in the same task of occupying the vast hinterland, an area of at least 30,000 square miles. In later years parties, guided by Europeans, penetrated as far as the Chambezi River and beyond.

The appearance of those clean, smart, intelligent Africans made a deep impression on the villagers and especially on the younger men ; here was a higher and sweeter type of life than they had hitherto known, and very soon deputations were on their way to Livingstonia, asking for permanent schools and teachers. Some were retained and trained, and by and by went back to be preachers and teachers in their own villages. It is an interesting fact that the first baptisms among the Senga people were the fruit of the missionary efforts of the native Presbyterian Church.

Not to be outdone by the normal students of the Institution, the apprentices in the Agricultural Department joined together and sent one of their number out west as a foreign missionary, paying his wages and food, and taking care of his garden work while he was absent. He was accompanied by three others from the same department, whose expenses were shared by the workers in the other departments.

An unexpected visit to the interior gave the Doctor a new insight into the conditions there, and led to another important development. Some trouble arising in the L.M.S. field on Lake Tanganyika, he was asked by the Directors of the Society in London to proceed to the district and report on the whole situation. Leave of absence was granted by the Home Committee, who appointed Dr. Chisholm of Mwenzo as his companion. Dr. Chisholm was an ideal missionary, quietly doing a remarkable work among the tribes on the high plateau between Nyasa and Tanganyika. To Mr. Binnie the Doctor wrote : " Do you remember saying to me long ago, ' I wish we could get the right man for the plateau ' ? Well, God gave us the right man, and the right woman, too. What a splendid work they have done ; one of the best bits in the Mission—they won't tell you this, though."

Mwenzo means " heart," and the name is appropriate for, on one hand, the rivers flow to the east ; on the other, to the west, the sources of the Chambezi, the head waters of the Congo, being on the Mission ground. When the Doctor reached the station in May 1905, he found eighty-one local communicants, took part in ordaining six to the eldership, and baptized thirty-one adults : nine years previously Communion had been held for the first time, and all the Christians were natives from a distance.

The two missionaries proceeded to Tanganyika, visited the stations of the L.M.S., and went as far west as Luanza, Mr. Dan Crawford's home, on the west side of Lake Mweru, and Lukonzolwa, the headquarters of the Congo Free State. One day the Doctor was introduced by Mr. Crawford to a number of Luban cannibals, who looked, he thought, somewhat inquisitively at him. They so deeply interested his carriers that their chief song afterwards on the road was, "We have been with the people who eat their fellow-men." "They had intelligent faces," said the Doctor, "and would make good servants of Christ." On another occasion he met a native who, when a boy, watched Dr. Livingstone's body being carried through his village on the march northwards from Chitambo. He gave an address which, according to Mr. Crawford, had a sequel. Years after, at a service a convert rose and said, "There came one day to our Lake a great man who preached of God, the same one this of whom the rumour has travelled far into the interior that he alone of all men made water to run up a steep hill. Well, he spoke to us the words of God, and I forgot all he said except one line, and that line I shall never forget. Once, twice, and yet again the Sing'anga said, 'The wages of sin are death, but the gift of God is eternal life.'"

The tour lasted three months, and Dr. Laws gave his impressions at length in *Aurora*. What struck him most was the peaceful condition of the country. "Ten years ago the tribes were flying at each other's throats when opportunity offered, to which amputated hands, noses, ears, lips, and gouged-out eyes still bear witness. Now, under the rule of the British Central African Administration and the British South African Company, there is a reign of peace. It seems hardly believable that a few officials scattered over the country, each with a handful of native policemen under him, should be capable of such a task. Still, the fact remains, and not only so, but we passed at least four centres where formerly Europeans were stationed, and now the condition of the country is such that the Europeans could be withdrawn and the section ruled from more distant centres. All the officials we met showed a lofty sense of justice, and many of them had a high appreciation of, and were deeply interested in, the peoples they had to govern, and were seeking their improvement in many ways. At several of these places the presence of a European lady changed a lonely station into a home, and surrounded the place with a new atmosphere of grace added to strength and forming its complement. Magistrate and missionary each has his duty to perform in the service of God,

and the combined work of both, helped by legitimate commerce, is working wonders in the regeneration of Africa."

Another truth borne in upon him was the physical impossibility of European missionaries overtaking the work that required to be done and the urgent need for trained native agents. "The future is full of promise," he concluded. "Africa is for the Church and the man who can work and pray and wait."

Giving his account of the journey, Dr. Chisholm wrote: "I was greatly impressed by the immense benefit to the work and advantage to young missionaries of a man of Dr. Laws' experience and sagacity paying a visit to each individual station." The Doctor's endurance was a wonder to the younger man. "Any friends at home who might have had anxiety as to his being capable of undertaking an overland journey of 1500 miles would have had their minds set at rest had they seen him do up to 20 miles' march in a day, sleep one night out in the open, all night in his machila with no ill-effects, and be carried in his machila less often than those who have been three years in the country instead of thirty."

One result of the trip was the decision on the part of the L.M.S. and the Garenganze Missions to send pupils for the complete course of normal instruction at Livingstonia. Seven L.M.S. lads accompanied the Doctor, and other nine arrived later along with some from Luanza. Another result arose out of a stirring appeal by the Doctor for volunteers to go into the great tracts of unevangelized country he had witnessed. One party of teachers with their wives left shortly afterwards for Lake Mweru—a six weeks' journey—and others followed for Tanganyika. It was an event of the first importance, for it raised the little community of disciples at Livingstonia to the rank of a missionary church. When some of the teachers returned on a visit in 1907 to appeal for more workers they brought additional lads to be trained and three "stowaways," who had trudged the long distance from Luanza to plead that they might be allowed to work during the day in order to attend the evening school. "I could not turn them away," said the Doctor. On another occasion some lads arrived from Kasama, a twenty days' journey. No one had sent them; they had heard that an educational institution existed somewhere on Lake Nyasa, and were determined to reach it and be taught. They had no money and all the places were filled, but they were examined and three accepted. All this demonstrated the value of the educational side of the Mission as an evangelistic agency. So conspicuous was the success

attained that it attracted the attention of the German missionaries and modified the views they held on the question.

The occupation of the west was completed by another movement, which seemed the natural consummation of the growth of the Mission. The heart of Dr. Livingstone lay buried at Lake Bangweolo, a region still unoccupied by the forces of the Gospel. When Mr. Codrington, the Administrator of North-Eastern Rhodesia, offered the Chitambo district to the Mission with the request that a medical missionary might be placed there, it was felt to be a privilege and honour to take possession of it for Christ. Health reasons precluded the planting of a station at the exact spot where the explorer died, but a station was opened on high land in the vicinity, and so Ilala-land, hallowed by poignant associations, came within the sphere of Livingstonia.

XX. Dark Days

Livingstonia had a genius for drawing the best men into its service, and the best had their own way of regarding things. They brought fresh views and advanced them with energy, but, as Dr. Elmslie once remarked, "New men with new ideas sometimes forget the past." There was occasional friction, misconception, and estrangement. "I have no desire to be an autocrat," Laws wrote, "nor do I practise the functions of one, seeking rather to consult with my colleagues, but this is made possible only by the recognition of authority. I find it difficult sometimes to decide when it is right to interfere with the liberty of those about me. To do so before there is any wrong done might do more harm than good, yet freedom easily runs over the borderland into serious evil. I hope never to lose sympathy with the aspirations of my younger colleagues, even though a quarter of a century's experience makes me unable to agree with the rate at which they wish to push ahead, or the wisdom of doing so. If their enthusiasm sometimes leads them beyond discretion, the strength of the enemy and a few bruises will chasten the zeal which it is better to have in superabundance than to find lacking."

It was not legitimate criticism that hurt him, but the attribution of motives far from his thoughts and foreign to his character. There was no man more sincere and selfless in all his activities. Never once throughout his career had he acted from personal considerations, but always for the good of the Mission, and he always preferred to see others advanced than himself; there was not a

trace of envy or jealousy or any mean quality in his nature. "There is," he said at this time, "only one Critic whose judgment of our motives and actions is competent to the uttermost and whose verdict cannot be challenged: to be enabled to walk humbly in His service is enough for me."

Though every human being has his limitations, there was much to be said for the Doctor's attitude. Throughout all these long years missionaries came and went, but he remained. His experience was worth much. Dr. Elmslie says that "the success of the work in Livingstonia is due, under God, to the fact that the mind of Dr. Laws—one directing mind—has been in it from the beginning." He had tested every condition, probed the native character to its depth, knew all the cross-currents of life in the land. Along with this knowledge went ripe judgment, singleness of aim, utter devotion. All this made him have faith in his own plans and withstand the storms that sought to upset things. Against these he stood up quiet, firm, unflinching; he did not get angry and fume; he might bend again and again, but he always returned to the old position, and in the end he usually carried his point. The movement of his policy was like that of a glacier, passionless, persistent, irresistible.

Those who had knowledge of his trials marvelled at his patience and self-restraint. Some member of the staff in an unguarded moment would flare up and say words that he afterwards regretted; the Doctor would stand looking at him sorrowful and silent, and never again refer to the matter, nor would it make the slightest difference in his attitude. "I always try to put myself in the place of others," he would say. "You never know what is worrying *them*, and it is the very earnestness of their service that makes them the more ready to see shortcomings in others." Some would write passionate letters, and his replies would be couched in calm, courteous, and conciliatory language. In his correspondence, and he wrote many thousands of letters, there is not a single unkind or uncharitable reflection on any of his colleagues—as one said, they could all be read at the Market Cross; but there are innumerable communications carrying sympathy and cheer, and whatever counsel he gave was not by way of dictation, but as a help from a brother who had himself stumbled through many difficulties and made many mistakes.

In his dark days he had two tried friends to whom he could always turn for sympathy and comfort. The first was Mr. Fairley Daly, now the honorary secretary of the Home Committee, who

conducted the affairs of the Mission with a skill, tact, and unwearied devotion of which few outsiders or onlookers had the least idea. The Doctor's relation to him was notable, for Mr. Daly was not only his official correspondent but his intimate confidant, one as kind and helpful as could be wished. The other was Dr. Hetherwick, of Blantyre, whose long experience of the country, strong and sagacious character, and attractive personality made him an ideal head of that great Mission. With him the Doctor could discuss matters with a freedom and frankness which he could not do with others. Welcoming Dr. Hetherwick back after furlough on one occasion, he wrote: "Somehow with old friends there comes a feeling of restful assurance of an immovableness from tried lines of action by winds of fashion or caprice that cannot be reposed in those new to the country."

It was a curious fact that though the missionaries might fall out with each other inside the Mission circle they were intensely loyal to one another; if a single depreciatory word were uttered against a particular member by outside persons, there was an instant call to arms and a vigorous defence set up on his behalf. So that the Doctor's attitude of forbearance, while based on the teaching of his Master, was also that of a shrewd and philosophic observer of human nature.

For a time he was in sore trouble over the division of opinion in the Home Committee in regard to the grant of land for the Institution. When the survey was finished it was found that the area gifted in fee-simple and without quit rent, but with mineral rights reserved, was 196 square miles, or 80 less than that within the provisional boundaries of 1898. The acquisition of so large a property alarmed many accustomed to small estates in Scotland, and they raised the spectres of costly management, rent-rolls, and tenancy difficulties. One prominent member said that the scheme would be a huge blunder and disastrous to the Mission. "The island of Bute contains 49 square miles, Arran 165; Dr. Laws wants us to acquire 300 square miles!" He charged the Doctor with wishing to become "a landlord, farmer, grazier, timber merchant, and water-power speculator." The Doctor repudiated the idea. "I have no desire," he replied, "to see the estate exploited for commercial advantage, but I do desire to see it used for the training of the natives and secured for the benefit of their children. I do not wish to throw away the opportunity of having for nothing what we or our successors will have to pay dearly for another day."

The objections were based on an insufficient appreciation of the situation. Long before—when he first went out to Nyasa—he wrote : " One of the greatest difficulties we encounter is to give people at home a real conception of our work and its surroundings, as well as the reasons guiding us to certain lines of action," and it was the same still. Such a large tract was necessary if the estate were to be in one compact block, and the arable soil, pasture, forest timber, water-supply area, and other needs were to be secured. " If," he said, " I had the making of the geology of the country, doubtless these could be put into 100 square miles or even a good deal less, but this is not in my power." Within the original boundaries there were not 10 square miles suitable for the plough. He pointed out that the estate would not be developed for decades, and would at first entail little or no charge for management. " If we reject God's offer, for to me it is nothing else, I believe we or our successors will bitterly regret it." But the controversy dragged on both in Livingstonia and Scotland without any decision being arrived at.

Another source of anxiety was the financing of the Institution. There was always the possibility of the income not squaring the expenditure, and many a black hour he had studying the accounts. On one occasion the position made him physically sick. " I have gone without my dinner in days gone by rather than be a penny in debt, and I have as great a horror of debt for my work here as I have for personal debt. It is horrible to feel that I am doing this unless help unknown to me is provided. There is only one refuge and help, and to our Father I go with the burden." And he never went in vain, for always when the outlook looked darkest came the means to tide him over the difficulty. How sensitive his conscience was concerning money matters may be judged from the fact that, receiving a newspaper containing inside a New Zealand bank-note, he communicated with the Postmaster-General at Zomba and sent a small sum to make up for the amount of which his correspondent had defrauded the revenue. At this time he was gravely questioning whether he was not receiving too much salary for the work he was doing.

Connected with the question of finance was the worry of keeping up with the office work and especially with the accounts. He was usually awake before 5 a.m., and after a cup of tea was at his Church History Class at 6 a.m. With intervals for breakfast and dinner he was busy until 5 or 6 p.m., and had often a late night at the books and correspondence. So thorough was he in his methods that once

"a wretched sevenpence" of difference in a balance-sheet gave him hours of weary labour. A native clerk was beginning to be of some assistance, but it was with a sense of relief that he heard that Mr. T. Cullen Young, C.A., a son of the Rev. Dr. Young, Home Mission Secretary of the Church, had volunteered as a business missionary for Livingstonia. He fulfilled the hopes of the Doctor, who exclaimed, "Would that he had been here two years past!" Here is what this expert in figures wrote to the Committee:

"I am sorry that my first attempt to comply with your request for an early remittance of accounts should have so completely failed. I am able now to enter into the difficulties which surrounded the annual balances of the past, and I would like you to know that I do not see how it could have been made possible for you to have received such an early remittance of accounts as you wished. It is only fair that the strain and the worry at this end should not be forgotten. To-day I see the work of Dr. Laws, lessened as it is by relief from the office work, and I wish I could make it possible for you to realize what one means when one speaks of it. The additional burden laid upon him in the office was not, as one had the idea at home, a small matter, and the weight of it at times must have been far from tolerable. You have no idea of what the office work here is. Its extent is not in the way of daily routine so much as in the irregular and multitudinous calls it made upon the time and thought of one whose work was already more than should be expected of any one man. The task which fell to Dr. Laws during these years was one the extent of which you have never grasped; indeed, I believe that its extent can never, and will never, be grasped by any who do not from personal experience understand the circumstances which obtain in this country. In the face of all these things I found on my arrival a complete system of book-keeping with books—not up to date, certainly, but having data so organized and arranged that it was a matter of only a few weeks before things were put right."

But perhaps what vexed him most was the stream of moral disappointments and failures encountered in the course of the work among the people. Each new case was like a severe blow in the face. It was not an easy matter to judge when a candidate was fit for baptism. "Knowledge is essential, but practice is the test of knowledge," he would say, and it was in the practice that the weakness showed. With all his experience and knowledge as a medical man he was yet often surprised anew and sick at heart at the filth and degradation that welled up from unsuspected quarters within the borders of the Church. Some of the cases, he

declared, were "worse than death." It was often the finest minds, too, that felt temptation the keenest: one of the most promising boys, who had been the means of bringing not a few to Christ, succumbed; he saved others, himself he could not save, and a sin twice committed ruined the hopes entertained of him. Capable teachers would be dismissed, and their next appearance was in the hospital. The Doctor was bitterly distressed, and was haunted by doubts whether he had done all he could for them. Following the example of his Master, he dealt compassionately with the offenders, but was firm in requiring genuine penitence. "I have never regretted showing leniency in cases of discipline outside the seventh commandment," he said, "but whenever I have shown it in cases where that commandment was broken I have regretted it. It is right to forgive, but to put a man back in the same position is a different thing. One has to think of the effect it has on the people. I can compromise, but there are certain matters of principle on which I am adamant." As he wrote to a preacher who had sinned and was sitting in sackcloth and ashes: "It is good that you have repented, but if a man's leg is bitten off by a crocodile he may be very sorry that he put his leg into the hole where the crocodile was, but that will not bring back his leg. The sin you have done may be repented of, but that will not make people who do not love Christ believe in you or listen to you when you try to teach the Ten Commandments."

How simply and earnestly he appealed to any who meditated a departure from the right is shown in the following letter to a Chief:

"I have a letter from Mr. Stuart, and in it I am told that you are thinking of taking another wife. Surely this cannot be true, for you have been taught God's Word and you know His will. You said you believed in Christ as your Saviour, and promised that you would obey His Commandments—you surely do not intend to break your promise—you surely do not intend to sin against God and grieve the Lord Jesus Christ. If you do this thing and give up Christianity, you will commit a grievous sin, and instead of happiness you will find misery. Bad men may laugh with you and rejoice in getting you to join them in evil, but you will bring shame on the cause of Christ and His Church. . . . Dear—do stop; do not make God angry with you and your people, but repent and put away that evil from you—I write this in sorrow because I love. I beseech you to keep to the pure ways of God."

This question of polygamy was one of the vexed problems of

the native church. The Doctor's fundamental position was simple: "God's ideal of one man one woman for life, and that ideal brought into practice in the Church at the earliest possible moment with the least injustice to all concerned."

Some thought he was too hopeful and trustful where the Christians were concerned, but no one had a clearer vision of all the elements in the situation. He knew the weakness of the native and that he could not stand alone; to give him too much responsibility was a source of danger. Yet he had to be taught to stand on his own feet. "Responsibility steadies a man, and with a Christian wife and a Christian home we need have no undue fears. We may feel distrust and be disappointed at times, but God works through imperfect agents; we must be chary of limiting the power of the Holy Ghost in Africa. Let us trust more the Spirit of God to work in and through the native Christian, a very different thing from trusting the native agent. The devil is strong, but Christ is stronger."

XXI. Silver Wedding

The silver-wedding day of the Doctor and Mrs. Laws in August 1904 was not forgotten by the staff. A holiday was given to the pupils and workers, and the Station was decorated. A thanksgiving service, conducted by Charles Domingo, was held, and at this Yuraia read an address on behalf of the natives. Then the people feasted at the Homestead, the Doctor providing two bullocks for the occasion. The Europeans entertained the Principal and Mrs. Laws to a dinner in the evening. At the head of the table sat the Rev. J. S. Moffat, C.M.G., son of Dr. Moffat and brother-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, who was on a visit to his son in the Mission, and on the walls hung a tattered white ensign, which had flown on the *Search* in 1867 and on the *Ilala* in 1875, and also the Doctor's blue flag with the white dove. An illuminated address of affectionate appreciation, signed by thirty-one Europeans, placed in a casket of beautifully grained native wood, and a silver table-centre or vase with African ornamentation, were presented to the Sing'anga and his lady.

Into the happy atmosphere created by this event came the disturbing news that the House of Lords had decided against the United Free Church and that the small minority who had refused to enter the Union were in possession of the funds and properties of the Church. With a sense of stupefaction the Mission Council

met, but there was no dubiety about their attitude. They affirmed their belief that the Union was of the will of God, and they were ready to share with their brethren at home whatever might be involved. " Whether God intends us to carry on the work or means to entrust it to others," the Doctor said, " our duty is to go quietly on in the meantime. I only dread lest rancour or malice or evil thoughts and words should be mixed up with the convictions of either party to impair the blessing likely to come out of the trouble." What he instantly thought of was the effect on the Mission. Livingstonia was like a ship under full sail, and as a wise captain he always kept a close watch on the weather in order to shorten sail at the slightest indication of danger. Realizing that the liberality of supporters would be crippled, he slowed down the rate of building and delayed other developments. " We shall wait," he said, " until God sends us the means for anything beyond what is already promised."

In October he was down at Blantyre at the second Missionary Conference, which was attended by between fifty and sixty missionaries. The Doctor—" the father of us all," as Dr. Hetherwick affectionately termed him—was elected President. When at a public meeting he gave an account of British Central Africa in 1875 almost every European in the district, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, listened to what was to them a strange and fascinating story. Mrs. Laws presided at the section on Women's Work. During the Conference the Blantyre and Livingstonia Presbyteries met with a view to uniting in a common Synod.

In 1906 he heard of the illness of Dr. Stewart, and wrote at once to cheer him with news of the progress of the Mission, which owed to him its existence and name. His death brought about a serious loss to Livingstonia, for Mr. Henderson, whose organizing gifts and exacting ideals had brought up the educational department to a high pitch of efficiency, was called to fill the post at Lovedale. His place was taken by the Rev. D. R. Mackenzie, M.A., another of the statesmanlike men who have devoted their gifts to the Mission.

A new stage in the political evolution of the country was reached in 1907, when it became the Nyasaland Protectorate, with a Governor and Executive and Legislative Councils, the latter including official and unofficial members nominated by the Crown. Sir Alfred Sharpe was the first Governor. Dr. Laws was strongly of opinion that the natives, who formed the great majority of the population and were now paying something like £31,000 in hut tax, should have some means of expressing an opinion on public matters and

legislative changes which concerned themselves. This would bring the responsible class to the side of constitutional government and peace, and prevent them becoming the prey of demagogues with a party or racial cry. His idea was some sort of native council, with limited powers at first, but becoming more liberal as the experiment was justified by results. He was, as usual, far ahead of his time, but the absolute wisdom of the proposal was undeniable. Had South Africa adopted such a policy, the racial position would not have been as acute as it is to-day, the complete ignoring of the natives as a factor in the national life being the chief cause of the menacing situation that has developed there.

When a wish was expressed by the leading members of the Church at Livingstonia that the natives should meet together in conference to discuss the special problems in which they were interested, the Doctor welcomed the idea as in line with his views, and it was carried into effect, the first meeting being held under the auspices of the Presbytery and lasting for six days. There was much that was encouraging in the discussions, the one unsatisfactory note being that many of the Christians were unsympathetic on the subject of the position of women. It was still commonly held that the chief work of the latter was to be the drudge of man.

At this time the Doctor drew up a list of the publications which had issued from the printing press. Of books of the Bible as many as 37,310 copies had been turned out; of miracles and parables, 4500; of Harry's Catechism and similar works, 7200; of school primers in eight languages, 42,000; of first, second, and third readers, 18,000; of hymn-books in seven languages, 19,600.

With so many married missionaries now on the Station there was no lack of young life cheering the lives of the workers. The children were a great delight to the Doctor, and he was never too busy or too tired to turn aside for a few moments to talk or play with them. "Don't apologize," he would say to a mother, as he gently disengaged a fearless baby's fingers making havoc of his beard. "You don't know what a pleasure it is to have some one who does not stand in awe of the crusty Principal."

"I am sure," writes a missionary's wife, "that every mother who has lived at the Institution will remember days and nights when she thanked God for the Sing'anga and his healing skill. In grave crises, when little lives seemed to hang in the balance, one felt, whenever the Doctor came into the room, as if he were ready to fight death itself. There were many happy Christmas days at the Institution when the service was brightened by the presence of the

white children—the babies as well. Sometimes a little restless mite would break away from its father or mother and toddle off to keep the Doctor company at the reading-desk. How the Doctor's face lighted up as he went on with his Christmas address, his hand resting lovingly on the little one's head."

On another occasion a little boy moved across to the platform and climbed up the steps and stood beside him. The Doctor lifted him up and, holding him with his left arm, pronounced the benediction with the right.

Sometimes there were interruptions which reminded the Doctor of early days. A lizard once ran across the floor towards the desk, followed by a snake. The Doctor proceeded, as if unconscious of their presence; he let the lizard pass, but as the snake came on after its prey he lifted his big boot and, without stopping, quietly and deliberately planted it upon the creature, the fascinated audience watching its tragic end.

XXII. With Honour Crowned

During the autumn months of 1907 Mr. Daly had been hinting that the Doctor was to be proposed as Moderator of the General Assembly of 1908; none knew better than he, for he was behind the movement. The Doctor treated the matter as a pleasantry; it was the highest honour the Church could confer on its distinguished servants, and he felt he had done nothing to justify it coming to him. Mr. Fraser, arriving from furlough, confirmed the report; he was to be nominated when the Standing Committees of the Church met in November. He was much perturbed. "I have no ambition to be Moderator," he said. "If the Church lays her commands on me I shall be forced to face the possibility, but I shrink from it."

The Committees met on 19th November; he ought, if he were chosen, to receive the customary cablegram asking him to accept on the 20th. When that day passed he felt unutterable relief. "Some other one," he thought, "more worthy of the honour and better fitted to fill the position has been selected." As the days came and went without the silence being broken he dismissed the subject from his mind. On the 29th he was on his rounds of the Station when the black telegraph boy handed him a telegram: "Unanimously nominated Moderator; wire acceptance." Dispatched on the 19th, the message had been delayed ten days on the way. He had been proposed by Dr. George Robson, editor of the

Missionary Record, who said the practice of electing a former Free and United Presbyterian minister alternately should cease, and there could be no better way of inaugurating the new system than by nominating one who represented both and was twenty-five years older than any of them as a United Free Churchman.

The Doctor's heart sank; he had no relish for the position and the publicity and stir which it involved. What influenced him was the thought that it was a recognition, not so much of his individual service as of the work of the whole Livingstonia staff, and in this spirit he cabled back, "Obediently accept nomination," and determined to use the great opportunity given to him to further the general mission cause of Christ.

All who loved that cause rejoiced that the first missionary-Moderator of the united Church was to be the pioneer of Livingstonia. Of the congratulations that poured in upon him there were few he valued more than those from his own colleagues. The Council, the Presbytery, the missionaries, his native friends, all expressed their delight at the honour conferred upon him. Dr. Elmslie's letter gave him "dim eyes." Commenting on it, he wrote: "Human friendship, Christian human friendship, is one of the greatest gifts God has given His people, and the expression of it while they are on earth and in need of it is more valuable than ten canonizations of them when they are safely out of the way in heaven."

The feeling amongst the natives may be gauged by the following extract from a letter sent to Scotland by a bursar:

> "We are hearing that Dr. Laws is coming there (going home), and will stay for two years. We wish him to see his friends and perhaps rest for a short time, but on the other hand we do not wish him to stay in Scotland. We shall be very sorry to lose him. If we knew that he is to stay there without coming here I am sure our chiefs will say that you had better bring us there too with our children. The whole of our land will weep and catch him and stop his loads going. We wish him to be buried here, and Mrs. Laws also. We wish to bury them ourselves. They have been given to us by God. They are not Europeans now, they are Africans. Our fathers and Dr. Laws tell us of things thirty years ago in this country. We do not call him Dr. Laws, but 'Our father.'"

The Doctor was a child in all matters relating to the Moderatorship, but Mr. Daly was the kindest of counsellors, while others like Mr. (now Sir) R. R. Simpson, Depute Clerk of the Assembly, and Dr. Robson also rallied to his aid, and everything was done to ease his path in so generous and considerate a way that he felt ashamed and humbled.

One question that agitated a number of his friends was whether he would wear the traditional robes of office. A predecessor, Dr. Hutton, a foe to all State associations, had not done so, and it was thought that the Doctor, being a former United Presbyterian and a plain man, would follow his example. One person was so distressed that he wrote to the Doctor saying that if he did not wear the breeches and lace he saw nothing for it but to go over to the Episcopal Church. "Poor creature," was the Doctor's comment. "What about the clothes of the Carpenter of Nazareth?" He never cared a straw for public opinion so far as he was personally concerned, but in this as in all other matters he subordinated his own feelings and desires to the course which would best further his Master's kingdom. Not to wear the Court dress he thought might emphasize the difference between the Church of Scotland and his own Church, and needlessly irritate members of the former communion. In the case of Dr. Hutton, whose views were so well known and who was so greatly honoured, no offence was taken, but it might be otherwise with him. "I am at the service of the Church," he said, "in these trifles as in things of greater importance, and cannot consider my own inclinations, and so I shall wear the historic dress." Glasgow and Aberdeen wished to give him the robes, but Livingstonia claimed the right, and at the meeting of the first native Conference the presentation was made. His chief pleasure in wearing them lay in the fact that they were largely the gift of those he loved and had sought to serve in Central Africa.

When he was on the point of leaving Livingstonia he learnt that the name of Dr. Mackichan, the distinguished Indian missionary, had also been before the Committee, and he wrote to him at once expressing his great regret that he had not been elected, adding that he had once suggested him when the question of a missionary Moderator was under consideration. Dr. Mackichan replied in a most generous spirit, and no one rejoiced more than Dr. Laws when, in later years, he also was called to the Moderator's chair.

The Doctor and Mrs. Laws sailed from Florence Bay in January 1908, no longer in the *Ilala*, which had been sold, taken to pieces, conveyed to Chindé, and refitted for service there—to sink later in the river where she now lies. On this occasion he left, throughout the whole Mission, 8 central stations, 43 European missionaries, 9 native congregations and 3 licentiates, 4500 communicants, 30,000 under instruction, 500 schools, 1000 qualified teachers, 53,000 scholars, and a native community of 14,000.

At Blantyre he attended a conference on education with the

Government, which now agreed to give a small grant of £1000 to assist the school work of the Missions. It was distributed on somewhat rough-and-ready lines, based on the returns of the Missions, which were willing to accept aid, and amounted to less than twopence per scholar as contrasted with a similar grant of fifteen shillings per pupil in Cape Colony. It was less than a tenth of that provided by the Missions themselves.

One day came the startling telegraphic news of the death of Lord Overtoun, from whom the Doctor had just received a letter in which he said he was looking forward with joy and pride to seeing him in the Moderator's chair. The sense of personal bereavement and of the loss of interest and sympathy and guidance which the event involved was overwhelming. "He understood me as few men have ever done," wrote the Doctor, "and I thank God as many will for the memory of his friendship and the power of his example. He taught me to trust God more fully and know Him better than any other had been able to do." Then came the realization of what the withdrawal of this great Christian force would mean to the Mission—lower income, fewer reinforcements, abandoned work. Lord Overtoun had given £50,000 in one way or another to the work; he was paying nearly £1000 per annum in salaries and as much again for buildings, and the Doctor had a vision of cables being dispatched to Livingstonia ordering construction to cease—which was actually the case. But his faith rose superior to the blow. "God raised up one steward and He can raise up others. We must trust Him, dark though it is, and we cannot see our way." Lady Overtoun, brave in her sorrow, wrote to him: "I think God took him because too many depended on him and not on God. We all leant too much on him, and he was worn out." One result of the crisis, the Doctor believed, would be the proposal to unite the Livingstonia Committee with the General Foreign Mission Committee of the Church, which, in his view, must sooner or later come.

From the coast he proceeded north, and arrived at Naples to see snow on the hills and cherry and apple trees in bloom on the shores. Dr. Gordon Gray, who had long been in charge of the work at Rome, came on board with Amy, now grown up, bright, attractive, and capable, with a fluent command of French, German, and Italian. After a visit to Pompeii they went on to Rome, where Miss Gray received them. It was the happiest of family reunions. "I never understood before," said the Doctor, "what Bethany was to our Lord."

XXIII. Moderator's Year

The General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland consists of a thousand ministers and laymen, who meet in Edinburgh for a week in May. It is the chief Church event of the year, and the proceedings excite keen interest. The Moderator, who presides over the deliberations of the members, is naturally its most conspicuous figure, though he has little to do with the actual directing of affairs, which is in the hands of experienced officials and leaders. In introducing the Doctor, his predecessor, Dr. M'Crie, remarked humorously that on this occasion the Assembly would be well ordered and peaceful since it was under the reign of "Laws."

The Doctor's opening address was the finest he ever gave, well balanced, lofty in tone, pervaded with the historic sense, of wide breadth of interest, and thoroughly practical in suggestion. It focused the thoughts of the Assembly on the tremendous function of the Church as the most potent force in the world.

He felt much calmer than he expected; prayer, he was sure, was being offered for him, for never in his life had he been more sustained. He was right. Away in Livingstonia the missionaries were praying that he might be strengthened. At Blantyre Dr. Hetherwick and his staff were remembering him. "God bless them all for it," he wrote out when he heard of it. "After this experience I shall face anything backed by such love and prayer."

He fulfilled all his duties with a quiet and simple dignity. The impression he made was that of a modest and unassertive man who made no pretence to oratory and spoke with direct earnestness; but to thoughtful observers there was that about him which suggested a strong and resolute will and immense reserve stores of purpose and power.

It proved to be an historic Assembly. A communication from the Church of Scotland was read, seeking conference with the United Free Church with a view to ultimate union, a matter in which the Doctor was deeply interested. One of the letters he had received contained the advice, "Speak little from the chair, pray much in it." While Dr. Henderson was making his great plea in favour of conference, one of the many notable utterances of that ecclesiastical statesman, the Moderator was in spirit bowing in supplication before God, asking that Divine guidance and wisdom might be vouchsafed to the speaker, and he said afterwards, "The loving Father heard and answered." When Dr. Henderson's motion was carried, Dr. Cameron Lees, one of the leading men of

the Church of Scotland, came hurrying up to Laws, wrung his hand, and said, "I thank God for this." It was the beginning of that long series of negotiations which is apparently to culminate in a united Christian Scotland.

The crowning interest of the week for the Doctor lay in the missionary meeting, always an inspiring gathering, but doubly so with a missionary Moderator in the chair. In his address to the outgoing missionaries he mingled the spiritual and practical notes in his characteristic way, but it was not without reason that he urged them to learn what had been already done in the field, and not criticize too hastily the methods they found in existence. "I was struck," says one who heard him, "with the straightforward and almost severe simplicity of his concluding testimony—'After thirty-three years of a rough-and-tumble experience, which I hope it will never be your lot to know, I can only say that if I had my choice, and even knowing what was before me, I would go forth to-day to the missionary field.'"

His reception was attended by many distinguished persons, including Mr. Lloyd George, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. There was also another Chancellor of the Exchequer present, specially invited by himself, who, he whimsically remarked, was much the more remarkable of the two and far more economical in method—Mrs. Smith, his old landlady in Edinburgh, who had been so careful in the management of his meagre resources when he was a student at the Divinity Hall.

On the Sunday afternoon he addressed a meeting for men. "I speak to you," he said, "as a working man." The idea that workmen had no place in the Church he characterized as sheer humbug, pointing to the position of Christ and the views He held. He always maintained that Christ was a Socialist, though His method of attaining the desired goal was quite opposite to those of the modern Socialist. He used to illustrate the position thus: "The modern Socialist says, 'A has more land or other property than myself (B), C, and D, therefore let us strip A of his extra possessions and make B, C, and D equal with A'; on the other hand, Christ says to A, 'You have much, you see B, C, and D need help, therefore share with them.'"

When the Assembly met for its final sitting it was his painful duty to announce the death of Principal Hutton, one of the great stalwarts of the Church, for whom he had a warm affection. His closing address dealt with the question of Union. "Although," as one said, "the passion of his life-work was not only his master passion,

but his only one, he almost forgot Africa for a time, and stated the case for Union with statesmanlike wisdom." Many of them, he declared, would yet see it consummated. It was God's purpose and will for the Church.

Although the Moderator is only chairman or president of the General Assembly for the time being, he is commonly regarded as the representative head of the Church as a whole, and his year of office is filled with a continuous round of public engagements. In view of the strenuous months lying before him, the Doctor and Mrs. Laws spent July and August at Pontresina, Switzerland, where Dr. Gray conducted services in summer; it was the longest holiday he had enjoyed in his life.

On his return he travelled up and down the country, giving one or two addresses practically every day. He had heard in Livingstonia of a poor girl who had relinquished tea and sugar in order to give the money to the Mission. Addressing a children's meeting in Perth, he referred to this act of self-denial. When he finished, the minister said, pointing to a girl in the audience, "There's your lassie, Doctor." When he spoke to her, she told him that her grandmother, who was over ninety, was eager to see the Moderator, but was unable to walk. "Then," he said, "I'll go and see her," and proceeded in his robes to the house. The old lady was overwhelmed by the honour conferred upon her, but what most took her feminine fancy was the lace! At Lanark he made kindly inquiries after the church officer who had rebuked him when a student, but was told that he had died some years before. Coming out of a meeting one night he heard two girls discussing him. "Ay," declared one, "he's seen a bit o' the world, yon yin!"

He found a fresh force at work in Church life, the eager, insurgent spirit of youth, applying new methods and creating a fresh interest in missions; and from all he saw he gained renewed hope. "I have no fear," he said, "of the foreign mission cause not being supported in the future."

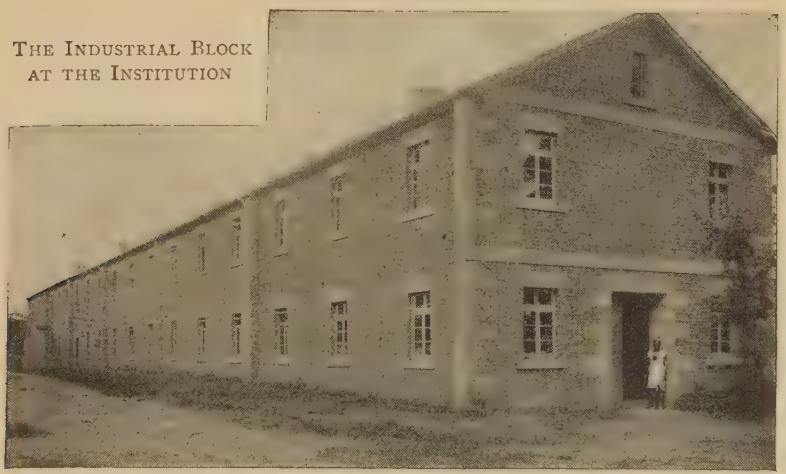
He told the National Bible Society what they were doing to civilize Africa, and what the people thought of it. "A labourer's wage is one penny or a penny-halfpenny per day. Well, one native congregation sent £10 for your Society; another £5. A labourer's wage in this country is 2s. 6d. a day at least; multiply your £10 by twenty and you have £200—that is the real measure of the African gift, and helps you to understand the sacrifice and gratitude behind it."

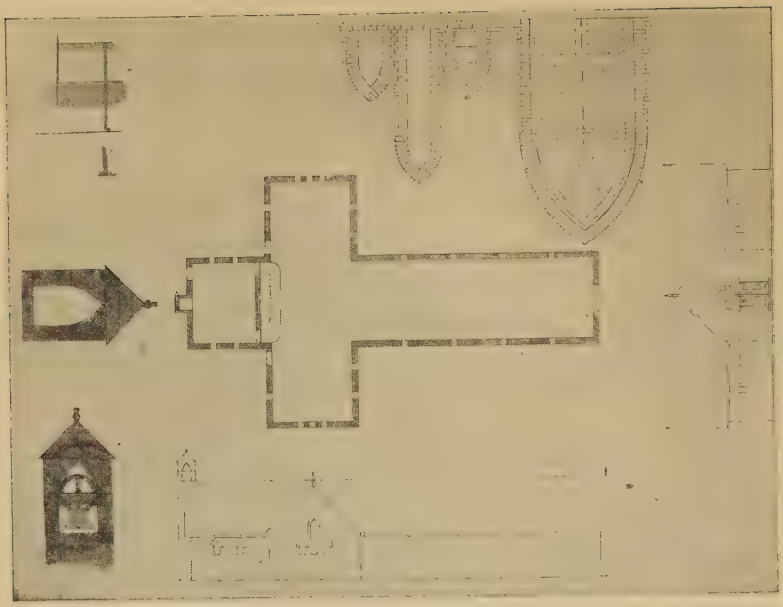
Asked by the Senatus of Glasgow United Free Church College

THE MANSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATEAU

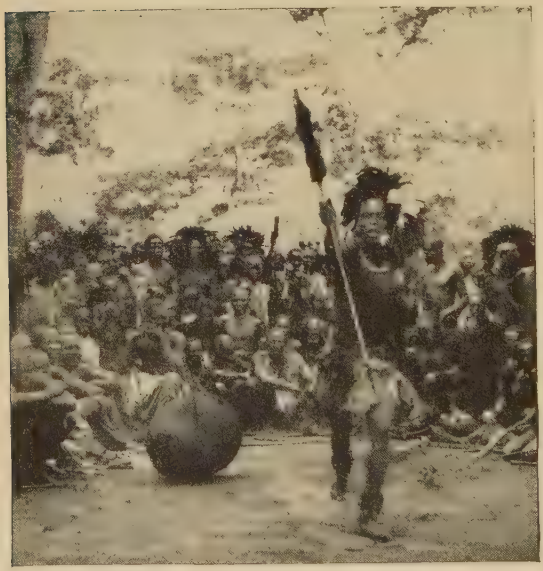
ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING THE LAKE AND THE WEIRD EVENING EFFECT (p. 361)

THE INDUSTRIAL BLOCK AT THE INSTITUTION





THE DOCTOR'S PLAN OF KARONGA CHURCH
This is a specimen of his skill as an architect



A NGONI WAR-DANCE OF THE PRESENT DAY

to give some help in carrying on the work of the late Dr. Hislop's chair, he lectured to the students of the fourth year ; and in addition to preaching in the College Chapel, Aberdeen, he delivered one of the Murtle Lectures, taking as his subject, " The Problem of the Evangelization of Central Africa," in which he dealt with the social conditions of the natives and the policies involved in educating and training them. Again appointed to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, he travelled to America in 1909. Here he met a lady who supported six missionaries ; on being teased about wearing an old hat, she said she could not afford a new one as she wished a new missionary ! A visit to the Y.M.C.A. conference at Northfield made Livingstonia widely known amongst the members of that movement.

His correspondence during these months formed a curious medley of communications from distinguished men and business firms and cranks. He could not reply to all, but answered every reasonable request. One asked a message for the collectors for the Central Fund. " With all my heart," he wrote, " for they are rendering a magnificent service to the Church of Christ. I often think of the ideal collector punctually going her round, through sunshine and rain, with tactful earnestness and gentleness doing her work, representing the Master Himself, as she goes about among the people receiving the freewill offerings of their love to Him."

Now and again came a letter which cheered him. He was always excessively modest about his influence upon others ; his conscience would allow him to point only to two or three whom he had been the means of bringing to Christ in his lifetime, and when, therefore, a well-known Indian statesman wrote and told him of the power he had exercised in his life, he was a humbled but grateful man. " Such acknowledgments," he said, " are like a cup of cold water to parched lips."

Dr. Ballantyne got him to sign his name in his " Missionaries' Wish Book." What he put down was, " The Regions Beyond —I'll try." Underneath comes the words, " Margaret Laws— I'll help."

His chief concern, however, was for Livingstonia. Through the exertions of Mr. Binnie,—now the convener of the Committee,— Mr. Daly, and others, sufficient funds were secured to tide over the difficulty caused by the death of Lord Overtoun, but the future had to be faced. He was asked what stations could be given up. " None," he replied ; " we need more." " What work could be dropped at the Institution ? " " None. Let us not lower its

ideal," he pleaded. "We must not have a parochial idea of its destiny. It ought to stand for the highest education in Central Africa. To lower our flag would be to spell defeat."

Nevertheless, considerable reduction was effected throughout the field, and he was forced back on his old conclusion that the final remedy for shortage of funds was to develop a native self-supporting Church.

The question of the size of the estate was thoroughly discussed between him and the Committee, who came to see the force of his arguments, and after prolonged consideration agreed to sanction the acceptance of an area of 164 square miles. But that did not finish the matter. A correspondence followed with the British South Africa Company, which added to the complications of the situation and to the Doctor's anxieties, but he continued to be upheld by the conviction that what God meant them to have they would obtain in due time.

The proposal to amalgamate the work of the Committee and the Church Committee was, as he foresaw, made, and he was asked to submit his views, which he did in a long statement. He believed the Mission could still stand alone, but the mind of the Church as a whole was the deciding factor, and as far as he could judge, the desire was to solidify all the foreign mission work. This work and all the home work as well, he maintained, would not be adequately done until the apostolic plan of weekly giving was adopted, and he suggested that a collecting-book should be used, having a column for foreign missions and one for congregational and general purposes, thus anticipating the principle of the weekly freewill offering scheme which came later into wide favour. The Foreign Mission Committee, however, could not then, with all its other great responsibilities, undertake this fresh burden, and the amalgamation was postponed, though arrangements were made for securing the necessary support for the work in Livingstonia.

Adding to his other activities, he spent three months in bringing his medical knowledge up to date in view of the work at the new Hospital, taking a post-graduate vacation course at the University of Edinburgh, the classes including pathological bacteriology, tropical diseases, medical entomology and protozoology, and public health. This involved an attendance from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., with an occasional hour in the evening. For the coming hospital he secured the services of Miss E. B. Cole, assistant matron at the Glasgow Western Infirmary. His purchases on this furlough included two polled Angus bulls, a fire-hose, a Pelton wheel, glass,

paints and oils, and endless ironmongery and engineering supplies. The Pelton wheel was for the sawmill : it proved its efficiency by doing more work in a day than had been done in a week.

Edinburgh was in the midst of preparations for the Missionary Conference of 1910 when he and Mrs. Laws left in December. They proceeded by the eastern route and spent a time at Rome. To Lord Shaw the Doctor wrote his impressions of Italy, drawing a sad and gloomy picture of ecclesiastical impotency and low social morality. What amazed him was the fact that nearly all the women of the working class carried knives for protection. "There is more honesty and purity on the west side of Nyasa," he said, "than there is in Rome."

XXIV. The Awesome Hospital

It was a new experience for the Doctor to whirl up from the lower Shiré round the Cataract hills to Blantyre in a railway train. The track had recently been opened, the first link of that continuous line which was to connect Cape Town with Lake Nyasa.

To his sorrow he came across Charles Domingo, who, in his ambition and folly, had left Ngoniland and become mixed in some degree with the Ethiopian movement. This had been introduced by the Joseph Booth who had heard the Doctor at Cape Town, and had carried out his intention of visiting the country. He had projected a scheme for an industrial mission, which for a time had official favour, and had enticed a number of teachers from their allegiance to the Livingstonia Mission. But his teaching introduced that spirit of racial antagonism which, guided by undisciplined and pushing natives, always becomes subversive of orderly conditions, and he was deported. He took one of his disciples named Chilembwe, a Yao, to America and had him educated at a negro college, where he was ordained after three years' study. Returning to Nyasaland he carried on the same kind of propaganda, recruiting followers from the class of men with a grievance or those under discipline by the Missions.

It was with Chilembwe that Domingo had dealings, but he never seems to have agreed with his extreme views, and when the Doctor met him he had broken with the sect, though his position was still dubious. He was ill, and the Doctor prescribed for him. Soon afterwards he endeavoured to obtain a footing on the Lake shore, but the Chiefs hinted that his presence was not agreeable, and he made again for Ngoniland, where he established a pretentious

mud church, the pulpit and pews being of the same material, and gathered a following, his influence, unlike Chilembwe's, being for good.

The blow sustained by this defection was softened to the Doctor when he arrived at Bandawé. Here he conducted a Communion service, at which 1643 natives sat down at the Table—a contrast to that early scene when he baptized the first local convert. He still bulked largely in the imagination of the people : the Chiefs did him reverence, addressing him by half a dozen names of honour before opening the conversation, and they were garrulous with reminiscence. At a post-Communion service an elder told how he had been a slave and had been sold and resold some half-dozen times for a basketful of cassava and an eagle's plume and head-dress ; on one occasion he had been given as a pledge for a debt. Then hearing of the settlement of the Mission at Bandawé, he fled from his owner and reached the Station, where he heard Dr. Laws preaching on Isaiah lxv. 25, and urging the people to open their hearts to the love of God, which would put an end to war among the tribes. "'Put your faith in God,'" the Sing'anga said, "'obey His word, and the leopard shall yet lie down with the lamb and the kid in the same kraal in peace. In my heart I said, 'White man, you lie!' And yet, what do I see now? The leopard and the lamb together at peace, indeed. Ngoni and Tonga here at the same Communion table!"

The "wine" used at Communion, it may be stated, was juice made from oranges, lemons, or other fruits : in the absence of these at some remote out-station a tin of jam might be opened and the preserve mixed with water and strained—"and," added the Doctor, when mentioning the fact, "the Master's presence on these occasions could not be denied."

At Livingstonia the Doctor's chief work was to continue and complete the David Gordon Memorial Hospital, which had been begun in his absence. Yuraia, now the oldest native member of the Station, gave a speech on this occasion, saying they had ceased to wonder at the successive developments at the Institution and "were prepared for anything." The site was on the edge of the plateau, where the wards were swept by the fresh winds from the Lake. Constructed of terra-cotta brick, it was the finest block of buildings so far erected. The administration and out-patient department occupied the centre. It contained a hall where services were held in the morning with all who were present, two laboratory rooms where microscopic and research work was

done, a dispensary and two consulting rooms, one of which was specially fitted for ophthalmic operations. At the back, and connected by a covered way, was the operating theatre, with a "recovery" room, and a sterilizing apartment with stores.

On the north side was the men's pavilion, a large, general ward, a small ward for special cases, a duty room for native nurses, and storerooms. On the south was the women's pavilion, a duplicate of the other. All the buildings had water supply, drain pipes, electric lighting, cement walls coated with green enamel, and cement floors, and the operating theatre had also electric heating.

The opening ceremony took place in August 1911, the Governor, Sir William Manning, and Lady Manning being present. The latter turned the key, and was presented with a bouquet by the little daughter of Yuraia. Sir William declared the Hospital to be the best in East Africa north of the Zambezi, and paid a tribute to the Misses Gordon, whose beneficence had so greatly augmented the value of the Mission as a healing force in the country. He was keenly interested in all the work. When in the book stores, the Doctor remarked that during the past year they had sold 12 cwt. of writing paper and 30,000 envelopes to the natives, and this brought the statement from the Governor that while in Somililand he was told by the postmaster that more letters came to the two battalions of the Central African (Nyasaland) Rifles than to the other regiments. He visited the evening school where those who had been at work all day were trying to improve themselves at night. "It is hard, uphill work for many of them," said the Doctor, "and their dogged perseverance is surprising, though the progress is slow and the results by no means brilliant." The Governor was so much impressed that he there and then offered an annual prize to the best scholar.

Next morning he was up at dawn. "I wish to see everything," he said, and all day he was inspecting the various centres of interest spread over many miles of country, and left with an increased admiration for the Doctor's gifts. "I'll need," he said laughingly, "to give my Director of Public Works a holiday in order to come here and see how you do things!" The Doctor, with his usual directness, replied, "It has been God's doing, and to Him is due all the praise. I am glad to have been allowed to do a little for the uplifting of the people."

The Hospital proved rather awesome to the patients at first. They looked round the large, airy ward and were afraid they would die of cold: they examined the neat, iron beds and wondered how

to use them: some were found sitting on their haunches on the edge, while others were on the floor, which they preferred to the wire mattress. To the women the spotless cleanliness was very trying. It was a woman living a life of pain and misery who was the first patient taken to the operating theatre—a case of amputation of the right leg: the Doctor's prayer was that the result might be the best possible, and it was. The woman was fitted with a wooden limb, and went back happy to hoe her garden at Bandawé. Soon the wonders of the Hospital were noised abroad, and every bed was occupied. One man walked more than 100 miles from German territory to be treated in it. Many thousands of patients each year heard of the love of Christ for the first time at the short service or at morning and evening worship conducted by the native assistant.

The senior native nurse was Maria, a woman with a history. Her parents had been killed in a war raid, and later she herself was made captive and sold. On reaching Livingstonia she attended the evening class and learned to read, and although not clever, had a gift for nursing, and was taken into the Hospital. She was a signal example of what native women could attain to in skill, self-denial, patience, and devotion to duty. Her death not long after the new building was opened was a real loss to the Mission.

The Doctor's medical work was not limited to the Hospital. He was still at the call of any European who needed his services, and many a night he travelled in drenching rain, pushing on through flooded rivers and swamps in the dark, to reach some urgent case.

Before any one of his schemes was finished the Doctor's fertile mind was planning more. There stretched before him at this time a long line of prospective building work—mortuary, hospital kitchen, laundry, a house for a European nurse and patients, educational buildings, girls' dormitories, and last, but perhaps greatest of all, a church.

He attended another Missionary Conference held at Mvera, the principal station of the Dutch Reformed Church Mission, at which seventy-two European workers were present, representing eight societies—a remarkable gathering for Central Africa. Dr. Hetherwick was president on this occasion, which was notable for the strong feeling expressed regarding the growth of Mohammedanism in Nyasaland; it was looked upon not merely as a religious but a political danger, of which the Government seemed content to be oblivious. One interesting fact brought out was that the native women were alive to the different attitudes of Islam and Christianity

towards their sex, and always pleaded in favour of Christian schools. During the Conference the Blantyre and Livingstonia Presbyteries decided to unite in one Synod of a common Church, to be called the Church of Central Africa, Presbyterian, with the Apostles' Creed as the credal base for members.

Travelling back by road to the north, the Doctor was saddened by an experience at Kasungu. An early convert at Bandawé and one of the best had been Noa, who grew into a devoted Christian and became a teacher and then an elder, and went on to the Overtoun Institution for the evangelists' course. As a foreign missionary of the Bandawé Church he proceeded to the Marambo, where he did good work. Turning ill, he was conveyed to Kasungu Hospital, and Dr. Prentice diagnosed the case to be one of sleeping sickness, that dreaded scourge which the medical missionaries were doing their best to keep out of the country. Instead of attending the Conference, Dr. Prentice stayed by Noa. When Dr. Laws arrived, he was asked to tell the patient the fatal nature of his illness and to administer the Communion. Noa was regarded as a martyr to the Government policy of game protection. "Game," declared Dr. Prentice, "bring tsetse. Tsetse carries the trypanosome. Trypanosomes produce sleeping sickness. Clear out the game and you clear out the tsetse." Long before, Dr. Livingstone had taken the same view. "The destruction of all game by the advance of civilization," he wrote, "is the only chance of getting rid of the tsetse." The Livingstonia Committee repeatedly pressed this view on the Home Government, and it was with great satisfaction that they and the missionaries heard of the appointment of an Imperial Government Commission to Nyasaland to investigate the causation of the disease, and that Sir David Bruce was at its head. Sir David's conclusion coincided with that of the medical missionaries.

Another Bandawé death which touched the Doctor closely was that of Stefano Kaunda, originally an unlikely little slave boy, who had become a hospital assistant and elder, and one of the most loved and trusted of Christian leaders in the district. It was the lives of such men as Noa and Stefano that proved the power of the Gospel and justified the work of the Mission.

A new element in the approach of the native mind was introduced by the visit of the Rev. Charles Inwood, a delegate from the Keswick Mission Council.

Though the Doctor had far more faith in the daily spade-work method of instruction than spasmodic efforts, he welcomed the visit. "We have each our own work to do according to the talent

or half-talent God has given us, and the use of all is required for the regeneration of Africa." His one anxiety was to prevent the feeling aroused passing into excitement. "I do not seek to limit the Spirit's work or dictate His mode of operation; at the same time we have to be very careful lest under the guise of the Spirit's work the devil executes his designs. When the natives of a country are under the spell of emotion, especially in large numbers, their utterances are little worth till tested by time, and that test has too often proved sadly disappointing. Emotion has its place in the life of the Church, but for our people it is the place of gunpowder, and to be carefully handled."

The convention at Livingstonia was held under a grass shade covering 4000 people, many of whom came a three days' march to be present at the meeting. When Mr. Inwood, who also discouraged untimely demonstrations, began to pray, whole rows of men went down on their faces like swathes of mown hay. Sobs began to break out. In an instant the Doctor was on his feet, gripped a teacher who was losing control of himself, and sternly ordered him to quieten the others. This was effectual, and the meetings passed off well and deepened the spiritual life of the Station. So afraid were some of the heathen of being moved to a changed life that they would not attend.

XXV. Legislator

Sir William Manning paid another visit to Livingstonia in 1912, when he presented the Governor's prize to the best scholar, and told how many great men had begun life by attending an evening school. "By hard and steady work," he assured them, "you can do much for Nyasaland." "Such a personal touch," said the Doctor, "has a wonderful influence on the African, who is concrete to a fault and prefers a man to an abstraction of Government."

Sir William asked the Doctor to become a nominated member of the Legislative Council in succession to Dr. Hetherwick, but he had no ambition or liking or time for political work, and tried to pass on the honour to others, and then definitely declined. The Governor pressed the point, and the Doctor said he would ask for orders from the Home Committee, who, needless to say, cabled their approval of his accepting office. In November he was formally appointed, and began to attend the meetings at Zomba. The chief service he rendered was in connection with a Medical Practitioners Bill, which admitted Indian students of various grades to practise

in Nyasaland but took no account of natives, some of whom had obtained as good a training. The Doctor opposed the measure, and only agreed to it when he received an assurance that a new Bill of wider scope would be introduced. Along with Dr. Hetherwick, he conferred on the subject with the Government medical men; and also with the new Governor—Sir George Smith—who agreed in principle with the proposals and promised to pay Livingstonia a visit and inspect the Hospital.

At Blantyre he met Dr. Norman Maclean, a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, who published a series of vivid impressions of Nyasaland in *Africa in Transformation*, a book which caused not a little fluttering in certain circles and much quiet amusement to Dr. Laws, who had to smooth down some of the ruffled feeling. "From Dr. Laws, that greatest missionary of our day in Africa," Dr. Maclean wrote, "I heard tales of derring-do which stirred the blood—and his tales were all of others. As one listened to him, it was as if one were face to face with one of the great men of old who brought nations into the Kingdom of God. . . . He is a man who knew no fear, who accepted no discouragement, who acquiesced in no defeat." The two walked together to the church at Zomba, and as Laws glanced at the crowd of white-clad natives waiting on the grass, he remarked, "There is more cloth round this church to-day than there was in the whole country when I came to it." Dr. Maclean went on to Livingstonia, the seat, he said, "of the true Bishop of Central Africa, the father of the white men," and gave a picturesque account of the activities of the Station.

The Doctor had often wondered why his own Church did not send out a deputy; in his closing address to the General Assembly he had referred to the value of such a visit. He endeavoured to lure out one correspondent by pictures of wild life—"Elephants are getting scarce, but you can still see a hippo or two, and a lion was roaring down below our house last week after killing an ox for supper." Through the liberality of a notable friend to missions, a deputy in the person of the Rev. T. M. Napier, B.D., was sent out, and brought an alert and sympathetic mind to bear on all he saw.

News of mingled sadness and gladness came from Scotland. Mr. Binnie, the Convener of the Committee, often a critic of the Doctor's policy, but kind and helpful, died; his successor was Mr. F. L. M. Moir, of all men the right one for the post: then the question of occupying the far hinterland was settled through the aid of a legacy left by Mr. Peter Mackinnon and the generous

offer of the Rhodesian Administration to grant land at Chitambo. But what thrilled the Mission was the intimation that Dr. Hubert Livingstone Wilson and his sister, grandson and granddaughter of Dr. Livingstone, were coming out to help in redeeming the land for which the great missionary explorer died.

The land question continued to cast its shadow over the Doctor's life, the proposition now being that the total area should be reduced to 38 square miles. He had again to enter the lists, and in his quiet, persevering, resolute way fight for his ideal. "I may be a heretic, but I cannot see why we should give up land for which we have provisional titles." He refused to do it. "Were I to agree, I would feel myself a traitor to the children of the country for whose education this is the only reserve." When asked why he wanted to keep so much worthless land, he replied, reasonably enough, "the so-called worthless land was worth a good deal, since it prevented the good land being rendered worthless by the natives cutting down the bush and trees."

When the end of the long dispute came, it was of the nature of a compromise. It was decided to accept 50,000 acres in five distinct blocks: the Institution block contained 37,226 acres, and the next largest, 7598 acres, was in the fertile Henga valley. This meant roughly 80 square miles instead of the minimum 100 which the Doctor desired, and though he lost positions which he would have liked to have retained, the roads, water-area, waterfalls, and strip of shore were safe. But it was not until 1921 that the transfer was finally ratified and the titles secured—twenty-seven years after the Doctor had, in faith, taken possession of the land for his Master.

The Livingstone Centenary in 1913 was celebrated throughout the Mission. At the Institution Yuraia spoke of the safety and peace of the country compared with the former days, when "no man could go from one village to another unarmed and no woman without an armed escort." At Bandawé four aged men, representative of Old Africa, gave reminiscences of Dr. Livingstone's visit to the spot; they called him the "channel cutter," the name given to the rains, then falling, which clear the watercourses for the floods that follow. One spoke of the cheer brought into their lives by Dr. Laws. "'Yes,' the Sing'anga used to say, 'war is thick about you, but it will not last for ever. You must pray to God about it, and you will see what will happen.' 'The white man lies,' said we. 'No, it is not lies,' cried the Sing'anga. And now look here to-day, my heart warms. Jesus has been life to us."

Fuka, describing the red days of Ngoni slaughter, said, "We hoed our gardens in the strength of Dotolozi."

XXVI. High-Water Mark

The year 1914 witnessed the high-water mark of the Doctor's effort and achievement. At long last the three natives who had been on probation were ready for the ministry. His hopes had been centred on others, but several of the finest promise had died, several had not proved worthy enough, some, alas! had fallen to the depths. Of the three, Yesaya Mwasi was of the Tonga tribe, a clever, vivacious orator who could read the New Testament in Greek; Hezekiah Tweya was of the Ngoni, a man of soul, humble, serious, and patient; Jonathan Chirwa was of the Tumbuka, a big, active, capable man, and a writer of hymns. The ordination service was held at Bandawé on 17th May. The church, seated for 1600, was filled to overflowing by church members alone; but those gathering about the building numbered nearly 6000 persons. When the three Africans, representatives of tribes that were once bitter foes, knelt down together in the love of a common Lord and Dr. Laws laid his hands upon them, his heart was filled with thanksgiving that he had lived to see his dream realized.

Witnesses of this red-letter event at Bandawé were Dr. Livingstone Wilson and his sister, on their way to Chitambo district, where they were to settle, along with Mr. Moffat, grandson of Dr. Moffat and nephew of Mrs. Livingstone—surely a striking conjunction of circumstances. Along with their mother—Dr. Livingstone's youngest daughter—they visited the grave at Chitambo. So where this great missionary explorer died a missionary physician of his own blood took up his work.

And that these happenings might not want a chronicler, there came at the same time another deputy from Scotland with a keen eye and a graphic pen, the Rev. J. H. Morrison, M.A., author of *On the Trail of the Pioneers*, who gave his impressions of the ordination in *Streams in the Desert*. He was fascinated by the Doctor. "In aspect a stalwart Scots farmer, quiet and observant, with the fire of a great passion burning deep in his hazel eyes. . . . One of the world's supreme workers, great in conception, tireless in execution, with an ardour which age and labour cannot quench. A great figure indeed! one of the greatest of our age and country, and worthy to be set beside that of Livingstone. It may be said without

fear of contradiction, there is no greater name in the missionary history of any Church than the name of Laws of Livingstonia."

In view of the creation of a native ministry the Doctor had planned another step forward towards self-support on the part of the native church. For some years evangelists had been provided for by the congregations from which they came, and now he proposed a Central Fund to secure for all native pastors an adequate minimum stipend, the natives themselves fixing the amount and the congregations raising it without outside help. The scheme was adopted, and it at once brought the Christians face to face with what they gave and had to give for the support of their own ministry, and proved a salutary stimulus in fostering the grace of liberality.

In May also the Union of the Presbyteries of Livingstonia and Blantyre was sanctioned by the General Assemblies in Scotland, thus practically realizing the desire of the Doctor in 1875 when he wished the two Missions to be one. The Livingstonia Committee, which had managed the Mission and provided for it financially from the beginning, was also merged into the General Foreign Mission Committee of the Church, the Women's Foreign Mission Committee taking over the women's side of the work. The Doctor could not regard the passing of the Committee without regret, but he realized the necessity for the step and hoped for the best.

A few weeks later the Governor paid his visit to Livingstonia, driving up from the Lake side in a motor-cycle side-car ; for such were now becoming common in the Mission. Like his predecessors, he was deeply interested in all he saw. The Station was in its full flood of activity, and never presented a more animated, a more inspiring, a more hopeful scene.

Then, with the irony which seems incidental to mortal affairs, the tide turned and the Doctor stood facing tragedy.

XXVII. The World War

A cryptic message referring to possible movements of troops puzzled him : then his thoughts travelled back to a conversation he once had with a distinguished German, one of the signatories of the Peace Manifesto, who was in favour with Court circles at Berlin. They had discussed the relations between England and Germany, and the German showed himself an ardent advocate of peace—" but," he added, " of course it must be peace on Germany's

The Livingstonia Mission in 1914

	European Staff, including Wives of Missionaries.	Congregations.	Out-stations.	Ordained Native Ministers.	Evangelists and Colporteurs.	Elders and Deacons.	Hearers.	Catechumens.	Communicants.	Adult and Infant Baptisms during 1913.	Number of Schools, including Institution.	Native Teachers and Monitors.	Highest Number of Scholars.	School Fees.	Cash Contributions, including Medical Fees.	Attendances at Dispensary and In-Patients.
														£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Livingstonia	16	1	33	—	4	42	1,129	707	914	216	40	66	2,928	88 1 10	90 5 2	6,843
Bandawé . .	4	1	120	1	6	97	820	994	2,603	366	122	149	4,981	41 12 0	156 1 2	2,966
Ekwendeni .	4	5	86	1	3	67	2,000	1,558	1,729	503	86	169	11,255	44 13 3	91 3 9	2,809
Loudon . .	6	1	190	1	5	170	3,515	2,189	2,299	354	190	392	9,678	31 12 5	95 11 2	1,976
Karonga . .	3	1	72	—	7	37	900	760	752	128	72	82	2,500	14 8 9	39 15 7	—
Mwenzo . .	3	1	109	—	—	15	650	320	429	105	109	250	6,881	6 19 5	86 9 9	2,800
Kasungu . .	5	1	123	—	—	27	—	1,708	352	100	123	235	8,890	43 1 0	1 9 1	3,187
Tamanda . .	2	1	35	—	—	—	1,675	679	213	123	64	88	6,012	8 19 1	37 15 9	1,290
Chitambo .	4	1	53	—	—	2	720	410	167	123	53	107	1,886	55 17 7	23 14 9	4,500
Chinsali . .	2	1	41	—	—	—	180	80	59	40	41	80	2,468	6 7 9	8 11 1	500
Totals . .	**49**	**14**	**862**	**3**	**25**	**457**	**11,589**	**9,405**	**9,517**	**2,058**	**900**	**1,618**	**57,479**	**341 13 1**	**630 17 3**	**26,871**

terms." From that moment the Doctor believed in the inevitability of war with Germany.

Did this telegram, taken in conjunction with the troubled state of Europe, mean that the clash had come ? Within a few days the question was answered, and very soberly he stood looking across the Lake to German territory and thought of the position of Livingstonia and the stations at Karonga, where Mr. Mackenzie was now in charge, and at Mwenzo on the edge of the enemy country on the Tanganyika plateau, and of the peril in which they all stood. Where was the German armed steamer *Wissmann* ? Germans came down to Karonga inquiring about European affairs, but before they heard of the declaration of war the British gunboat *Gwendolen* crept up to the harbour where the *Wissmann* was lying, fired a few shots, and took the astonished Commander and engineer prisoners. The Lake was, so far, safe.

The Germans, however, had 11,000 trained natives under efficient European Officers, and there was bound to be severe fighting and much bloodshed. Though better neighbours and better colonists than the Portuguese they were—not without reason—disliked by the natives, who longed to see the British in possession. Still these same natives respected the fighting powers of their masters, and would, no doubt, prove loyal. As for Europe, the Doctor believed that " the Hohenzollerns would be discarded and a republic or two set up." Writing to the Governor, he remarked : " It is a strange thing that scarcely a nation can stand forty years of prosperity without forgetting God and requiring drastic measures to bring it back to Him." He was not sermonizing, he added, but stating a scientific fact.

A cause of anxiety was the position of Miss Laws, who had been in the Austrian Tyrol with her aunt ; it was not till some months later that he learnt both had escaped by the last train leaving for Milan.

The Doctor's first concern was to calm the natives. They declared that they had heard of the outbreak of war before the Europeans : some went further : " The foxes have been coming and barking close to our houses, and even on to the verandah. We knew that a war was coming, and here it is." Sensing the gigantic character of the disturbance, they became troubled and restless. As native soldiers began to be called up and carriers requisitioned, word went through the villages that a great battle was impending. Many disappeared into the bush. At the Institution the students grew anxious : some, fearing for wives and

children, asked leave to go home. The Doctor saw his carefully-built-up work falling to pieces. With clear prevision he wrote to his colleagues : " This means a time of great stress at home as well as here : the funds at the disposal of the Foreign Mission Committee will be curtailed, and our grants will be reduced. We must stop all new work for the present, and be as economical as possible. It may be necessary to urge self-support more than ever." He asked them to go on with the usual routine in order to allay the fears of the people and prevent any risk of the Government being embarrassed. Word came from Dr. Chisholm, Mwenzo, stating that he and the ladies had been asked by the Magistrate to remove south. " Sit tight," telegraphed the Doctor ; " allay panic ; continue work as usual."

He made preparations for providing a base hospital and supplying flour and other foodstuffs—orders for large quantities had already arrived. He also fixed up a telephone in his bedroom, which at night was switched on to the telegraph office at the Lake ; this gave more confidence to the black boy at his post there, and enabled Karonga or Zomba to call him up. All news coming in he typed and manifolded and sent to the stations.

Remembering the havoc wrought amongst the people by the troops during the Mlozi War, which gave the medical missionaries fifteen years' strenuous work, he wrote to the authorities pressing upon their attention the need for measures to safeguard the interests of morality. He also printed and sent for free distribution a temperance pledge form in order to promote sobriety and efficiency amongst the men. But evil was soon in full swing at the north end, and the missionaries saw before them conditions that would take another decade or two to undo.

Through the local German and British commanding officers the Doctor received a letter from his friend, the Rev. Oscar Gemuseus, of the Moravian Mission in German East Africa, who wrote to him as senior unofficial member of the Legislative Council. Penned in great anguish of spirit, it appealed to him to use his influence to secure an agreement by which there should be no hostilities in East Africa. " What would Livingstone think of such a foolish fight ? . . . This poor earth worried and torn by the wickedness of mankind ! "

The Military and Government, however, while sympathizing with the spirit of the communication, pointed out that war between European Powers automatically involved their colonies, and all they could do was to carry on the conflict according to humane and

honourable methods, and sternly to eliminate all the practices and outrages usual amongst savage combatants. With this the Doctor agreed, and in a kind reply intimated proposals which, if carried out, would mitigate greatly the horrors of the campaign. The Political Agent in sending it on offered to meet the German Commander and arrange matters on the lines laid down.

It was curious that another letter which the Doctor received, this time from Berlin, asking for information concerning prisoners and wounded, should come from the same German whose words had so strongly impressed him years before.

In September came the first clash : the German forces crossed the river Songwe, attacked Karonga, but were repulsed after desperate fighting. Matters then became so critical on the plateau that Dr. Chisholm and the other members of the Mission at Mwenzo retired and camped in the bush 30 miles south, where work was carried on and a teachers' school held. A brave native teacher clung to Mwenzo and burnt a kiln-full of tiles to roof the church before the rains set in, always clearing out at night to escape enemy marauders.

Before dawn on 12th October, the anniversary which the Doctor never forgot, he was startled by peremptory knocking, and thinking war messages had arrived, sprang to the door. It was a little company with a man in a hammock ; the latter had been watching his garden at a spot 10 miles distant during the night to keep off the wild pigs, and hearing a sound behind him turned, and seeing what he took to be a boar threw his spear. A scream of agony made him rush forward. It was his brother, transfixed in the abdomen. All day the Doctor and his helpers were busy with the case, which, however, was hopeless. The man died at sunset.

That night, reflecting on the past, the Doctor could not help remarking how strange it was that this region of the world, unknown in 1875, and still one of the most remote and lonely, should become one of the battlefields of two great European nations.

XXVIII. A Native Spasm

Early in 1915, what was called a "native rising" occurred in the Shiré Highlands led by John Chilembwe and confined to his sect, which consisted in the main of raw and uneducated natives of the Anguru tribe. It was one of the ebullitions common enough in areas where white and black meet and mingle, where the latter

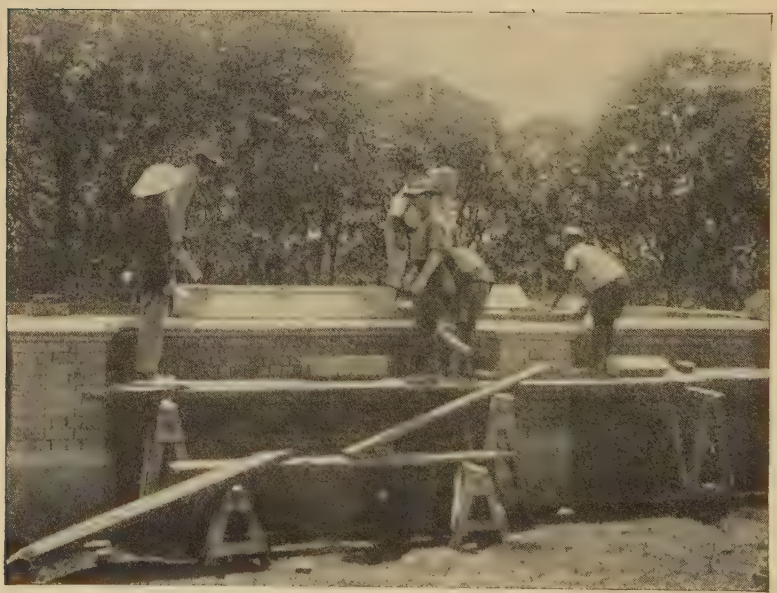
A Patient in the Hospital attends Communion
The native in front is Yoram (p. 365)

The Doctor examining Work in the Printing Office

EDWARD BOTI
Pastor at Livingstonia

TWO
NATIVE
PREACHERS

YURAIA CHIRWA
Capitao of the Station



THE DOCTOR INSPECTING THE NEW CHURCH

suffer from treatment which they consider unjust, and where, as a result, some man better educated, more capable and more sensitive and resentful than the rest inflames racial and religious passions to an extent which cares for no consequences. As a rule, personal feeling will be found to lie behind most uprisings of the kind. It was so in the case of Chilembwe.

His headquarters lay next to Magomero, the extensive property of Mr. A. L. Bruce, a nephew of Dr. Livingstone, whose policy was not to permit schools on his estate. The relations of Chilembwe with the manager, who happened to be called Livingstone, were very unfriendly: whilst the latter's treatment of the natives in his employment was often unduly harsh. The discontent in the district, fomented by Chilembwe, culminated in an attack on Livingstone's house. He and two others were murdered, and three women and five children were carried away. No articles were stolen, and the women were treated kindly and returned unhurt. The same night an attack was made on the Mandala store to secure arms and ammunition, but troops moved out, and the revolt was quickly suppressed, Chilembwe and several of his lieutenants were killed in attempting to escape, and twenty of their followers were caught and executed, and others were sentenced to various terms of penal servitude.

Dr. Laws had always believed that Ethiopianism had a germ of good in it which should have been recognized and wisely dealt with. His impression was that the missions in South Africa did not early enough introduce native leadership into Church life. Ethiopianism was simply the expression of a natural desire for responsibility, which, being unsatisfied, was exploited by malcontents and developed into a political movement. He believed that any such tendency should have been met by a frank admission of the legitimate aspirations of the natives to have some say in their own affairs. There was no need to be afraid of them making mistakes—every race learnt through stumbling.

It was in such a spirit that in the Legislative Council he moved for a Commission to inquire into the origin and aim of the outbreak. This was appointed. But in circles not favourable to missions the trouble was already attributed to the over-education of the people, and Mr. Bruce made the reactionary proposal in the Council that all schools in the country under native teachers should be at once closed.

Dr. Laws opposed the motion in a speech which was an indignant refutation of the charge that education was responsible for

sedition and a noble vindication of the loyalty of the native. He gave some facts to prove that education was, instead of a peril, a strength to the Government. One circumstance he mentioned was that when the wilder Ngoni were eager to join Mlozi it was the energetic opposition of the educated Christians that turned the scale and saved the situation. It was, he contended, the lack of higher education which produced the disagreeable and even dangerous Ethiopian movement, and this had been recognized in South Africa where the governments of the various States had been compelled in self-defence to found an inter-state college for natives to prevent them going to America in search of it and coming back with ideas unsuited to African conditions.

The motion was not pressed, the matter being referred to the Commission which was instructed to inquire "into the effects of mission teaching on the native mind and character." On this point much evidence was taken. The attitude of the members—who had no knowledge of the development or working of any missionary agency—was at first critical, but, as they came face to face with facts and policies and ordered methods of mission work, they became more friendly. The fact that in the Zomba church as many as 134 members were in the service of the Government, most of them in positions of responsibility and trust, was in itself a striking testimony in favour of higher education. A curious feature of the trial of the prisoners implicated in the rising was that none of the four officials could speak the language, and the native court interpreter, who, during the three weeks of the case acted as interpreter, was a mission boy, trained at Blantyre, and a member of the church there.

The evidence of Dr. Hetherwick was overwhelmingly strong, and greatly influenced the Commission. Regarding personal relations between the races, the fact was mentioned that the native was expected to raise his hat to the white man, and that the lack of this salutation was a source of irritation to many of the latter. Dr. Hetherwick pointed out that the European was himself to blame. "I have seen many Europeans absolutely ignore a boy's salutation. The smallest drummer boy in the British Army if he salutes Lord Kitchener receives a salute in return. There will be no difficulty if the European makes acknowledgment: it indicates that two gentlemen have met and not only one." This put in picturesque form the point often made by Dr. Laws—"Whenever natives are treated with kindness, sympathy, and firmness, there is a ready response, but when a haughty, supercilious demeanour is

assumed, bitterness and contempt are roused and seeds of sedition are sown. Such Europeans are enemies of the Empire."

The report of the Commission was lame and unsatisfactory and, as Dr. Laws stated to the Governor, a serious defect was its silence as to the beneficial results of responsible mission work in the Protectorate. The Doctor sought to obtain a debate on it in the Council, but the Government temporized, and the whole matter was finally shelved and passed into the category of things that are best forgotten. It had served to show that the Government knew little of the deeper currents of life and work in the country—the opinion of the older missionaries was that had men like Sharpe or Manning been at the head of affairs the trouble would not have occurred—and, as the Doctor remarked, it had emphasized what was froth and what was true and abiding in the higher development of the native.

Though unconnected with the rising, Charles Domingo went down in the general cataclysm. The writer saw him in 1920 at Mzimba, where he was employed in the Government service, and came across his church in the bush falling into ruins. Charles appeared to be conscious of his foolish conduct, but there was nothing against his moral character, which was something to the credit of the careful teaching and training he had received in the Mission.

XXIX. New Work

There would be no profit in following in detail the events of the war years. We see the Mission being gradually depleted of its staff, Europeans passing into military service, either in the local sphere of operations or in the larger fields abroad ; the teachers being drafted off as scouts, interpreters, and leaders of commissariat and transport ; the villagers being pressed in their thousands into the " tenga tenga " or porter work. We see every boat on the Lake hurrying troops to the north end, and an endless file of carriers marching up through Ngoniland with stores to the same destination. We see the German forces being driven over the border and chased up and down the swamps and forests of East Africa.

We see the village life of Nyasaland being broken up, the schools closed, social life disorganized ; the work at the Institution being reduced to a minimum and all its resources being devoted to war purposes ; a wireless station established on the plateau ; the Doctor attending the sick and convalescent, providing food, oxen, printing, planking, engineering, and other supplies for the military

—the total bill for the Institution alone at the end of hostilities came to £5758; and at the same time in his own quiet, patient way working out his ideas and realizing his dreams, bringing into operation his Central Fund, laying (in 1916) the foundation-stone of the Overtoun Memorial Church on the historic October anniversary, ordaining more pastors, Andrew Mkochi, Edward Boti, and Yafet Mkandawiri, and turning out the Tumbuka New Testament, of which 800 were sold hot from the press.

We see Mwenzo Station, which was used as a military base hospital, flying six Red Cross flags, raided by enemy levies, medicines, stores, Communion plate and linen carried off, and all else wantonly destroyed, and the missionary and the rest fleeing for their lives; and then, and at last, on the clanging of the Institution bell, we see a happy crowd of natives serenading the Doctor and Mrs. Laws with "Tipperary" because Peace had come.

"The conflict," wrote the Doctor, "has had its lessons for our boys. 'Christian nations are at war: is that the fault of Christianity?' This question came to them, and in its answer they learned that there are still Europeans who do not own allegiance to Christ. That still puzzles some of them, and troubles some of them; but it also strengthens them, for it shows them that there is no colour line in the Church of Christ, and that if a man is not necessarily in the Church because he is white of skin, neither is he necessarily outside of the Church because his skin is black. The war also has taught them something of the grandeur of the human mind. They have heard and read of men flying in the air and sailing in the depths of the sea. It has taught them also something of the grandeur of the human soul, for they have read of courage in the face of overwhelming danger; of men giving up their lives to rescue wounded comrades; of men risking their lives to rescue drowning enemies."

With the occupation of German East Africa by the British and the deportation of the missionaries a new call came to Livingstonia. The work of the Moravian and Berlin Missions was lying derelict, and at a conference at Zomba, which the Doctor attended, it was agreed that these fields should be taken over by the principal missionary agencies in Nyasaland. To Livingstonia was assigned the region which it had formerly worked and from which it had been ousted, and at the request of the Governor the Doctor paid a visit to the district, conferred with the political authorities, and arranged for sending up native teachers, as no white man was yet available.

The one he chose as leader was Yoram Mpande, a steady and promising evangelist. He coached him well, taking infinite pains to instruct him in all the duties he would have to perform, and to him and all who went with him he gave minute written directions. As to their general conduct he wrote :

"I. You are sent as Christians to advance the Kingdom of Christ as far as you can by helping the Christians you may find in the country to obey God's law, and to preach the Gospel to and seek the conversion of those who do not know Christ as their Saviour.

"II. To do this you must care for your own spiritual life by (1) the daily private reading of God's Word and prayer, as well as by worship along with your fellow-Christians ; (2) one day each week should be given to carefully preparing for Sabbath services.

"III. The opening of schools should not be begun at first, but rather find out and care for Church members and baptized children. At convenient centres begin Hearers' classes, following the course of the printed programme. Where there are catechumens arrange for classes for their instruction.

"IV. In all your dealings with the people be sure to be respectful to headmen and old people, showing them that you come among them as teachers and friends seeking to do them good and not as chiefs or enemies to take their goods from them or to do them harm. To live like Christ among the people must be your effort every day."

If any man had a difficult task it was Yoram. The natives, bruised and broken by the recurrent waves of war, would not believe that the end had come : they had been threatened by the Germans, and now here were the English ; how were they to know that the Germans would not return ? They would do nothing until they saw white missionaries. When Yoram appeared they rejected him : there were no native pastors in the German Mission, and they had no idea that men of their race had advanced so far. Even food was denied him and his wife and the teachers who came with him. Then "let us hear him," they said. As he preached like a white man they came back in ones and twos, and gradually the opposition waned and work was begun.

When the Rev. D. R. Mackenzie took up the work he wrote : "Yoram has received a warmth of admiration such as has fallen to the lot of few natives. He is regarded as the friend and minister of all, the final court of appeal in all Church matters. He has established an ascendancy among them which has become an asset to the Mission. And as with the natives, so with the Europeans. Every one speaks of him in the highest terms, no very usual thing when white men are referring to mission natives. No native has a greater achievement to his credit, and if posterity does him justice the people here will look upon him with reverence. That

Livingstonia has produced such a man is an indication of what can be done by missionary effort."

After examining forty-six teachers trained by the Germans, Mr. Mackenzie said: "I do not think I had fully realized how great was the gift Livingstonia had in Dr. Laws until I saw what other men working upon similar materials and with similar opportunities had done or rather failed to do."

The War was followed by a visitation of influenza, as many as 1400 natives being carried off in northern Nyasaland. The scourge kept the Doctor continuously busy, though his hands were already full, for it was ebbtide in Livingstonia and the total staff was less than what it had been at Cape Maclear. In 1920 the Institution was being run by himself and Mrs. Laws, who took her share in the work; Mr. Adamson, who grappled with the industrial side; and Miss Irvine, in charge of the educational department, and in her vacation doing what no woman had done before, spending weeks in solitary touring in the remotest and wildest districts, teaching, preaching, making friends with the women and girls, and all with a love and sweetness and courage which only the Gospel of Christ could inspire. It was a wonderful adventure, but she moved like a queen through the dark and degraded villages, every one kind, gentle, and deferential to her, so that she learnt to feel that she was safer in Central Africa than in the streets of civilized cities.

At this time, when the vitality of the work was at its lowest, and just before the tide turned again, the author paid a visit to Livingstonia.

XXX. The Doctor's Environment

It was a strange experience, not untouched by awe, to float into the interior of Africa, climb the flight of hills to the high plateau, with its own ranges of heights, and come across there a vast lake in the deep rift that splits the continent in two. On all that lonely expanse of shining water one encountered no craft of any kind, except close inshore, where canoes were seen being paddled or poled along the shallows and round the rocky points.

On the hot breadth of sand at Florence Bay one was deposited and left amidst conditions as primitive as those witnessed by the first explorers. Save for a brick rest-house and store nothing seemed changed. We were in the heart of Africa, and Africa seemed asleep: the grey huts were almost invisible amongst the tall grass, the goats were drowsing in the sunshine, a few natives

clothed in girdles of goatskin lay in the shade, silent, uncurious, content. The water of the Lake lapped on the beach with a little sound like a sob.

Into this atmosphere of slumberous tranquillity broke from the bush at dusk a mob of perspiring, muscular blacks, chanting a wild war-song, and as the moon rose over the dreaming water we were placed in a machila and carried at a swift run up the road which zigzagged sharply amongst the hills, the relay boys padding alongside keeping up a savage chorus, interspersed with weird gruntings and ejaculations. As we reached the cool heights, the turnings were so acute that we appeared sometimes to be swinging in mid-air, the precipices shelved away beneath, and through the trees growing out of the interspaces in the rocks and the hanging creepers one caught glimpses of the Lake, ghost-white, far below. It was as if we were ascending, aeroplane-wise, to heaven.

By and by came black avenues, aromatic with the smell of cedar, roadside huts which poured forth bands of women who joined the men, lullilooing and clapping hands in unison with the song of the men ; soft lights filtering through delicate traceries of vegetation ; and at last, at 10 o'clock, a final rush and choral burst, and then dead silence ; and at a doorway, silhouetted against a bright glow of electric light, two figures with outstretched hands.

" Welcome to Livingstonia," said Dr. Laws, with a kind smile.

" Come away in : supper's ready," said Mrs. Laws.

It is not easy to given an impression of Livingstonia : the Station is the despair of the photographer : it is spread over many miles of rugged country and veiled with wood and jungle, whilst its farther surroundings are all on an extensive scale and big with height or dim with distance.

The plateau itself has an irregular surface, which has decided the plan of the Station, the roads and buildings following the line of the ridges. It is covered with masuko trees, the leaves of which, firm and strong, stretch out like hands ; in a little valley in the centre rises a stream which at one spot where there is an outcrop of rock forms a pretty waterfall. The houses of the Europeans are built at intervals round the crest of the precipice. They are set in a frame of plants of tropical luxuriance and colour, and have all a magnificent view of the Lake. The manse, a long low building of grey stone, with a roof of corrugated iron which crackles restlessly in the hot hours, is perched at the edge of one of the steeper declivities, where a series of terraces has been constructed under the

superintendence of Mrs. Laws. About the house are blue gums humming with bees, scarlet hibiscus, pomegranate, orange and peach trees, and a great clump of golden bamboo.

Sheer below is a wide valley, half-wooded, half-cultivated, with native villages too remote to be obtrusive either to eye or ear, and a straight dark tract running two miles through the trees up to the ridge—the route of the telegraph and telephone line to the shore. Beyond the valley, in the centre of the scene, rises the massive level-topped spur of Mt. Waller, and on each side and far below again the dazzling waters of the Lake.

To the extreme left one sees the dim outline of great bays and plains, and to the right tremendous masses of blue hills, through openings of which the eye is carried south into the region of the Henga valley and Ngoniland.

The temptation is simply to sit and watch that wonderful panorama of hill and lake and sky over which the changes pass so swiftly. Everything is on a grand scale ; nature works with a giant hand and with giant energy. One can look down upon half a dozen electric storms raging at different points along the Lake. When one of these disturbances creeps up and envelopes the plateau, something of the colossal violence of nature in Africa is experienced. As the lightning dazzles and blinds and the terrific crashes shake the earth, one waits, as the soldiers waited in France for shells and bombs, and wonders if the next explosion will be the end.

When the dark curtains of rain come sweeping down from the loftier hills, it seems as if the reservoir of heaven had burst and was flooding the land. No one can listen at night to the sheets of water lashing down with such pitiless ferocity without being sorry even for the wild beasts out in such a tempest. One's thoughts go back to the old pioneer days when the missionaries were caught without shelter and without tent in the darkness and horror of the woods.

But as a rule nature is quiescent and there is rarely a sound to break the monotony of the stillness. It is this intense quietness which impresses one in Africa. You hear the sweet song of the friendly wagtail, or the twitter of grass birds which are as tiny as black beetles, the rustle of dry leaves as insects or snakes move about, or the sough of the wind amongst the grass, the loneliest sound of all ; but these seem only to deepen the quietude and the peace. Even the natives do not disturb the serenity of nature, except when at their drumming and revelry by night. Africa

might be called the land of the silent footfall. The people pass noiselessly along, the women bearing their burdens of food or fuel, the men with their spears and clubs, all barefooted and in single file, only now and again throwing a word forward or backward to their neighbours.

It is the Lake which dominates the situation. Sitting in the manse, one has the sense of being at an immense height and overlooking the world. The plateau is above the clouds. In the mornings Mt. Waller opposite usually wears a snow-like cap. One gazes down upon an ocean of mist which gradually ascends, swirling past the house, and at last discloses the Lake glittering in the early sun. All day the brightness of the water catches one's eye : at this height it is always still and silent ; the distance is too great for any storm to ruffle its surface appreciably to the eye. The steamer on its monthly voyage cannot be seen save near at hand and then only as a point minute as a midge against the glitter ; more often it is detected by a thin trail of smoke.

Magical effects are often seen in the evening. One is startled on looking at the Lake to find that it seems to have narrowed to a few miles in breadth and that the opposite coast has the appearance of being quite near at hand. The mountains 50 miles away stand out brilliantly clear and sharp, while the sands and the rivers, the trees and the precipitous cliffs, are all visible to the eye. Then both sunset and moonrise often appear to be in the east : at sunset, the west will be dark with a sombre purple while the sky along the east, and the Lake will be ablaze with vivid colours through which the moon will rise like a pale apparition.

Night comes either white with moonlight, a spiritualized version of the day, or starlit and black, with the land a wilderness of shapeless shadows and the haunt of things that terrorize the spirit. It is the time when savage Africa is alive and active and all wise folk keep within hut and house. If they have to venture out they go with lantern and gun or spear. When one leaves the door he glances expectantly, almost apprehensively, to right and left. The least sound makes him start. It is the natural attitude in a land that is unredeemed. Even civilized things appear bizarre in the mysterious confusion of the night. The hum of the electric transformer, the illuminated clock with its pendulum swinging solemnly to and fro amongst the tree-tops, give one an eerie sense of unreality.

The central figure in this strange and beautiful environment is Dr. Laws, the creator of the Station which covers the plateau,

and still the brain and heart of the work. An apostolic figure, with pale, deeply-worn features, white beard, and hazel eyes. His dress is simplicity itself—a khaki jacket, fitting close up to the neck, obviating the use of a collar, and khaki trousers. On Sundays the jacket is white and the trousers black. In the open air he wears an enormous boat-shaped helmet, which one usually sees gleaming before he himself is sighted. His boots are large, square-toed, formidable. These boots are eloquent with meaning.

"Do you know," the Doctor says, "what Livingstone looked to first when beginning a journey?—it was Young who told me.—His boots and his mosquito net."

Studying the Doctor's boots, one begins to understand how he has managed to do so much and overcome so many difficulties: they are symbolic of his strong, resolute, plodding character. Those boots would go straight ahead anywhere. Dr. Livingstone must have worn the same kind.

"I was told," Laws says, "that when Livingstone was a boy he and one of his brothers used to go out tramping together. When they came to a pool his brother would go round it, but David would splash straight through."

Both Livingstone and Laws trudged straight through life to the goal of their achievement.

XXXI. Round the Station

The Doctor is awake at 4.30, and it is then that he has his quietest time of meditation and prayer. When the staff in the Livingstonia Mission and the people they shepherd are asleep, he is bringing them to the Father of them all, remembering their needs, interceding for them, praying that the divine blessing may rest upon their life and work.

"Prayer," he once wrote, "is the irresistible molecular force of Christianity. I cannot understand how a man can get on the whole day without some time with his Master." He has strange power in prayer, but of that one cannot write, though a single instance may be given. Working late one night in his office, the thought of a distinguished preacher in Scotland came suddenly into his mind as one needing help. He was impelled to pray for him and write to him, the letter also conveying a prayer that strength and comfort might be vouchsafed to him. It arrived the day before the preacher's mother died.

At 5.45 one hears the outer door shut, and sees him pass the

window and tramp steadily down the avenue through the chill morning air to the offices. There he has worship with his own staff, and then takes a class until 8 a.m. Mrs. Laws also teaches History and English to a class in the manse. At 8 a.m. the Doctor returns for breakfast, which is followed by worship with the house-boys, who, squatting on the matted floor, read in turn from the native New Testament; the prayer is in the vernacular, but concludes with a few sentences in English. The Doctor goes off again at 9 a.m., and Mrs. Laws teaches from 9 to 12 a.m.

We accompany the Doctor, calling first at the administrative block where, at present, he spends most of his time: his apartment is a combination of office, library, and classroom, and is exceedingly tidy and spotlessly clean; the wall is lined with cabinets containing correspondence and documents all carefully filed. A casual examination indicates the infinite pains taken in every matter large or small, and shows the Doctor to be a master of detail as well as a master of general policy. One remarks on this, and elicits the answer, "Well, why should Christ's business be conducted on such loose principles as would, if permitted at home in any business, bring about its speedy failure?"

He exhibits the wages bill of the Station for the previous month —£109. He looks into the last of a row of little notebooks, and mentions that since the Institution was started in 1895 he has baptized 4346 adults and children, including those at three outstations. Opening a large account book, he says, "This is our Savings Bank ledger; the balance at the credit of depositors is £640—who says the native cannot save?" We go over his plans, drawings, and estimates for past schemes, and realize that most of them were on a larger scale than that ultimately adopted: they were altered, cut down, and manipulated by more timorous men. Passing through an adjoining room, where telegraph apprentices are clicking the instruments, we descend to the tailoring department, which is superintended entirely by natives; the apprenticeship here is for a period of five years. Then into the general store, where Yuraia is in charge of what looks like a large drapery establishment.

"This," says the Doctor, "is the result of education. People say, 'Don't educate the native,' but that is the way to raise the revenue. There were nearly 8 million yards of cotton fabrics imported into Nyasaland last year, 136,000 pairs of scarves, and 43,000 dozen handkerchiefs—the people's clothing. The more you educate them the better it is for the Government."

"What salary does Yuraia receive?"

"Forty-eight pounds per annum, and he is worth every penny of it—a most faithful servant and my right-hand man."

"Notice this brick building," the Doctor remarked on coming out. "The lower storey of it was erected by the schoolboys during their six weeks' vacation, as part of their fees. The post office over there, with its clock-tower, was also built by them during the afternoon hours. So also their own dormitories and the workmen's houses."

We crossed to the industrial block, which looked like a large factory. "We need," said the Doctor, "an economic basis for the mission work, and here it is."

The hum of revolving wheels, the rasping sound of circular saws, greet us as we ascend the stair and enter the carpenter's shop, fragrant with the scent of cedar and other tropical woods. The place is full of natives engaged in making tables, cabinets, carts, flooring, shelves, and every kind of woodwork for church, school, and home. Some of these lads have travelled far to be trained: two who are doing beautiful inlaid work walked 1000 miles from Bihe, Angola, and are here for five years.

"We cannot cope with the orders received," says the Doctor. "We have always sufficient to keep us employed for many months."

Below is the technical school, where the pupils work for two and a half hours in the afternoon, making simple articles and receiving a training which adds grit and manliness to their literary acquirements. Here, also, are stores of ironmongery, oils, paints, electrical appliances, and "spares," sufficient to stock shops at home.

At the other end of the building are the engineering department —where the stove of the *Herga* is still doing good service—the book-store, where every year more than a ton of stationery and books is sold to the natives, and the printing department, fully equipped and turning out an average of 30,000 books, pamphlets, and Scripture portions every year.

A bell clangs out. The Doctor looks at his watch—a gift from Miss Melville. "We must get down to the Hospital," he says. "There is a story connected with that bell. When Lord Overtoun died, his servants, instead of laying a wreath of perishable flowers on his grave, made their tribute to him a gift to Livingstonia. They subscribed for a bell, and there it is."

The David Gordon Memorial Hospital is the pride of Livingstonia; it comprises a series of handsome bungalows amongst the cedar trees on the edge of the plateau.

The Doctor has prayer with the dispenser and nurses, and then

holds a short service in the cool, green hall with the out-patients, a sad and forlorn group of men, women, and children. He hears the dispenser's report, and attends to any special case, and then makes a round of the wards. There are patients whose wounds he examines with deft and tender touch, including a boy whose arm has been crushed by a crocodile and a man clawed by a leopard; but there are others for whom he cannot do much, who have some internal complaint, and believe they are the victims of witchcraft, and have made up their minds to die—and will do so in spite of everything.

Ere he is finished a native in a hammock is carried in and placed on a cot; he is thin and wan, and there is a piece of cord tied round his head. The Doctor, helped by the dispenser, examines him; his friends stand by watching, the three native nurses, clothed in overalls and apron above a khaki dress trimmed with red, watch near; the other patients half-raise themselves and eye the proceedings with deep interest: the silence in the ward is intense.

Presently the Doctor straightens himself. "Pneumonia and pleurisy," he says.

Coming out, he remarks, "The boy with the crushed arm is to be operated on, but I am waiting on Dr. Elmslie to come and assist. Meanwhile he is learning to read!"

There come cases, however, when he has to operate at once, and alone. A native from Bandawé, whose leg had been smashed by the falling of a tree, was carried to the Hospital a few days later; the limb was in a bad condition through delay and neglect, and an immediate operation was necessary. Mrs. Laws administered the chloroform and the Doctor amputated. "It looks like old days," the Doctor remarked.

"Yoram Nkata, the dispenser," he adds, "is a first-rate man, capable and thoughtful; he never troubles me during the night except in some special case like this, when he reports how the patient is."

At noon the Doctor returns to the manse. Dinner is followed by a period of rest and private prayer throughout the Station, and work is resumed at 2 p.m. We visit the homestead at the lower end of the plateau, a spacious block of offices and barns flanked by a tower, from which comes the hum of the milling machines. The mill at present is going day and night.

All about are orchards and gardens with great clusters of bamboos.

"Why bamboos?" I ask.

"To provide poles for the machilas," replies the Doctor.

Farther down is the quarry, on the face of which men are drilling rock, unconscious that they have before them one of the finest views in Africa. In the mason's yard a score of men and boys are busy chiselling all kinds of plain and ornamental work. One pauses at a memorial stone to James Stewart, C.E. : it is to take the place of the iron pillar which the Arabs broke up in order to use the pieces as bullets. The inscription—the Doctor's suggestion—is :

"*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.*"

A fitting motto for a missionary engineer in Africa.

In the woods below, two miles from the Station, is the Power-House, which is run by trained natives. To-day there is something wrong with one of the turbines, and the Doctor takes his coat off, and, sixty-nine though he is, works amongst the machinery with the energy of a young mechanic. We have to leave him there, and later, after many hours of toil, he appears at the manse, throws open the door of the dining-room, coatless, shirt sleeves rolled up, apron on, grimy with oil and dirt ; "Moderator!" he laughingly announces, revealing for a moment the spirit of fun that has never died within him.

Away to the west among the folds of the mountains one sees a spot of red. This is the sawmill and brick factory, a collection of buildings snugly ensconced at the foot of a gully. One approaches them along a road flanked by blue gums and sisal plants, the latter intended to supply cord, which the men make during wet weather. A 30-horse-power Pelton wheel supplies ample power to drive the sawmill and brick-making plant. The capacity of the latter is 800 bricks per hour.

Struggling farther up through a jungle of grass and fern, higher than one's head, we come to a path and lade of clear, sweet water, and, following this into remoter glens, reach a wild torrent and an intake drawing off the little stream, which is so vital a factor in the life of the Station.

Not far from the sawmill a thin, red line straggles up Mt. Nyamkowa : it is the roadway to the higher plateau, down which the mighty logs from the primeval woods are dragged, many so large that it takes half a hundred men to haul them.

All these hill-slopes overlooking the plateau are planted out with cedar, juniper, and eucalyptus. The Doctor believes in afforestation for Africa, and is showing the Government what can

be done, not only to supply building timber, but to safeguard the country from the menacing peril of drought. Up to the present he has planted four million trees on the Livingstonia Estate.

We return to the manse for tea at 5 o'clock, but the Doctor's work is not yet done. Throughout the day he is constantly besieged by extra calls, messengers on bicycles or on foot following him wherever he goes; and every now and again in the evening also, some demand is made on his time and patience, and often he has to go off, with lantern, to the office or Hospital.

Sundays are full days, full for both Doctor and workers, the principal events being the morning native service and the evening service for Europeans and pupils. These are held in the thatched schoolhouse. Either the Doctor or native pastor, Edward Boti, takes the service. Yuraia and Yoram are also good preachers, and it is interesting to see the Doctor, humble and reverent, sitting at the feet of these men whom he has taught and trained. Elders take the prayers: they may be dressed only in shirt and trousers, but they have a wealth and flow of language which amazes the tongue-tied Scotsman. The native is not yet intellectually self-conscious.

He is equally unconscious in matters of dress, though that is beginning to pass. There are young men at the service wearing European clothes, but not with ease: the bulk of the congregation are economically unable to rise above the native fashions, and one likes them best with these, and especially the women and girls—the blue, red, and yellow robes or wrap, the bands of coloured beads coronet-wise round the head, the brass necklets and the ivory bracelets gleaming against the brown or black skin.

The singing is sad, there is no joyous note in it: the words may be bright, but the African puts his soul into his music, and that soul has been crushed and broken by the sorrows of thousands of years. He likes the English hymns. "There is something in these you bring us," he says, "which grips us in a way our own do not."

At the English service the Doctor is at his best. He speaks very simply and earnestly; his illustrations are drawn from local life and surroundings, and he puts Christ in the forefront. "You have seen and heard many wonderful things in the workshops and all about you," he tells the boys; "your fathers and mothers never saw or heard such things. But there is nothing so wonderful as the chief thing we have come to tell you about—the love of Jesus Christ." After a lifetime of hard and ardent service this

Great-heart kneels in humble prayer and says, "All we can bring to thee, Lord, are our sins."

Watching week after week that slightly bent yet sturdy figure in the boat-shaped hat, trudging out in the dawn and coming back in the evening from exacting and often irksome duties, methodically and faithfully performed in utter unconsciousness of the heroism of it all, one realizes that here is one of the essentially great natures of the world, noble in its simplicity and humility, and in its pure and faithful devotion to the service of God.

XXXII. A Talk on Ulendo

It is on ulendo, in the freedom of the endless woods and by the streams and resting-places, that one comes to know the Doctor best. We trekked with him for several days down the Henga valley to Ngoniland, through grass plains, jungle, and swamps, through dense woods where the monkeys raced along in the high branches, and through a region terrorized by a man-eating lion, with scores of victims to his credit—not long afterwards he sprang out on a native policeman and his prisoner, and was shot dead by the former. The journey made one understand better the fascination and the spell of Africa.

We had machilas, but the Doctor was more often on his feet pushing on mile after mile through the long grass with a steady swing that told of long practice. With his carriers he was kind, but firm. "Dotolozi," said one, "is stern, but, like Mulungu, terribly just." One day we were belated, and towards evening halted for a rest. The men, tired and famishing, were loth to rise again. One scowled and muttered as he turned away his head. The Doctor heard, made a step forward, his eyes flashing, and uttered a single word. Every carrier jumped to his feet, and in a few moments were hastening off.

That was a weird night march. Thunder rolled overhead, lightning flashed, and the wind made queer rushes among the trees. The men stumbled on, with marvellous instinct for the right path. Now and again would come a jerk and a stoppage, and on looking out of the machila a lightning flare would reveal the white helmet of the Doctor, apparently bobbing up and down in a river: he was being carried over on the shoulders of a sure-footed native.

It was late that night ere the rest-hut was reached, and as the carriers with the baggage never arrived, we had to lie down in our

clothes in the darkness and wait for morning. All night, above the humming of mosquitoes, one heard a faint whisper-like sound, and in the morning found oneself covered with dust dislodged from the roof by the white ants.

To the Doctor, experiences like these were but the slightest of incidents: and so, also, to the carriers. Both gathered amongst the rough grass in the morning, the Doctor standing bare-headed, the men on their haunches, and while the thunder growled in the distance and an ibis screamed past, he prayed softly in the vernacular for a blessing on the coming journey. As he finished, the men uttered a hearty "Amen," and set off light-heartedly with their loads.

Away from the burden of the Station the Doctor talked freely about the old days and his work. While halted by the way, or at night encompassed by the multitudinous minor noises of the bush, he would brighten into a vigour which encouraged one to ask questions.

"Looking back over your forty-five years of service, Doctor, what is the leading idea it has left in your mind?"

"God's guiding providence of His love, leading us and fulfilling His purposes and our highest wishes by ways we knew not. I have suffered a bit, I confess, but when things were worst God was nearest. It was when I was in peril that I felt His presence most."

"Have you never got tired of the incessant work?"

"I have often been tired *by* the work, but never *of* it. I don't mind work, but I like to get on the top of it; it is only when there is so much that I cannot get through that I begin to be worried—and that has happened very often, I am sorry to say."

"Have you never been discouraged by your difficulties?"

"I always believed that my disappointments were God's appointments. Difficulties are in our way to be overcome, and when they are to be overcome for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom we shirk them at our peril. But I confess my heart has nearly been broken sometimes with the accidents and failures which I encountered in spite of infinite care and precaution."

"Did you ever expect to see such a result as this?"

"Yes; I never doubted, even in the darkest days, that all would come right. I had God's word for it, and that was enough for me. It did not matter, however, whether I should see the end or not; my duty was to plod on and do the day's work as well as

I could. Duty is ours: success is God's. God has been very good to us; it has been His doing, and to Him is due all the praise."

"But, Doctor, if I may say so reverently, you have also been good to God."

"No! no! no! all the credit is His. You must not put me in the foreground. God has used me for His purpose, and I am grateful, but I want no credit. To have Him and Christ placed in the background would be torture to me. I have striven in a very humble way to follow in the footsteps of the Master. I have done little. Men see the outward work of the Mission, but its inner history and its crises have been passed through first in prayer with God, under the trees at Cape Maclear, on the bow of the *Ilala*, in the tent or room, and when the struggle had been passed there, the rest, which men at times wondered at, cost very little trouble.

"And there," he went on, "is Mrs. Laws——"

Pride leapt to his eyes, and there was deep feeling in his voice as he went on, a little shyly, for he has more than the average Scotsman's reticence in matters of the heart:

"Mrs. Laws has been my constant help during all these years. I cannot tell you what she has been to me. I owe more than I can tell to her. She has been an unspeakable comfort. We have come through perilous times together. Many a night she and I never knew what the morning would bring. And don't forget the staff. They have stood loyally by me all through. Some of them have had it very hard. I sympathize, for instance, with the artisans, for I know their difficulties. It is a far more arduous task to make the industrial work preach the practical side of Christianity—to produce good workmen and steady character—than it is to go out and travel and preach. That is one reason why I have myself stuck so much to the Station."

"Do you believe the native will become all you desire him to be?"

"It will take some generations. We cannot expect social development to go on at electric speed. The changes in Central Africa since I entered it are greater than those which came over Scotland in a thousand years. These changes, too, are not all on the surface. We are very apt to imagine that European customs of dress, eating, and other habits are part of Christianity, instead of being to a great extent apart, and even to some extent antagonistic. Were Christ to appear at a dinner-party at home and use His fingers in place of forks, what would people say? Progress,

however, will come all the quicker if we can give the native the very best training. It is often said that the highest qualifications are not required for the missionary to Africa. The opposite is the case. Africa takes far more out of a man—just as it can put more into a man, probably more than better civilized fields. It needs also the finest character. Here, if anywhere, one has to do Christ's work in a Christ-like way. You see, we are all under the microscope on the Station, and it is not one's preaching that tells on the native, but one's life. One raw, cold night, when I was camped out in the hills, the carriers came and lay down near to get the warmth of the fire. I heard them talking, and they discussed every man on the field. Next morning I said, 'Why did you say so-and-so about Mr. ——?' 'Because we know him better than you do: you know him on the Station; we know him outside of it.'"

"Which means that missionaries are not perfect."

The Doctor smiled. "Some people think that by becoming a missionary they enter a Noah's ark of safety. That is a foolish notion. We are all human, men and women, and are tempted in the same way as others. But one man is not the whole of a mission or a church, and we have sometimes to overlook the man and think of the work."

"Which I find you have often done in the past."

"In Africa it is necessary. You have to remember that when a man is bilious and saturated with fever the words and actions of his companions are apt to appear to him in quite a different aspect from what they do when he is in a normal state of health. These conditions demand patience, consideration, and forbearance. You may lay down the best of rules, but unless you get the Christ-like spirit they will never meet all the cases that arise for settlement. With that spirit few will suffice, and the fewer the better."

"I suppose, Doctor, you have still schemes and plans to work out?"

"My head is full of them, but it is now afternoon with me, and perhaps more advanced than I know. There is so much to be done in fighting the grim actualities of heathenism, both here and at home, that I am apt to become impatient at trifling and the wasting of time and strength over matters of secondary importance. Life has been desperately real to me in Africa, and anything but reality saddens me."

"I wonder if you will ever be satisfied?"

"Not until Africa is Christ's."

When the ulendo was over, we drew out a letter from one who knows the Doctor well, and read it again :

" Admiration for Dr. Laws led me to study the history of the Livingstonia Mission, but before I finished, my admiration for him had developed into something deeper and stronger. I felt that I was not only in the presence of a second Livingstone, but some one even greater, if that be possible. He possesses a well-balanced mind, remarkably free from rashness or thoughtlessness, and guided by good Christian common sense. He unites in himself excellences which at first seem to be opposites. He is a hero, a man of a lion heart, victorious over fear, getting strength from danger, and bound the faster to missionary duty by its hardships and privations. But his heroism has never been of the lower type that shows itself in morbid enthusiasm or reckless self-exposure; it has always been calm, enlightened, and truly Christian, having its root and life in his faith in God. At the same time modesty is one of the chief marks of his character. He has never had any thought of playing the part of a hero. His greatness is immeasurably above show, and above the methods by which inferior minds thrust themselves on notice. He is too sincere, single-hearted, and unpretending to seek or accept the tributes that are really due to him."

An admirable and absolutely true portrait of the Doctor.

XXXIII. The Crown of All

" You have seen the things that are," the Doctor says, " now for the things that are to be. My life has been spent in trying to change dreams into realities, and there are a few yet to be worked out."

He plunges into the masuko wood near the manse. " Here is the site of the educational block." Then, after a ten minutes' walk through the tall grass, we emerge on a level spur projecting from the plateau. It overlooks the whole expanse of land and water, the eye sweeping round from the Lake on the north, past Mt. Waller, across the Rumpi, and through the great blue gaps in the southern hills to Ngoniland.

" The girls' dormitories will be here, and here they will carry on their industrial work."

" They are very fortunate," is one's comment. " As a Mission site, it is probably unsurpassed by any in the world."

But the Doctor's thoughts are centred elsewhere. " The

Gospel first and foremost," he says. "It is the order of the commission and the order carried out by the Apostles." His chief dream, not yet fully realized, is the Church, one which will be worthy of the Livingstonia Mission and of Lord Overtoun, after whom it is to be called, and of the incomparable situation it will occupy. He has been engaged quietly at it for years, and not until he sees it embodied and complete will he feel that he has rounded off his life-work.

The site is a minute's walk from the manse on the highest point of the plateau. From the doorway a view of the Lake and Mt. Waller is obtained; the mountains fill in the background. The building is a composite one of terra-cotta brick and grey stone, the corners and the door and window lintels being hewn out of the quarry rock, and the roof is to be of uralite. A notable feature is a lofty tower with a clock, which will be illuminated at night. By day it will be visible over a vast extent of hill and valley and up and down the Lake, and at night it will gleam far and wide, a Christian beacon, symbolizing to all who see it that Christ is the Light of Africa.

The walls are up to the windows, but he can only proceed as funds come in, and some parts are to be left unfinished until sufficient money is obtained. Not many know of the enterprise, but contributions drop in: one of the last was a thankoffering from a lad who had passed unscathed through the war. Love and gratitude, sacrifice and poignant memories, are becoming associated with these rising walls.

It is the Doctor's pleasure, after the day's work is over, to saunter to the buildings and mark the progress being made. One evening we went up together. It was towards dusk, but still clear, with the glow of sunset lingering about the hills. The Doctor walked round and about, quietly contemplative and happy, scanning the workmanship here and there, and describing the various features. After a while he clambered up and stood on the wall above where the large platform is to be, and surveyed the enclosure in silence. As he stood, his strong, finely-chiselled face and white hair outlined against the pale lemon of the sky, one felt that he was drawing into himself; an air of remoteness seemed to encompass him; and then, as if moved by some impulse, he took off his hat and folded his hands in front of him and bowed his head, and in a voice of deep emotion he prayed:

"Unless Thou, O Father, build the house, they labour in vain who build it."

So he began, and then he prayed in effect that the Church might, in due time, be finished ; that it might be the birthplace of many souls ; that it might become the home of Christ's people in the district, to which they could come and obtain rest and peace ; and that all the praise and honour and glory might belong to God.

For a moment or two he remained still, a strangely pathetic figure against the dim background of the African night ; and as one thought of the sombre background of his forty-five years of struggle and strain, one's own unspoken prayer was that he might be spared to see his beautiful house of God finished, and the crown put upon his life-work.

As he descended, his first words, " I *would* like to see it finished," seemed to be a wistful echo of such a petition.

On coming away he pointed to a water-tap in the roadway in front of the Church. " That is for a fountain," he said. " I had it put here specially for the purpose."

" Thinking ahead ! " I said.

It was a night of exceeding beauty: the wide world of hills lay veiled in purple mist, the half-moon was rising at the side of Mt. Waller, and throwing a ribbon of silver across the Lake; a soft wind breathed through the fragrant vegetation ; the hum of an electric transformer came to the ear, lights gleamed through the masuko trees, a band of boys and girls from some class passed near with cheerful talk.

I recalled what Dr. Livingstone had written: " It is very dark and dreary: I may fall by the way, being unworthy to see the dawning. . . . The darkness has settled down darker than ever. It will come, though : it *must* come, and I do not despair of the day one bit."

" I wonder," said I, aloud, " what Dr. Livingstone would say to all this ? "

The Doctor paused a moment. " He would say," he slowly replied, " that some at least of his dreams had come true."

> *" The people who sat in darkness*
> *Saw great light;*
> *And to them which sat in the region and shadow of death*
> *Light is sprung up."*

EPILOGUE

Past and Present

The hope of Dr. Laws that the successful planting of the Livingstonia Expedition in the Nyasa district would open up the country to other missions as well as to civilized commerce was fulfilled: ere many years had passed, Central Africa was covered with stations, and business enterprise was everywhere exploiting its resources. But the expectation that the Nyasa Lake route into the interior would become a highway of trade was not realized; owing partly to the surrender of the north-end of Nyasa to Germany, and partly to the construction of the Cape-to-Cairo railway and cross-country routes. Lake Nyasa became practically a kind of blind alley, and fell back into its original state of wild and alluring loneliness.

It is Southern Nyasaland—the Shiré Highlands—that has developed into prosperity. Of the European population in the Protectorate—now numbering 1500, 30 per cent. being women, largely lady missionaries—the greater proportion reside there. And it is Blantyre Mission that has grown into the city of Dr. Stewart's imagining. Many lament what has seemed like the retrogression of the Lake district, but not Dr. Laws. To him the long period of freedom from outside interference has been a blessed relief: it has enabled the Livingstonia Mission work to evolve without disturbance by antipathetic forces, and Christian teaching to obtain a firm hold of the people ere the tide of civilization rolls in and produces that complex clashing of white and black interests which is seen at Blantyre, and is taxing the experienced statesmanship of Dr. Hetherwick to the utmost.

Events which, however, will profoundly influence the situation in Northern Nyasaland are not now far off. A railway is being constructed to connect Beira on the coast with the Blantyre line and Nyasa, and within a year passengers will be conveyed direct from that port or from Cape Town to the Shiré Highlands, and later to the shores of the Lake, and the whole of the Nyasa region

will be available for white settlement. The wisdom of the decision which fixed the Institution of Livingstonia on an island plateau among the high Nyika hills, and the policy which secured so large a tract of land surrounding it, will then be more apparent. Livingstonia will never have to meet the difficulties that face Blantyre, even when the Lake district is well populated. It is instructive to hear Shiré planters, long resident in the country, commend the foresight of Dr. Laws in securing a site which will protect him from the evils of too close an association with white activities. There are great possibilities before the Institution in various directions, but these belong as yet to the order of the dreams which come increasingly to the Doctor as the years go on.

While there is not much change in the physical character of the Livingstonia region in Northern Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, the transformation on the human side is extraordinary. When Dr. Laws entered Africa in 1875, the whole of the interior, then practically unknown, was given over to the forces of savage lawlessness: it was a vast region, where cruelty, suffering, and bloodshed prevailed unchecked. The people were riven into thousands of independent units, warring continuously against each other, every circle of huts was the scene of endless disputes, witchcraft trials, beer drinks, and moonlight revelries. It was a country where the thoughts and desires of the heart were evil continually. No woman would venture on the bush-paths alone: she would have been a victim of the first man who met her, and would probably have been left stabbed to death. No man moved out without his spears and club, in order that he might protect his own life or kill a foe. Terror made it a sleepless land. "We want sleep," was the cry of the people to Dr. Livingstone: it was their equivalent for peace and rest, and expressed their craving for relief from the haunting dread of attack and slaughter.

They lived on the minimum basis of material support. The average man and his wives were well off if they possessed a hut and piece of ground, a few fowls, a calabash pot or two, and some calico and beads. It was not that they had no ambition or were opposed to progress; but the circumstances and conditions of their lives debarred them from advancing. To be different from others exposed one to the charge of witchcraft and the poison ordeal. The jealousy of the headmen and Chiefs made it impossible to occupy a better position than one's neighbours, the risk of enslavement and deportation took the heart out of the stoutest: it was useless to toil, to be industrious and thrifty, when the whole of

one's possessions might at any moment be filched and one's neck be fastened into a slave stick.

Their greatest drawback was the lack of any moral or spiritual ideals to free their minds and nerve their energies : their religion, such as it was, was a vague but real fear of the unknown. Nothing had been evolved throughout the centuries to stimulate them into progress. Their environment had left them unaffected; all the subtle influences around them, the beauty and strength of nature, the vivid sunshine, the Lake in quiet and storm, the rustling of the palms, the flushing of dawns and sunsets, the nights flooded with white moonlight or luminous with the light of stars, these, in relation to the development of their character, were as if they had never been. Not a single force bearing upon their lives had lifted them an inch above the dead level of savage existence.

It was only with the advent of the Christian religion that the bonds of the past and the authority of their customs were broken. That spiritual power which has redeemed so large a section of wayward humanity acted like magic upon the primitive heart of Central Africa. Before Christ the most sodden Chief and his wildest warriors bowed with a kind of instinctive reverence : and in less than fifty years His teaching has transformed the land. Everywhere now there is sleep profound : peace lies upon the Lake, and the widespreading bush-land and the maize fields and villages. Men still carry spears, but it is to ward off the wild beasts. The faces of the women are free from the old sullenness and suspicion, and bright with a new light : in the deep heart of the forest, far from the symbols of ordered law, they travel alone on the narrow path with absolute security and peace. From every village the laughter of children rings out at dawn and dusk. Individual industry is unrestricted, and steady workers have more property than their Chiefs had in former days. Every one enjoys the full reward of his labour.

All this is the result of the freedom brought to the land by the missionaries of Christ. It is His law that reigns in Central Africa.

Captain Lugard remarked to Dr. Laws at Bandawé that in India and elsewhere the work of missions was never seen, whereas on Nyasa it dominated the situation. It is the same still, though Civil Government is all-powerful. But the Mission is the real force in the community : it educates the people, covering the land with a network of schools, trains them in industry, creates ambition, gives them a standing in the community, satisfies their craving for a spiritual background to life. It would be untrue to say that it

touches them all: 80 per cent. are still heathen, but the spirit which it embodies has penetrated into every valley and everywhere has affected their outlook. With the majority, it is not so much a question of rejecting the new way as of not having the opportunity of coming formally under its influence. Each Station in the Mission is responsible for a population of from 40,000 to 100,000 persons, and, so far, it has not been possible for the agents to touch more than the fringe of their districts. Hence it is that Dr. Laws, with unerring perception, is training up a native staff, for only by Africans will Africa be evangelized.

There is pathos and tragedy in the eagerness and willingness of the people to live the Christian life. These men and women, with age-long habits of dark self-indulgence dragging them down, turn longingly to what to them is the austere purity of the Christ-life, and seek amidst surroundings that are more degrading than those in civilized lands can conceive to keep themselves pure, even as Christ is pure.

How terrible the back-pull of habit and temptation is no European can realize. There is no greater nonsense written than by some white travellers, who essay to describe mission work from isolated examples of this or that "boy": it indicates lack of imagination, of inability to put oneself in the place of another less favourably situated. Think of the passions which have been surging unchecked throughout the centuries, suddenly arrested by the stern command, "Thou shalt not." It is not a wonder that the old nature, penned up, and restrained by a moral faculty only some years old, should occasionally break out: the marvel is that so many succeed in resisting it.

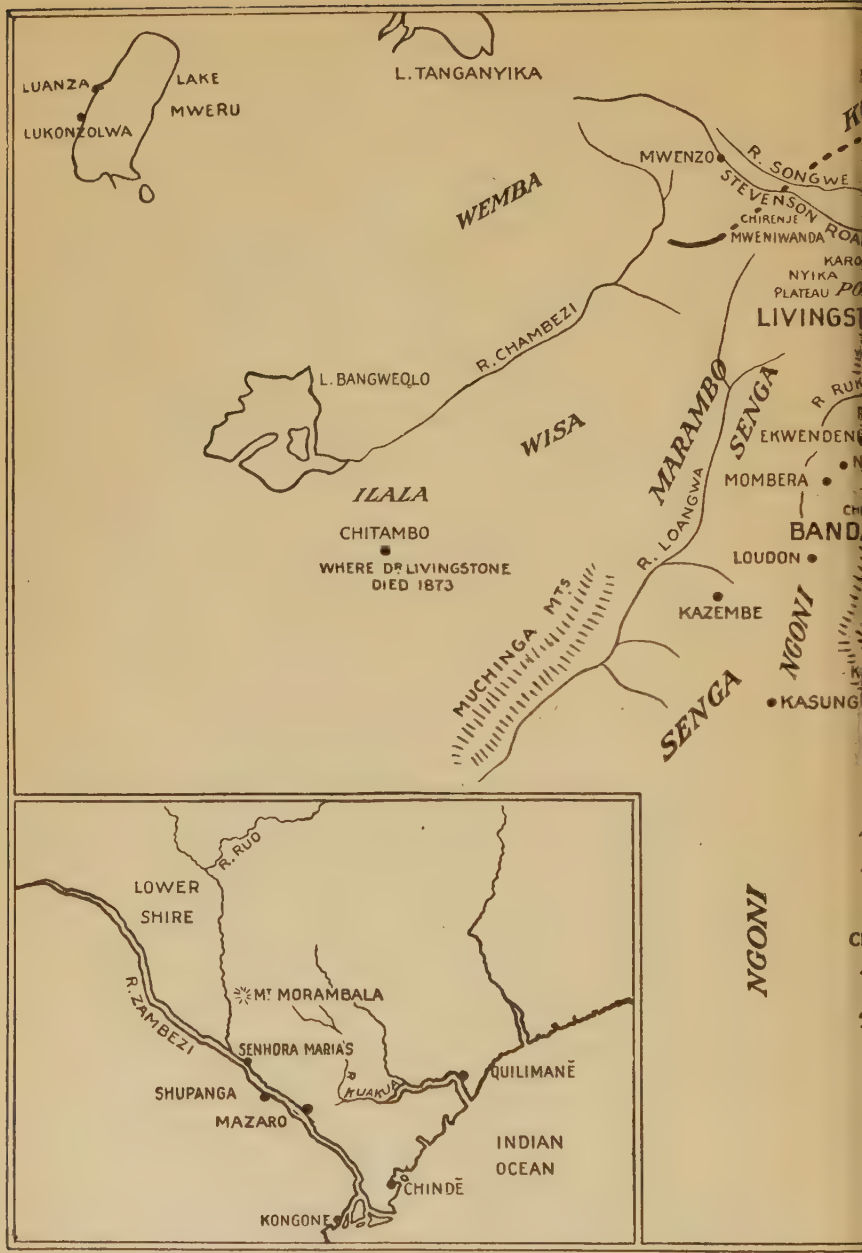
One praises the heroism of the missionaries, but what of the heroism of a native, with his inherited instincts, living in a village saturated with lies and uncleanness, often the only Christian in a community given over to sin, and yet a faithful disciple of Christ? There are some, formerly witch-doctors, head-hunters, beer-drunkards, and worse, who have risen to heights which white persons, with all their advantages, could hardly surpass.

There is no more touching experience than to travel through the remote and lonely villages, completely isolated from the world, and see the evidences of Christian life. As dawn breaks upon the land, there comes the sound of a drum or horn, and through the cold mists, figures, drawing their cloth or goatskins more closely around them, make their way to the mud schoolhouse in the vicinity. The men sit on one side, the women—most of whom have babies

slung on their back—and the girls kneel or squat on the clay floor, many with Testaments in their hands. It is morning worship, conducted by the teacher. All over Livingstonia these little sunrise prayer-meetings are held, the Christians in the heathen community witnessing to their religion, and receiving strength for their day in village or field.

Fifty years ago the dawn would have seen blood-stained warriors and a debauched people still dancing in celebration of pillage and slaughter.

So have the hopes and dreams of the Christian pioneers in this African land been more than fulfilled.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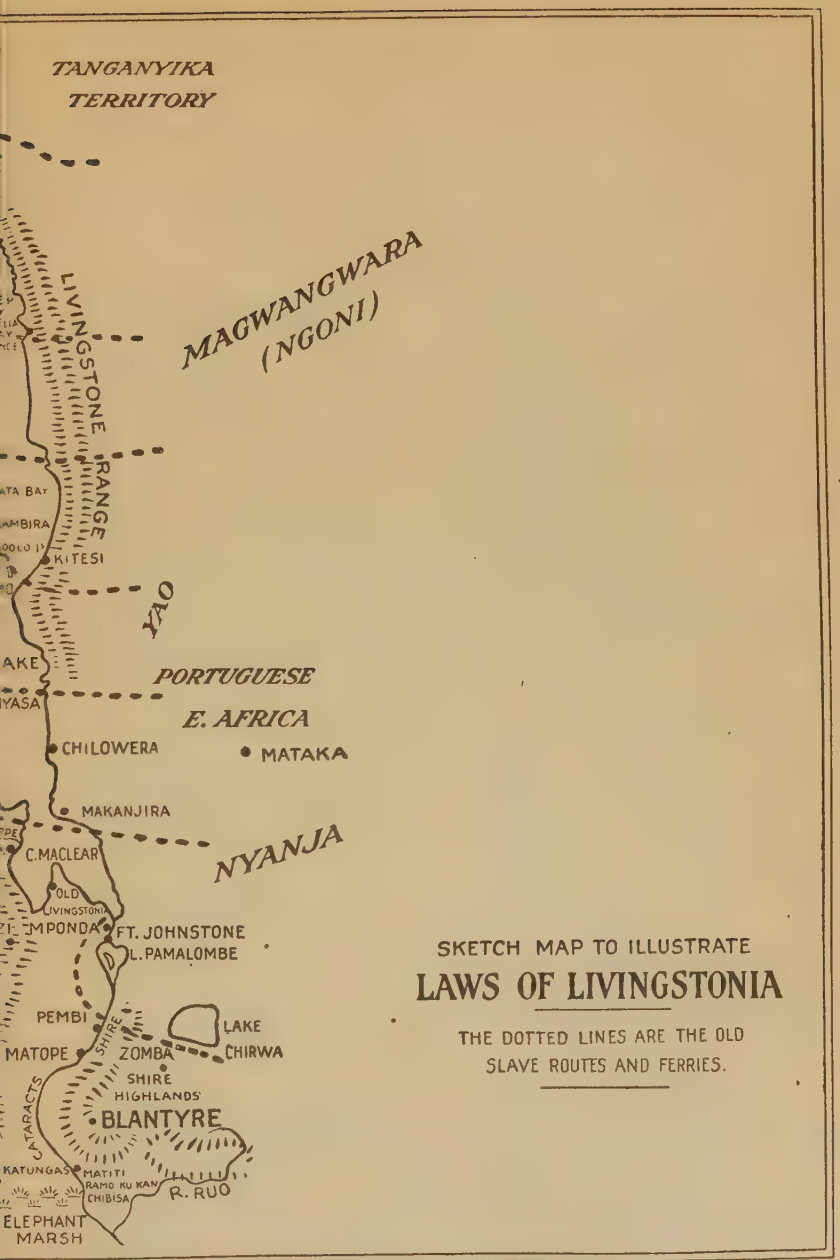

SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE

LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA

THE DOTTED LINES ARE THE OLD SLAVE ROUTES AND FERRIES.

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